



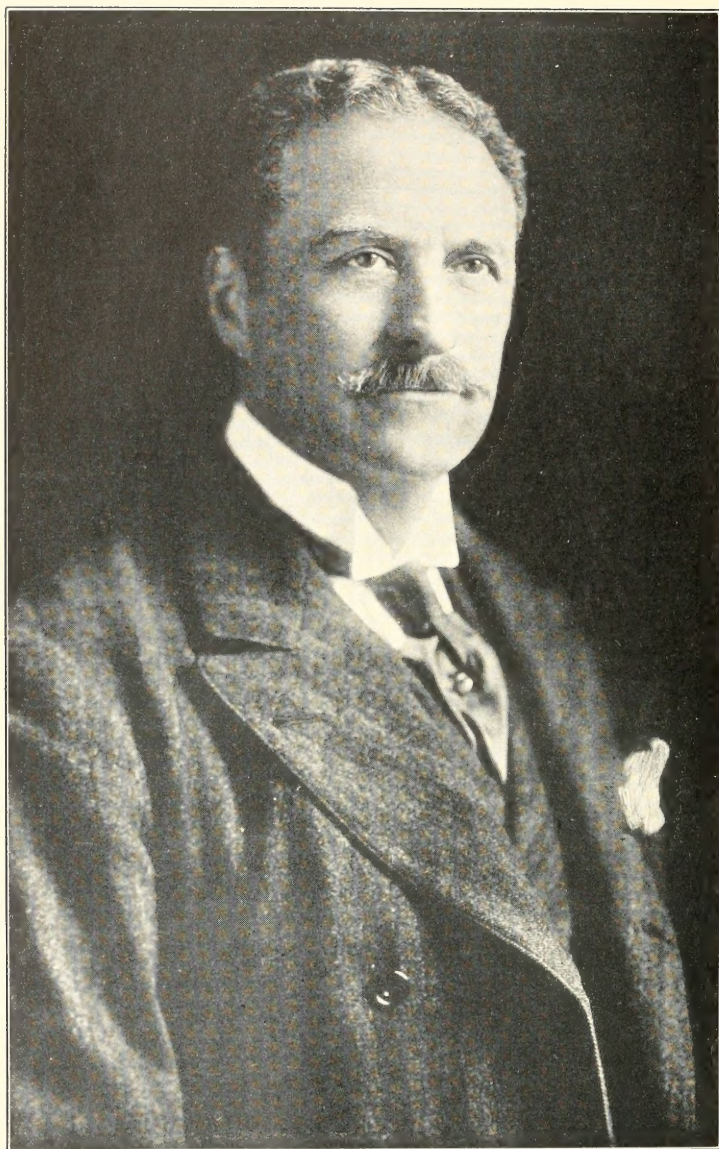
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ROBERT BACON
LIFE AND LETTERS



ROBERT BACON, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE

ROBERT BACON

LIFE AND LETTERS

BY
JAMES BROWN SCOTT

INTRODUCTION BY THE
HONORABLE ELIHU ROOT

FOREWORD BY
FIELD MARSHAL THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL HAIG



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PHOTOGRAPHS ✓

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INTRODUCTION

IT IS difficult for any one who knew Robert Bacon well to write about him with such reserve as will commend itself to strangers. To his friends only superlatives seem adequate. To them what he was seems infinitely more than the record of any career could possibly be. It was a distinguished and useful career, yet his usefulness consisted not merely in what he did but still more in the impression produced by his persuasive and compelling personality and his intense convictions upon the great events in which he played a part.

His life began in the year before the American Civil War and it ended in the year after the great World War. It covered a period of extraordinary development and change throughout the world—a period in which consciously or unconsciously the whole world was in motion and when directing influences for good or evil were potent beyond experience. He was born on the shore of Massachusetts Bay and he received from an unbroken line of Puritan ancestors, by direct succession, the essential underlying qualities of character which have made the spirit and developing force of Puritan New England such an amazing formative power in the life of this continent. He was educated at Harvard and in later life was long an elected overseer of the University, and finally he became a fellow, one of the little group of five who with the President and Treasurer constitute the College Corporation and direct its affairs. He became a banker in Boston and then a banker in New York. He was made Assistant Secretary of State and then Secretary of State and then Ambassador to France, and finally an officer of the American Army in France. These things came to him without any intriguing or wire-pulling or pushing or use of influence. They followed his qualities naturally; they were the by-products of strenuous labour for others unselfishly directed with little or no thought of self, inspired by sympathy, friendship, loyalty, love of country, humanity, idealism.

He was a man of curious and delightful combinations and contrasts. He was a superb creature physically. It was a pleasure to behold him as it is to look upon any natural object which approaches the perfection of beauty. But he was altogether modest and free from conceit. He never gave the impression that he was thinking about his own perfections, because he really was always thinking about something else, and the high light of his manly beauty was in the face always luminous with kindly thoughts and sympathies for other persons and other things. He was a renowned athlete in college and he was an athlete and a sportsman all his life long—an all-around devoted enthusiastic sportsman. But underlying the joyfulness in sport there was still a Puritan conscience which regulated the control of life. The incident of the boat race illustrates this very well. He was Assistant Secretary of State at Washington. The Harvard-Yale boat race was about to occur at New Haven. It was most interesting for him. He had rowed in the Harvard crew himself when in college. On this particular occasion his three sons were to row, one in each of the three Harvard boats. He was most anxious to see it and to join the multitude of college friends who would be there. He had been overworking and overdriving himself in Washington. Everybody in the State Department wanted him to get the recreation and he started by the evening train. The next morning he appeared at the State Department and explained that he had left some things undone in his office and that by the time he had got to Jersey City he found that he simply could not go on and so he took the midnight train back to Washington to attend to his duties and let the boat race go. A conscience born in Puritan England some centuries before had made the admired and joyous sportsman incapable of neglecting a duty for a pleasure.

The material which the devoted friendship of Doctor Scott has selected and arranged in this book indicates that Robert Bacon was a full member of what before the war used to be called "Society," on both sides of the Atlantic. His love of sport, education and training, and wealth and personal attractions naturally put him into that relation. He had two very rare and admirable qualities—he had charm and he had distinction—qualities that cannot be defined or even described but

which can be felt, and he had highly developed the social instincts and sympathies. He was everywhere admired and welcome and he was a part in a great number of affectionate friendships which with intimate acquaintance and good manners form the true basis of social life. He was in and of society; yet he was the most domestic of men; faithful, loyal, devoted, with a heart always full to overflowing with love for his home and his wife and his children. He was responsive to a multitude of friends; always ready with universal sympathy; intensely interested in difficult and engrossing tasks, yet he was always a wonderful lover for one woman only throughout his life. What the war and all its overturnings may have done to that old pre-war social life no one can yet fully measure. It was a product of aristocracy, but the war has demonstrated that it possessed some qualities which the world, democratic or otherwise, cannot afford to do without.

Bacon fell naturally into the first rank; as an undergraduate, as an alumnus, as a banker, finding his place in the greatest of American banking houses, and as a diplomatist. He brought to American diplomacy qualities and attainments of the highest value, a strong sense of right and courage to maintain it, entire freedom from subserviency or timidity, sympathetic consideration and kindly feeling for other peoples, and a most effective sincerity and frankness. He helped mightily toward substituting the new method of frank and open intercourse for the old type of subtlety and deception in diplomacy. He had the social training that is so useful; and he always understood his subject; no pains were too great for that. He was fair and honest in diplomacy as he was in sport and in business.

The greatest public services of Robert Bacon's life, however, were rendered on the basis of comparatively little official authority. His genuine affection for the French people added to the strong predilections of his English descent, his knowledge of European politics, his intimate acquaintance with the men and women who were significant in the public life of England and of the continent, his special interest in European affairs incident to his service as ambassador, all gave to him a sense of the true meaning and possibilities of the Austrian assault upon Serbia and the German assault upon Belgium at the end of July, 1914. He saw in this concerted movement immediately, the purpose

and the danger of world domination; and he saw America resting in a condition of complacent incredulity similar to that which confronted Lord Roberts in Great Britain when he strove to make the British people understand that Germany was preparing to attack. His whole soul rose in protest against the fatuous indifference which remains blind to danger until it is too late; and he became an active and ardent apostle of immediate military preparation and speedy entry into the war. He repudiated indignantly the idea of neutrality between right and wrong. With voice and pen, in private and in public, he urged immediate action. He went up and down the country arguing and exhorting, demonstrating the danger and pointing out the need of American liberty for defense on the battle line where the liberties of western civilization were at stake. He and his devoted wife threw themselves with enthusiasm into the work of that American aid for the care of the wounded in France, before our entrance into the war, which did so much to express and to foster American sympathy with the Allied cause. While he superintended construction and drove ambulances and arranged with officials, Mrs. Bacon raised vast sums of money and secured material and organized personnel in America, and they became the foremost single agency in that beneficent work which did so much for the wounded and so much more for America. When the training camps, to which Plattsburg has given its name, were organized the former Ambassador, distinguished, wealthy, far up beyond the military age, but an athlete still, set the example of service in the ranks to do the uttermost that it was possible for an American to do toward meeting the inevitable emergency. He should be counted as one of the greatest of the personal forces which gradually moved the American people to the point of entering the great conflict just before it was too late.

Robert Bacon rendered one further public service of the first importance. The great danger of composite forces carrying on war together is in misunderstandings, unsettled differences of opinion, personal discords and resentments, and the feebleness and irresolution which flow from divided councils. We all remember the repeated efforts made by Germany through all sorts of agencies during the war to bring about informal conferences about the aims of the war. Many very

good people thought such overtures should be accepted as a matter of course in the interest of peace; but many better informed or more mindful of the working of human nature perceived that the true object and necessary effect of such conferences during hostilities would be to put the Allies into controversy and destroy their unity of action. That is, that if discussions were opened then upon the aims of the war, just what has happened in Europe since the armistice would have happened with the German army still in the field, and Germany would have won against a divided foe. In a war carried on by allies, however friendly, one of the first and most difficult requisites is to keep the allies together, pursuing a single purpose by concerted action. When America entered the war she introduced not only a needed element of strength but another element of possible misunderstanding and divided purpose. Robert Bacon was not *persona grata* with the Administration—the rôle he had played in urging preparation and action made that impossible; but the experience and sound judgment of General Pershing led him to see that here was an agent of the first force for the accomplishment of the vital military purpose of maintaining real harmony among the Allied forces. Accordingly, after a sufficient experience as commandant of the headquarters at Chaumont, to become thoroughly familiar with American organization and military opinion, Colonel Bacon assumed the head of the American Military Mission to the British Headquarters of Sir Douglas Haig. From that coign of vantage until the close of the war every quality Robert Bacon possessed was actively devoted to the purpose of maintaining good understanding and harmony among the leaders of the Allied forces. All his experience in business and in diplomacy, his Anglo-American traits, his Franco-American affections, his tremendous and untiring energy, his knowledge of languages and of manners, his liberal education, his familiarity and facility in sports of every kind, his social training, his personal charm and distinction, his kindness and consideration, his intense devotion to the common purpose—all of these fitted him above all other men whom America could produce to prevent the fatal misfortune of dissension and discord.

ELIHU ROOT.

FOREWORD

CONCERNING the general scope of this book I am not qualified to speak, for my knowledge of Robert Bacon is confined to the period when he was serving as liaison officer with the British forces in France. During that period, however, I saw much of him and formed for him a great regard; so that I am very ready to accede to the request made to me that I should write a short foreword to this account of his life.

From our first meeting, he struck me as a most honest, upright man, and absolutely to be trusted. My early impressions of him were confirmed and strengthened by longer acquaintance, till acquaintance ripened into friendship. His obvious sincerity and sympathy drew the confidence and affection of all he met, while to a fine character and courteous manner he joined ability beyond the common and a wide experience of men and affairs.

I need scarcely say that the work he had taken in hand he did well, for it was work for which he was peculiarly fitted. The unvarying excellence of the relations which prevailed between the American and British armies owed much to his quiet influence. Yet with all his understanding and sympathy for the British point of view he never for one moment forgot that he was an American. Only, he was a man of large mind and great heart, very keen on the success of our common cause which, he believed as we did, stood for justice and freedom.

He and I often rode together and I used to take him with me to see the troops. On these occasions, I treated him exactly as if he were my personal staff officer, and he and I and my A.D.C. would lunch together out of the lunch box we took with us. It happened from time to time that we visited together a sector where an offensive was impending, and Colonel Bacon would be surprised by seeing that our guns were very active and signs everywhere that something was on foot. In such case I had the most complete confidence in his discretion, al-

though I could not explain to him beforehand what our intentions were.

He was an admirable companion, charming and pleasant even on the blackest days. His devotion to the cause for which we fought is shown by the fact that, despite his years, he went through a volunteer camp for training before America came into the war. Once America was in, he was desperately anxious that America should show up well in the field, and took immense interest in the training which American divisions were going through with the British. In this connection in particular he was able to be of great help to us, and he never spared himself.

A thorough believer in the Anglo-Saxon race, he often spoke of the future as being with America and Great Britain. He did much to cement the friendship of our two countries, and in doing so showed himself to possess in preëminent degree those splendid qualities of our common stock which he so much admired.

HAIG,
of Bemersyde,
F. M.

26th July, 1923.

M. ROBERT BACON

IL N'Y a pas un ami de l'Amérique à Paris qui n'ait été frappé de stupeur en apprenant la mort soudaine de M. R. I. Bacon. Il avait passé toute la guerre auprès de nous, toujours si vaillant, si dévoué, si vivant! La victoire avait couronné ses plus intimes espérances: c'était un ami de la France, comme elle n'en rencontrera jamais; car il faut les jours d'épreuves pour susciter de tels dévouements."... Et voilà! Une dépêche nous apprend que ce brave cœur a fini de battre!

Je n'ai cessé de l'aimer depuis que je l'ai connu. Il était alors ambassadeur à Paris. Nous nous embarquâmes sur le même bateau, la *France*, quand, au lendemain du désastre du *Titanic*, la mission du Comité France-Amérique se rendait à New-York.

Il avait échappé par miracle à la catastrophe, car son billet était pris et sa cabine retenue; je ne sais quelle affaire l'avait retardé. Comme je le félicitais, il me dit, avec son gentil courage: "Je serais, maintenant, au fond de l'océan, car, comme ambassadeur, je n'avais pas le droit de quitter le paquebot, tant qu'il restait un Américain à bord."

Quand la guerre eut éclaté, le premier télégramme qui me vint d'Amérique était de lui: "La France se bat, j'accours!" Nous allâmes le chercher au Havre, juste à la veille de la bataille de la Marne. Il avait l'impatience du front. Il s'y rendit, à peine débarqué, sur une puissante automobile, et il commença à relever les blessés sur les champs de bataille de la Marne et de l'Aisne. Combien de fois nous avons fait le trajet de Paris à Fère-en-Tardenois, où il avait été logé chez le médecin et où se trouvait alors le quartier général du maréchal French!

Il s'était consacré, d'abord, aux mille devoirs de secours qu'il avait su se créer à lui-même. Mais, bientôt, son action s'élargit. J'ai raconté quelque part un entretien que j'eus avec lui.

“Je retourne en Amérique, en passant par Londres, me disait-il; je vais aller voir sir Edward Grey. Il faut que l'Amérique entre dans la guerre, et tout de suite... (C'était en 1915). Je le sais, il y a de grandes difficultés. Mais nous y arriverons. Il y a, en ce moment, 50,000 Américains au plus qui comprennent que c'est notre intérêt et notre devoir d'intervenir: il s'agit de faire en sorte que ces 50,000 deviennent 50 millions. Voilà le but à atteindre.” Il partit et la chose se fit comme il l'avait prévue.

Bacon fit le voyage à diverses reprises. Il pensait à tout, à la propagande, aux emprunts, aux secours publics et privés. Une flamme brillait dans ses yeux: c'était l'âme de l'Amérique à la fois généreuse et réaliste.

Enfin, “les 50,000 étaient devenus 50 millions”; la guerre était déclarée. Il revint encore; mais, cette fois, en costume d'officier, ce qui avait été son grand rêve, un peu la coquetterie de ce magnifique garçon qui portait beau, malgré que ses cheveux et sa moustache eussent commencé à blanchir. Attaché, en qualité de colonel, à l'état-major du général Pershing, il était enfin “soldat” et sur “le front.” Alors commença pour lui une vie nouvelle toute d'activité, de dévouement et de sacrifice. Il donna sa vie pour ses deux patries.

Parmi tant de circonstances qui restent dans mon souvenir, comment oublier la visite qu'il fit, un jour, dans nos lignes, accompagné de Mme Bacon, qui donnait toute son activité féminine à la même cause? Nous allâmes visiter les écoles et les hôpitaux sur le Chemin des Dames. Nous assistâmes à l'une des chaudes journées de la guerre; les populations du malheureux village de Paissy se souviennent et se souviendront toujours de l'encouragement et du réconfort que la présence de ces amis, venus de si loin, leur apportaient! Saint-Dié aussi connut la générosité inlassable de M. et de Mme Bacon. Tous ces amis de la première heure ont fait le possible et l'impossible; je répéterai ce que j'ai dit déjà: “en Amérique, c'est la bienfaisance qui a fait le chemin à l'alliance.”

Ces amis incomparables se faisaient, de la France, une idée si haute que rien que d'avoir été aimée ainsi, elle en est vénérable et consacrée à jamais.

Je voudrais que les noms de *nos* ambassadeurs américains fussent inscrits, quelque part, dans un endroit où passe le

peuple de Paris. On mettrait, sur la plaque, le mot de Myron Herrick: "Paris appartient au monde." Et aussi celui de Robert I. Bacon: "La France se bat. J'accours!"

Ce sont là, pour les peuples, des deux côtés, de magnifiques héritages. Il ne convient pas qu'ils périssent.

GABRIEL HANOTAUX.
de l'Académie française.

PART I
THE BACONS

“Like father, like son”

CHAPTER I

A GOODLY INHERITANCE

MORAL character, energy, and industry are ascribed to Nathaniel, the first of the Bacons to set foot upon the soil of New England. They are the qualities of each successive generation. They were notably conspicuous in Robert Bacon.

The Bacons did not live for themselves alone; they held these qualities as a trust for the benefit of others. They devoted their talents in first instance to the service of the little colony of Plymouth, later to the service of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, and lastly to the service of this Union of States which we call the United States. And the mental horizon broadened in each case and with each successive generation.

The Nathaniel Bacon from whom Robert Bacon was descended came direct from England, from Stratton, in the county of Cornwall. He arrived in Barnstable in 1639, the year of the settlement of that town in the neck of Cape Cod, to seek his fortune in America. He was thus one of the first settlers of the little town which counts among its notables James Otis, whose speech against the Writs of Assistance sounded the note of Revolution, and Lemuel Shaw, the famous Chief Justice of Massachusetts and one of the greatest of American judges. On the house lot assigned to him, still owned by his descendants, Nathaniel Bacon built his house in 1642, which stood for 187 years, occupied during this period by successive Bacons. He was a tanner and currier by trade, enjoying the respect and confidence of the good people of Barnstable. They showed their respect in admitting him a freeman to the company in 1646; they confessed their confidence by electing him constable of the town, and by sending him annually for a period of thirteen years as their deputy to the General Court or legislative body. The Governor and seven assistants formed the executive and judiciary of Plymouth. From 1667 to his death,

which occurred in 1673, Nathaniel Bacon was one of these assistants, and in 1658 and in 1667 a member of the Council of War. He was apparently a man of judgment and of parts; he was certainly a man of prominence and of influence in the colony.

There are other evidences of his standing in the community. The common title of men and women among the first settlers of the Cape was Goodman and Goodwife. Only those belonging to more than ordinarily distinguished families or holding offices of reputed dignity and importance were addressed as Mr. or Mrs. Etiquette was strictly guarded and observed. In this hotbed of democracy "the distinction," it has been said, "between the Roman patricians and plebeians was not of greater importance."¹ In a list of ninety inhabitants of the town of Barnstable, Nathaniel Bacon was one of ten having the title "Mr."

A custom of a very different kind had grown up, which sorely tried the patience of the godly. Men among the first settlers allowed their beards to grow long. Therefore drastic action was taken, as was the wont in such cases. In 1649 the good men of Barnstable removed their beards. The leading lights of the town got together, and drafted and signed the following paper:

Forasmuch as the wearing long hair, after the manner of the Russians and barbarous Indians, has begun to invade New England, contrary to the rule of God's word, and the commendable custom of all the godly, until within this few years, we, the magistrates, who have subscribed this paper (for the showing of our own innocency in this behalf), do declare and manifest our dislike and detestation against the wearing of such long hair, as against a thing uncivil and unmanly, whereby men do deform themselves, and offend sober and modest men, and do corrupt good manners.²

Nathaniel Bacon's distinguished descendant heeded the admonition as if he had been a signer.

Tobacco, also, was a source of worry to the little community. Its use was therefore early prohibited under a penalty, and its fumes were compared by learned divines to "the smoke of the

¹Frederick Freeman, *The History of Cape Cod* (1858), vol. i, p. 178.

²*Ibid.*, p. 179.

bottomless pit." The temptation was, however, too strong for many of the Pilgrims. Some of the clergy and other magnates fell into the habit of smoking, and as they quaintly put it "tobacco was set at liberty."¹ Likewise in this respect Nathaniel Bacon's descendant showed himself of the stricter sect. He stood fast where the clergy had faltered.

The first "Mrs." Bacon of America had a claim of her own to the title. She was Hannah, the daughter of the Reverend John Mayo, who in 1642, the year of his marriage, was "teacher" of the little Church of Barnstable. The reverend gentleman was, like his son-in-law, born in England, but, unlike him, he was a graduate of an English university. He came over in 1638 or thereabouts. In 1639 he was in Barnstable, where a year later he was ordained a teaching elder in connection with the Reverend John Lothrop, a name which some two centuries later John Lothrop Motley has made justly famous. This was a great event for the little community and the details were carefully chronicled by the participants and have been handed down for the edification of their descendants.

Dayes of Thanksgiveing since we came to Barnestable

Decemb. 11, 1639, att Mr. Hulls house, for Gods exceeding mercye in bringing us hither Safely keeping us healthy & Well in or weake beginnings & in our church Estate. The day beeing very cold or praises to God in publike being ended, wee devided into 3 companies to feast togeather, some att Mr. Hulls, some att Mr. Maos, some att Brother Lumberds senior.²

Of the ceremony "Mr." Lothrop thus writes in his diary:

Dayes of Humiliation at Barnestable

2. Aprill. 15, 1640, att the investing of my Brother Mao into the office of a Teaching Ellder, uppo whome, my Selfe Brother Hull, Brother Cobb Lay on hands.³

¹Frederick Freeman, *The History of Cape Cod* (1858), vol. i, p. 180.

²Transcribed from the Reverend John Lothrop's original manuscript and published in *The New England Historical and Genealogical Register* (1856), vol. x, p. 39.

³*Ibid.*, p. 37.

Elder Mayo was admitted freeman the next year. He made his way in the world, becoming first minister of the Second or North Church in Boston in 1655. Nine years later Increase Mather, famous in the annals of Massachusetts, became his assistant, succeeding as second minister nine years later, when Mr. Mayo returned to Barnstable to spend the last three years of his life. It is reasonable to suppose that such a man would be highly respected among Pilgrims and Puritans. He was. He is specifically mentioned by Nathaniel Morton, Secretary of the colony, who, writing about this time, says that "the Lord was pleased of his great goodness, richly to accomplish and adorn the colony of Plimouth, as well as other colonies in New England, with a considerable number of godly and able gospel preachers, who then being dispersed and disposed of, to the several churches and congregations thereof, gave light in a glorious and resplendent manner, as burning and shining lights."¹

Nathaniel Bacon had married into the ministry. His son, Nathaniel, Jr., the second of the name, married in 1673, the year of his father's death, Sarah, the daughter of Governor Thomas Hinckley. The children of this marriage, including the seconds on Samuel, from whom Robert Bacon was descended in the direct line, were thus connected with the magistracy and the ministry, the two most highly considered classes of the colony.

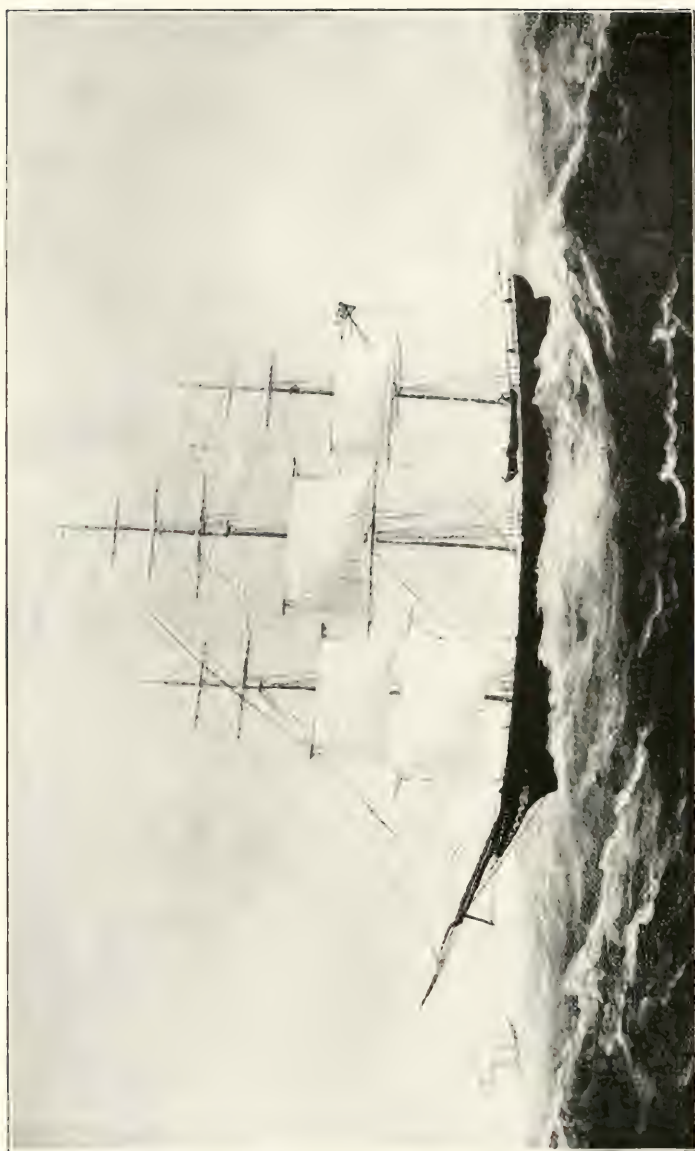
Governor Hinckley was a person of repute; a man of great energy of character, "the staff and stay of Church and State." His record is set forth with pardonable pride in the inscription on the monument raised to his memory in the old graveyard of Barnstable:

Beneath this Stone
Erected 1829
Are deposited the Mortal Remains of
Thomas Hinckley.
He died A. D. 1706, aged 85 years.
History bears witness to his piety,
usefulness and agency
in the public transactions of his time.

¹*New England's Memorial*, by Nathaniel Morton (sixth edition, 1855), p. 143.



CAPTAIN DANIEL C. BACON
Grandfather of Robert Bacon



"THE GAMCOCK"
Commanded by Captain Daniel C. Bacon



MRS. WILLIAM B. BACON
Mother of Robert Bacon

The important offices he was called to fill
Evidence the esteem in which he was held
by the People
He was successively elected an assistant in
The Government of Plymouth Colony
from 1658 to 1681 and
Governor,
Except during the Interruption
by
Sir Edmund Andros
from 1681 to the
Junction of Plymouth with Massachusetts
in 1692.

Epitaphs are proverbially generous, but the Governor filled a large space in the history of Barnstable, town and county, and in the affairs of Plymouth. He had stood by the cradle of the colony in its infancy; from early youth until old age he had associated with its great and good men, and he was the chief man in the colony when its last chapter was written.

Edward Bacon, the youngest son of "Deacon" Samuel Bacon, trod in the footsteps of his maternal grandfather, in that his chief business was public service. For many years he occupied a prominent position in the town and county of Barnstable, and in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. He held important offices and performed their duties, it is said, with signal ability. In the sixty-eight years that made up his life he was at sundry times town clerk, a deacon of the Church, eight years a selectman, representative to the General Court in 1773-4-8-9 and 80, a delegate to the Constitutional Convention which met in Cambridge in 1779, and Judge of the Common Pleas and General Sessions from his appointment in 1764 to the Revolution. Squire Bacon, as he was commonly known, was inclined to favour the established order of things, but he stood by his people against the Crown. The character and spirit of the man are shown in a little incident in the days of the tea troubles of 1773:

When Mrs. James Perkins—the daughter of our good Mr. Peck, and widow of James Perkins who was a prominent patriot and had signed the remonstrance to Governor Hutchinson—thought it best to retire from Boston, it was a noted loyalist, Squire Bacon (and the

more noted because loyalists were very few outside the limits of Boston), who welcomed her and her eight children. He wrote that he had a house with twenty rooms in it, and that she and her children should live there till times were better. It was there in the Bacon House, on Cape Cod, that her eldest daughter Elizabeth met and married my father's grandfather, Russell Sturgis.¹

Ebenezer Bacon was the youngest son of the Squire and Patience Marston, the daughter of a well-to-do millwright and patriot of Salem. Like his father, he was a man of note and served the public as justice of the Court of Common Pleas, County Treasurer, Registrar of Deeds, Selectman of Barnstable, to mention but a few of the offices which he held from time to time. He died in 1811, at the age of fifty-five. In the epitaph which adorns his tomb he is said to have been "amiable," "an affectionate husband," and "a tender parent." There is certainly no exaggeration here, for the records of the family state that he had sixteen children spread over his three matrimonial ventures. The conventional year was observed between the first two marriages; the third was a month short. The reasons for this seeming haste are thus stated by Miss Julia Bacon, Ebenezer's great-granddaughter: "I suppose in those days of large families and few servants, men who lost their wives were obliged to marry again without losing time in order to have someone to take care of their children, but I have always been told," she adds, "that Squire Bacon was heard to say that 'Ma' Bacon [the third of the wives] was the prettiest girl at his wife's funeral." The husband's choice was confirmed many years later by no less a person than Edward Everett, who stayed at the Bacon farm for the second centennial of Barnstable, after his return from the Court of St. James's, as American Minister, and who then stated that he had "never seen any lady who presided with such dignity at her own table." Tall and stately, and with a face as if of white marble, she was, to quote again the great-granddaughter, "very, very tidy; on one occasion most unfortunately so, for in her husband's absence she took the opportunity [and what woman does not] to clean house so thoroughly that she burnt up all his papers and letters which would now be so interesting. Many

¹Julian Sturgis, *From Books and Papers of Russell Sturgis* (Oxford, n. d.), pp. 17-18.

of these were deeds and bonds which he held in trust for others, and the confusion thus caused was great."¹ The fact that husband and wife continued to live together after this episode and that she died in a green old age, long after her husband's death, is perhaps the greatest testimony to the truth of the epitaph that Ebenezer Bacon was indeed an "amiable" person and an "affectionate husband."

Robert Bacon's grandfather, Daniel Carpenter Bacon, was the first of the family to put to sea since the fateful voyage of Nathaniel Bacon to Cape Cod. From Captain Bacon as he is called, the love of the sea, born in every Bacon, is said to be inherited. From his ancestors he himself inherited a goodly share of the prudence, integrity, energy, and uprightness which they possessed. He added to the inheritance. Robert Bacon was in person and in character the grandson of the Captain.

In an oration at the First Anniversary of the Cape Cod Association, Mr. Henry A. Scudder gives this picture of the youthful New Englander of other days:

The system of early training upon the Cape is singularly calculated to develop peculiar attributes of character. I speak not now of that learning which is taught in books, but of that discipline which comes only from experience and association. We borrow unconsciously much of character and destiny from the surrounding circumstances of our early life. The career of the Cape Cod boy is a striking illustration of this fact. By early education he becomes a sailor. From his infancy he looks upon the ocean as his future theatre of action. The very nursery is to him a scene of preparation. A neatly modelled vessel is, in fact, the beau-ideal of his childish fancy. The pigmy craft becomes his chosen plaything. At seven, he trims her little sails, and navigates her skilfully from creek to creek. At eight, he takes preliminary lessons—he ventures upon his favorite element, and learns the art of swimming. At ten, he is usually master of the rudiments, and is ready to embark upon the fortunes of a sailor's life—to him so full of novelty and romance. . . . He steps on board his gallant ship with a heart full of noble aspirations. He rejoices in the office of a cabin-boy, and yet he gazes with a longing eye upon the post of foremast-hand. He laughs to think the time is coming when he may climb those dizzy heights and do an able seaman's duty . . . Rising, step by step, through every grade in regular succession,

¹Julia Bacon, *Captain Daniel C. Bacon* (MS. Life), pp. 20-21, 38-39.

from cabin-boy to captain, he at length assumes that high command, and enters upon its duties as a monarch of the deep. Upon that floating deck he knows no master now. His will, his word, his judgment, and his purpose, are supreme. The lives, the fortunes, the property and hopes of many are entrusted to his care. With a strong and unfailing heart he meets his great responsibilities. Thus is he schooled and thus is he fitted for his exalted sphere.¹

Miss Julia Bacon states that at a very early age the future captain "set forth for Boston mounted like d'Artagnan under the same circumstances on an old white horse. To complete the resemblance he fell in with some boys who called him 'Bushwhacker,' whereupon he promptly dismounted and thrashed them. . . . On arriving at his journey's end, he hired someone to ride his horse back to Barnstable and entered on his career as a sailor."² This was in 1809. He shipped at once before the mast and rose to the command of a vessel when little more than twenty, just about the age at which his grandson graduated from Harvard College.

Captain Bacon followed the sea for many years, mindful alike of his owners' interests and his own in the commercial ventures in which he was allowed to participate. He amassed a competence, and spent the last years of his life as a ship-owner and merchant on his own account, in the Pacific trade, especially with China.

"The style and gentility of a ship and her crew depend upon the length and character of the voyage. An India or China voyage always is the thing, and a voyage to the Northwest coast (the Columbia River or Russian America) for furs is romantic and mysterious, and if it takes the ship round the world, by way of the Islands and China, it out-ranks them all."³ Tried by this standard, Captain Bacon out-ranked them all in "the length and character of the voyage." The following extract from Miss Julia Bacon's manuscript life of her grandfather supplied the evidence and shows the nerve of the skipper

¹*Constitution of the Cape Cod Association with an Account of the Celebration of its First Anniversary at Boston, November 11, 1851* (1852), pp. 57-58.

²*Daniel C. Bacon* (MS. Life), p. 42.

³Richard Henry Dana, *Two Years Before the Mast* (new edition with subsequent matter by the Author, 1869), p. 413; (edition of 1899), pp. 380-381.

upon his second trip in command of a merchantman, the *Packet of Salem*:

In 1811 Capt. Bacon started on a voyage which was to last three years. He went first to England, then to Alaska, where he stayed a long time collecting skin to trade in China. Just as his ship was ready to sail a vessel arrived from Salem, with the news that war was declared with England. He arranged then to leave half his skins with the Governor of Alaska in case he was captured by the British. The Governor gave him a farewell dinner, and the next day he started for Macao. He arrived safely and exchanged his skins for merchandise, and by the time he was ready to sail the port had been blockaded by the British.

The winds were fair, and after fretting some days he decided to run the blockade, which he did successfully one night. With a splendid breeze behind him, he would not risk the chance of losing everything by a delay, however short, and wishing to send back the pilot when well out to sea, he had a boat run out under the stern and without any stop, dropped the poor Chinaman into her much against his will.

On his next voyage to China he found the man had reached home safely.

A man was kept at the masthead all the way home to look out for British ships, . . . but on reaching home he found peace had been declared Dec. 24th, 1814, and he was able to sell his cargo at great advantage.¹

Of the voyage of the *Packet* "Hawser Martingale," one of the crew, forced by an accident to leave the ship, writes pleasantly in his *Jack in the Forecastle*:

At that time the trade with the Indians for furs on the north-west coast was carried on extensively from Boston. The ships took out tobacco, molasses, blankets, hardware, and trinkets in large quantities. Proceeding around Cape Horn, they entered the Pacific Ocean, and on reaching the north-west coast, anchored in some of the bays and harbours north of Columbia River. They were visited by canoes from the shore, and traffic commenced. The natives exchanged their furs for articles useful or ornamental. The ship went from port to port until a cargo of furs was obtained, and then sailed for Canton, and disposed of them to the Chinese for silks and teas. After an absence of a couple of years the ship would return to the United

¹Daniel C. Bacon (MS. Life), pp. 64-65

States with a cargo worth a hundred thousand dollars. Some of the most eminent merchants in Boston, in this way, laid the foundation of their fortunes.

The trade was not carried on without risk. The north-west coast of America at that period had not been surveyed; no good charts had been constructed, and the shores were lined with reefs and sunken rocks, which, added to a climate where boisterous winds prevailed, rendered the navigation dangerous.

This traffic was attended with other perils. The Indians were blood-thirsty and treacherous; and it required constant vigilance on the part of a ship's company to prevent their carrying into execution some deep-laid plan to massacre the crew and gain possession of the ship. For this reason the trading vessels were always well armed and strongly manned. With such means of defence, and a reasonable share of prudence on the part of the Captain, there was but little danger. . . .

She [the *Packet*] was to be commanded by Daniel C. Bacon, a young, active, and highly intelligent ship-master, who a few years before, had sailed as a mate with Capt. William Sturgis and had thus studied the principles of his profession in a good school, and under a good teacher.

He had made one successful voyage to that remote quarter in command of a ship.

Captain Bacon, as is known to many of my readers, subsequently engaged in mercantile business in Boston, and for many years, until his death, not long since, his name was the synonym of mercantile enterprise, honour and integrity. . . .

Although his appearance commanded respect, it was not calculated to inspire awe; and few would have supposed that beneath his quiet physiognomy and benevolent cast of features were concealed a fund of energy and determination of character which could carry him safely through difficulty and danger.¹

The running of the blockade shows that Captain Bacon was a man of spirit. He picked out men of spirit to command his ships, as the following incident sufficiently indicated:

Captain Fuller was in command of one of Grandfather's ships once in China when some sailors deserted from a British man of war and shipped on his vessel. The British Commander sent word to Captain Fuller to give up the men or he would come to take them.

¹John S. Sleeper, *Jack in the Forecastle; or, Incidents in the Early Life of Hawser Martingale* (1860), pp. 145-146, 148, 156.

Captain Fuller replied that he had two guns on his ship and he should only use one of them, but if the man-of-war attempted to touch one of his men, he would blow her out of the water.

With that he set sail and as his ship was faster than the Englishman's, he carried off the sailors.¹

There is no dearth of information about this man of the sea. There are many interesting passages to be found in his "logs"; in the instructions which Mr. Theodore Lyman prepared for those in his employ, and in the captain's own instructions to Eben Bacon, Robert Bacon's uncle. The skipper, with whom this future captain made his first voyage, was instructed "to obey orders if it broke owners." On a later occasion Captain Bacon was himself instructed by the Puritan owner to "live well, but live frugally." "I am not displeas'd," he says in another letter, "because I have these extra things to pay for, but because it alarms me, lest it may be the beginning of needless expense. The profits in trade now will not justify an unnecessary waste of money. Besides, I prefer to have a penny saved to two that is earned. *No man can be poor if he is willing and knows how to save.*

"You know my feelings on the subject. It is highly gratifying to see prudence and discretion mark a young man's steps. Canton is a place where much may be wasted; indeed, there seems a fatality that attends that part of the business there. I hope it will be your lot to escape the very many dangers which surround all who go to that place to do business."²

In this atmosphere of prudence and frugality Captain Bacon grew up and prospered, and he passed on to his family the maxims which he had received from others and which he himself had followed.

Before taking up the captain's instructions to his son, there are a couple of passages from one of the logs of an early voyage which have more than a passing interest. Under date of March 30, 1811, the young seaman said:

Light winds with pleasant weather and smooth Sea which is very pretty sailing after heavy blows, but men are such uneasy mortals

¹*Daniel C. Bacon* (MS. Life), pp. 195-196.

²*Ibid.*, p. 105.

that they are never satisfied after a few days of such weather they begin to wish for a gale again to change the scene.¹

A few days later, on April 19th, he wrote:

Descried a sail to windward and lay by for him to come up. It proved to be the British Ship *Mercury* from Liverpool bound to Demarara 36 days out. Being anxious to hear what was doing in the United States, I sent my Boat on board of him. He gave me several papers, a barrel of Potatoes and 3 dozen of Porter and insisted on my taking 2 dozen of fowles, as he was sure [we] must stand in need of them after being so long at sea, but I could not put brass enough on to take them. After sending him on board a few pieces of Nankins, I filled away, it being all I had that I could give him in return.²

In 1849, Eben Bacon made his first voyage to China as supercargo. Under date of May 28th of that year Captain Bacon wrote a letter which is characteristic of the father and shows the kind of son he wanted:

MY DEAR SON:

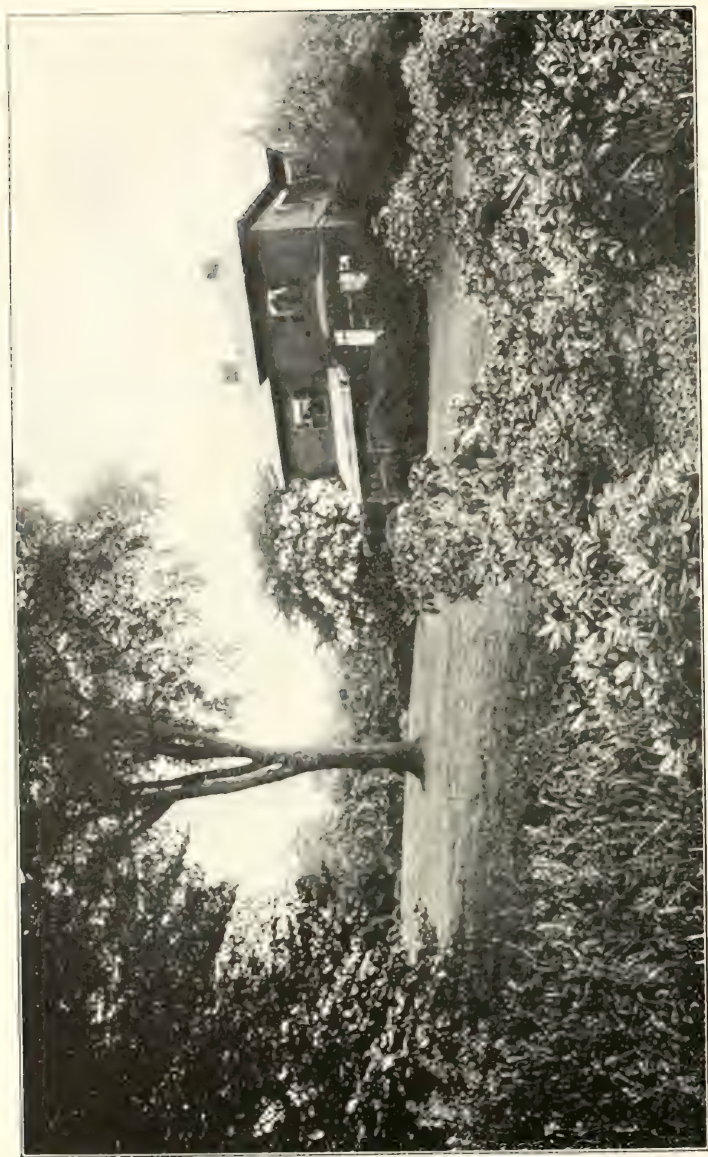
You being about to leave your family and friends for a foreign country for the first time, I think a father's advice, who has had much experience with the world, will not be of any injury to you and I hope will be of some service and trust it will be, for I have no other object in giving it than for your future welfare and happiness. I have now got to be an old man and almost the sole object I have in view is the welfare of my children, and to see them grow up and become industrious, virtuous, and respectable members of society is the greatest happiness that I can expect to receive in this world. You can never know the anxiety a parent feels for his children while you are only a son, and I thank God I have full confidence in them now and trust I may never be disappointed. You are now entering upon a new mode of life, and it is very necessary that you should live peaceably with all that you have to associate with; treat everyone you have to deal with as you would wish to be treated yourself and you will almost to a certainty have them respect and treat you as a gentleman. Always have an opinion of your own and maintain it in a gentlemanly manner, until you are fully convinced that you are wrong, and when you are once convinced, do not be ashamed to acknowledge it.

¹*Daniel C. Bacon* (MS. Life), pp. 59, 60, 185-186.

²*Ibid.*, p. 186.



ROBERT BACON
At the age of two



BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BACON
Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts

The second son, William B. Bacon, was sent to Exeter, where he boarded with Doctor Perry. The letter which the Captain wrote in behalf of Robert Bacon's father is lost. The reply to it is full of interest:

D. C. BACON, ESQ.

Exeter, January 9th, 1837.

Dear Sir:

I have yours of the 5th in regard to taking your son to board.— Under all the circumstances I hardly know what to say to you.

It has not been our intention to take any into our family, thinking that we were *comfortably* supplied with our own. We however took one at the beginning of the last term for a companion for my son. It is a very great injury to boys, and I may say ruin to almost every one, who comes to the Academy young, to have a room by themselves otherwise than a place to go aside for studying their lessons. The first consequence is a companion to pass away an hour, the next is the visit must be returned. This will be quickly followed by something to help entertain each other, and then idle habits if nothing worse are at once acquired. This is what I will not consent to, and consequently few boys after they have been boarding here for a term or two would be willing to submit to our regulations. We have no objection to their having company but on the contrary encourage it, but at proper times and then in our family, where we try to make everything agreeable to them. And if they visit it must be on similar conditions, but never be out evenings, idling away their time.

Such is the general outline of my ideas but at the same time I desire to remember the indiscretions of children and govern myself accordingly. Now if your son thought he could be happy in this way of living, and in fact be one of the family, and not, strictly speaking a *boarder*, I don't know but we should consent to taking him, and also on this condition when he is dissatisfied he has nothing to do but to take himself off, and if we see fit for any reasons we shall without hesitation inform you that it may be done on our part. You will excuse my *de-tailed* answer, believing that I could not do justice to myself, and also to you in the present instance without it. . . .

Yours very respectfully,

WM. PERRY.¹

¹What Master William B. Bacon, aged twelve, thought of being away from home is contained in a letter from Exeter, of October 18, 1835, addressed to his mother, some two years prior to being quartered on Doctor Perry:

"When is Father coming to see me. It is almost a month since I came away from home and Father has not come to see me. I hope he will come pretty soon, as I shall be homesick when he goes away and I want to have it over as quick as possible. I have received a considerable many letters but not so many as Edward Reed."

That Robert Bacon's own views were like those of the Captain is evident from various letters which he, the grandson, wrote many years later to his son, Robert Low Bacon. The first of a series of three was written in January, 1895:

MY DEAREST ROBIN,

I have not yet written a letter to you, have I? Although I have had such nice ones from you. I am very busy down town all day and when I have any time to spare, I write to Mother and she has told you how much I miss you all and think of you all the time, and how pleased I am when I hear that you are doing better with your lessons and are really trying to help Mother and do what she wants you to cheerfully and with a smile on your face, and that you are manly and gentle and unselfish. These are the things, my dear little Boy, which make people love you, and which make you happy, and life worth living—and I am very glad to hear that you are trying hard.

Remember all these things, little man, be "Valliant and True" . . .

The second was written in the summer of the same year:

MY DEAREST ROBIN,

Mother and I have been wondering ever since you left how you were getting on and what you were doing.

We thought of you arriving at Camp and unpacking your blankets and making your bed for the night, and we hoped all the time that our little boy was thinking of us and his home sometimes and that he was very happy and manly and brave like the little Chevalier Bayard when he first left his Mother and went away from home out into the world.¹

You remember, too, little Sir Christalan about whom Mother read to you. His motto, his watchword was:—"Valliant and True." Let that be yours, my little son, and always stop to think, when things go wrong, what it means.

I shall send your new camp clothes as soon as possible. . . .

The third, completing the series, is on the departure of the first-born for Groton:

Thursday, Sep. 9
R. M. S. *Lucania*.

MY DEAREST ROBIN,

We expect to make the coast of Ireland to-night, and to leave the mails at Queenstown before morning, so I am writing you a line in the

¹A year earlier Mr. Bacon had ended a letter to his first-born "Remember always to be my manly little Chevalier Bayard." Men of this kind were Mr. Bacon's models.

hopes that it will be in time to greet you at school, when you arrive. I have thought about you a great deal, my boy, and of the important step in life, which you are now taking, leaving home and the watchful care of your dear Mother; and I cannot help saying again to you from many thousand miles away, what I have tried so often to impress upon you, to be a *man*, with pluck enough to *always* do your duty no matter how hard it may seem, and to overcome the obstacles that you are sure to meet.

Every thing depends upon the way in which you begin your school life. You will be alone, and must judge for yourself. Be gentle & kind to Masters and boys, not impatient, when things go wrong, and above all—curb that *sometimes* unruly temper, my son, and if, by chance, it *does* cause you to do a foolish, unkind thing, go at once and apologize. Don't forget this—and your lessons!

Remember that more depends upon your work and your willingness to do it cheerfully than any thing else, & keep this always in your mind when the sums in arithmetic seem hard & the Latin sentences apparently make no sense.

Well, little son, I must leave you. I have the greatest confidence in you. *Don't, don't* let me be disappointed.

Ever your loving

FATHER.

There are three traits of Captain Bacon which appear in a more or less degree in his descendants. The first is a love of the sea, not merely as a calling but as a sportsman loves the water; the second is the love of the horse, not so much for racing as for pleasure in riding; the third, a reserve which bordered on taciturnity without, however, suggesting secretiveness. Each characteristic may be illustrated by an incident.

After Captain Bacon had ceased to follow the sea in person, he settled down as shipowner and merchant trading with China and India. A number of old skippers turned land-lubbers, living in Boston or its neighbourhood, had come to the opinion that "a yachting race" between ships would tend to improve models of small craft. Captain Bacon seems to have been the leading spirit in the movement. He was chosen president of the association formed for the purpose, and his "very sharp ship called the *Gamecock*" of 1,315 tons register seems to have caused the challenge which appeared in the *Spirit of the Times*, under date of August 14, 1852:

The ship-builders of Great Britain to race a ship, with cargo on board from a port in England to a port in China and back, one ship to be entered by each party and to be named within a week of the start. The ships to be modelled, commanded and officered entirely by citizens of the United States and Great Britain respectively; to be entitled to rank A 1 either at the American offices or Lloyd's. The stakes to be £10,000 a side, satisfactorily secured by both parties, and to be paid without regard to accident or any exception. The whole amount to be forfeited by either party not appearing. Judges to be mutually chosen; reasonable time to be given, after notice of acceptance, to build the ships if required, and also for discharging and loading cargo in China.

The challenged party may name the size of the ships, not under 800 nor over 1200 American registered tons; the weight and measurement which shall be carried each way, the allowance for short weight or oversize. Reference may be made to Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., for further particulars.

DANIEL C. BACON.¹

The race did not take place at the time, but later in the races between British and American yachts in the nineties, Captain Bacon's grandson was on hand as a member of the crews of various victorious American vessels. His vacations were from early boyhood spent on the water, and he had become an expert yachtsman before reaching manhood. He rowed on the Harvard crew, as did each of his three sons.

Miss Julia Bacon thus describes the second of the family traits and illustrates it by an incident which was fortunately more galling to the *amour propre* of Captain Bacon than it was painful to his person:

Grandfather always had wild, tearing horses, and he and his sons all being fond of driving themselves, drove daily to town, each in his own trap. My father one day was jogging quietly along towards home,

¹Daniel C. Bacon (MS. Life), pp. 133-134.

"Two famous Boston firms of Cape Cod origin were Howes and Crowell, who owned the *Glimax*, *Ringleader*, and *Robin Hood*, and D. C. and W. S. Bacon, who owned the *Game-Cock*, *Hoogly*, and *Oriental*. Daniel C. Bacon was a link between the Federalist and the clipper periods, having been mate under William Sturgis in the old Northwest fur trade. In 1852 he was elected president of the American Navigation Club, an association of Boston shipowners and merchants, which offered to back an American against a British clipper for a race from England to China and back, £10,000 a side. Although the stakes were subsequently doubled, no acceptance was received." (Samuel Eliot Morison, *The Maritime History of Massachusetts, 1783-1860* (1921), pp. 348-349.)

when he was overtaken by Grandfather driving one of these tearing beasts with both arms outstretched. He dashed by father, looking round as he passed and calling out, "Is your horse tired, Mr. Bacon?"

Just then his wheel went inside of a post, caught fast and away went the horse with the shafts, leaving Grandfather sitting in the road under the chaise top, which had shut down.¹

The grandson drove for pleasure, rode and played polo not only for exercise, but also to be a companion to his boys in their outdoor sports. He had many and beautiful horses in a large and well-appointed stable at Westbury. But he disposed of them during the war, that he might contribute the more to the cause.

The third trait Miss Bacon states and illustrates in this way:

As an example of the reticence of the whole family, there is a story that Grandfather and two of his sons met on the boat for New York, none of them having mentioned to the others that he was going.²

Daniel Bacon, Mr. Bacon's uncle, and William B. Bacon, his father, were doubtless the two sons who unexpectedly accompanied the Captain on this occasion. Each is the hero of an episode of his own.

The story is told of a visit which Daniel Bacon paid to his son at Harvard. They had not seen one another for some months, and the father took a long trip to Cambridge for the sole purpose of visiting his son. On arriving, he greeted him casually and sat in silence for a long time. Finally he rose, with a "Well, Edward, there's nothing more to be said," and made off. Fathers in New as well as in Old England have many a trait in common.

William B. Bacon had a habit of informing his family on the day of his departure for Europe that he only had time to say good-bye and catch the steamer, and Mrs. Bacon recalls an illuminating incident of her early married life, when Mr. Bacon's father was living with them. It was early spring, and she had been spending hours over the packing cases, putting away furs and winter blankets. At the bottom of the case was a fur coat belonging to her father-in-law. While she was

¹*Daniel C. Bacon* (MS. Life), pp. 199-200.

²*Ibid.*, 198.

busy he entered the room, watched her, and asked what she was doing, but vouchsafed no further comment. A few hours later he remarked, "By the way, where is my fur coat? I am sailing for Europe to-morrow at nine." With an aside to her husband, "I'm glad I married you young," Mrs. Bacon set about unpacking the fur coat.

Robert Bacon could indeed keep his own counsel, and no word escaped him which should not have been said. But he was of an expansive nature, delighting in the society of friends, chatting and listening by turns as became a host or guest whose pleasure was to add to the pleasure and happiness of others. The influence of the mother may have been stronger in this respect than that of the Bacons.

In this account of Mr. Bacon's ancestry, the *Mayflower* has not figured. The head of the family had come to New England at an early date, but in an unknown vessel. The Bacons had married into good families on the Cape; but hitherto the blood of the descendants of passengers on that famous ship was not theirs. Captain Bacon cured this oversight and he did it in such a way as to leave nothing to be desired. Miss Julia Bacon thus recounts the episode:

Captain Bacon was married [in 1818] soon after returning from this voyage [in *The Vancouver*] to Desire Taylor Gorham, daughter of Edward Gorham and granddaughter of those fighting Gorhams who took part in all the battles which the Colonists had waged from King Philip's War down to 1812.

They were descended from a de Gorran de la Taniere in Brittany who came over to England with William the Conqueror.

The Pilgrims John Tilley and John Howland, who came to Plymouth in the *Mayflower*, were also ancestors of Mrs. Bacon, John Howland's daughter having married a Gorham.¹

Mrs. Bacon died in 1843, and Captain Bacon in 1856, of enlargement of the heart. It was said by his friends that this was impossible as "his heart could not be any larger than it always had been."

William Benjamin Bacon, Mr. Bacon's father, was the second son of the Captain, who sent the first and third sons to sea and

¹*Daniel C. Bacon* (MS. Life), p. 109.

the second and fourth to college. He was fitted for college at Phillips Exeter, then and now a famous institution. He entered Harvard College in 1837, and graduated in the Class of 1841, at the age of eighteen. One of his most distinguished classmates was Thomas Wentworth Higginson, preacher, a colonel in the Civil War, and writer of grace, dignity, and charm. He kept in touch with but few of his classmates, probably due to the "reserve" characteristic of the family. Be that as it may, when half a century later thirteen survivors of the Class of 1841 came together to celebrate that happy event and to rejoice in their longevity, Mr. William B. Bacon recognized none of them.

Upon graduation he went as supercargo to China and became a member with his elder brother, Daniel G., of the firm of Daniel G. Bacon and Company. Later he became the agent in Boston for the well-known banking firm of Baring Brothers, and still later he acted as trustee of various estates. He lived in the country, Jamaica Plain, and had his office in Boston.

The first wife of William B. Bacon was a Miss Gassett, of Boston, who died within the first two years of her marriage. Later he married Miss Emily Crosby Low, a sister of his brother Eben's wife. She was Robert Bacon's mother, and a noted beauty. Her younger sister was also beautiful. After their mother's death they dressed in mourning and, skating on Jamaica Pond, they were known as the "Black Swans." The eyes of both were violet, with long black lashes. The distinguished artist, William Morris Hunt, painted Mr. Bacon's mother but could not catch or give an adequate idea of her complexion. To illustrate what he saw but lost, he poured a glass of water over the picture, saying, "when wet it looks like her, when it dries, she goes." She died in 1871, when her son Robert was in his eleventh year. She had been taken from place to place for her health, and when at home the lad had been kept out of the way, so that she might not be disturbed by the least noise. When she died the boy was not allowed to see her. But he yearned for the mother, and he crept into the room where she lay, beautiful in death, that he might see her. From her he seems to have inherited his physical beauty; from her his love of music, for she was notable as a musician; from her the appreciation of the arts and love of literature; from her,

if these things are inheritable, his grace of manner and personal charm.

In two letters to her elder son fitting for Harvard at St. Mark's School, in Southboro, Massachusetts, the mother speaks of Robert, then a mere lad at her side. They follow without comment, the first shortly, the second only a month, before her untimely death:

DEAR WILL,

You have been such a good boy to write that I must try and write to you. I was so glad to have Mr. Ludlam visit you and bring me such good accounts of you. He and Bob may possibly make you a call on Tuesday next. I am delighted to hear you got on well with your studies. Do be ambitious and make the most of this good free time for studying. There will never again be so good a chance. When you are older other things will take your time, so "make hay while the sun shines." You are old enough now to think about it for yourself and to take a real interest in improving yourself—at least I hope so—for I did at your age. I hope you have got rid of your tiresome cold. Do take care of yourself.

We are having very cold weather and sleighing and skating which latter Bob makes the most of. I must stop now. Write to me soon again and remember above all the French and the music.

MAMA.

May 17th, Tuesday.

DEAR WILLIE,

Thanks for all your nice letters. Don't think I forget you because I don't write. Eleanor is away on a journey with Aunt Mary Bacon. Bob has been sick but is well again. . . .

The trees are all coming out and the garden looks lovely, and I suppose the country at Southboro is still more so. If you could only see a little Spitz puppy of Mrs. Rice's—just like a little wooly toy dog. The most lovely and cunning thing that ever was seen. It came Sunday in a basket and passed the afternoon with me. Bob and I are quite wild about it. I know you would love it so. I hope it won't grow much before you come home. I wish I could see your theatricals. Papa wants to know about the trains and whether he and Bob could stay all night. You must write at once and let us know. . . . The Fish boys have had their plays again and Bob took the part of Nicholas Nickleby. Papa says he did it very well. . . .

The family evidently tried to keep Master William B. Bacon, Jr., from being homesick. This is Robert Bacon's contribution to the cause, confirming and supplementing the mother's letter:

Boston, May 23rd, 1870.

DEAR WILLIE,

I am going to write you a letter to answer the one you wrote me the other day.

I tumbled down to-day and hurt my arm very much so that I have to ware it in a sling.

Mama is very much oblided to you for those violets you sent her.

Mr. ludlam left Boston on the 18th of May to sail in the scotia for europe so that I can not give him your message.

We have got a little Spitz dog like Mrs. rice's that Mama told you about in her letter. . . .

Is thire a place for us to sleep if we come to see the theatricols.

from your aff brother,

R. BACON.

PART II

EARLY LIFE

“The child is father to the man”

CHAPTER II

HARVARD COLLEGE DAYS

ROBERT BACON, the second son of this second marriage, was born at Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, on July 5, 1860. If he had been consulted, it would have been a day earlier. The ideals of the Fourth of July, 1776, were his ideals, and he lived as if the Fourth of July were his day. On the one hundred forty-first anniversary of that day he stood uncovered with General Pershing and officers of the American Expeditionary Forces before the tomb of Lafayette, whose chivalrous coöperating, entailing that of his country, caused the ideals of the Declaration of Independence to prevail through a happy union of American and French arms on the battlefields of the New and the Old World.

While the lad was still of tender age, the father moved to 63 Beacon Street, Boston, probably on account of the mother's health.

The grandfather, Captain Bacon, had sent his boys alternately to sea and to Harvard. William B. Bacon, the father, was the second son and, appreciating the advantages of a college training, he established a different precedent which has hardened into a rule, that every Bacon goes to college. Robert Bacon was accordingly sent to Hopkinson's School, then a famous nursery for the college. He entered Harvard when he was just turned sixteen, and graduated in June, 1880, on the verge of his twentieth birthday. He was the youngest man of a class which included a future President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, who, in the opinion of many people, bids fair to become, with Washington and Lincoln, the third in the trinity of illustrious presidents.

His chum at the Hopkinson School, his roommate in Harvard College, and his warm friend through life was Dr. Henry Jackson, a distinguished physician of Boston and Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He knew Mr. Bacon

most intimately in his early years and is perhaps the best qualified to speak of his earlier days as an undergraduate, and the impression which he made on his classmates. Doctor Jackson writes:

He entered Harvard College in the fall of 1876 and at once won the affection and regard of all who had the advantage of his acquaintance. He was singularly blessed by nature by a superb physique to which was added a manly beauty; he may well be chosen as a type of the perfection of manhood at its best, seldom equalled and surely never excelled. None who knew him in his early life could gainsay this rather extravagant opinion of Bacon as a man of almost perfect physique. He was more blest by a spirit of kindness, gentleness, devotion to his friends and a high ideal of life from which he never deviated. He made many and warm friends in all walks of life; he could not make an enemy. In disposition he was jovial, friendly, very fond of a lark or any social pleasure, yet behind all was a deep sense of his responsibility to himself and others, an unswerving devotion to what was to his mind the really important issue of the moment, whether that issue was a baseball game, a college examination, the welfare of Harvard College or the safety and honor of the United States.

He was much interested in all athletic sports, rather from a real love of all outdoor activities than from a wish to excel in any one branch. His superb physique placed him in a position to excel in any sport that he was interested in. He was rusher on the Freshman football eleven (or rather fifteen as it was at that time), first base and captain of the Freshman baseball team, a member of the University football team, and one year its captain, winner in heavyweight sparring, one hundred yard dash and quarter mile run, and rowed number seven on the University crew. He was president of the Glee Club, and took a prominent part in all the theatrical performances of the various college clubs of which he was a member. In spite of all the social and athletic interests of his college life he stood well in his classes, and was graduated well up in the upper third of his class, having had no low marks during his whole college career.

He was in all respects the most popular man in the class, respected by all, beloved by many; success in athletics necessarily brings to a college man popularity of a certain kind; his popularity was deeper, more lasting, dependent not upon his success as an athlete, but upon the deep respect and devotion due to a man of fine character who was modest, kindly to all, generous, and possessed of a sunny, jovial disposition, ready to enter into all the various joys and amusements of a

normal college man. He was Chief Marshal on Class Day, and in 1905, when the Chief Marshal of the Alumni Association for Commencement was to be chosen, his name was the only one thought of or considered.¹

Of the many incidents of college days there are a few which are individual and distinctive. Three may serve as a sample of others that might be selected. The first is a challenge to a game of baseball from the Cambridge High School Nine of which Howard Elliott, later president of the Northern Pacific Railway and more recently president of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railway Company, was captain, to the Harvard Freshman Nine, of which Robert Bacon, then aged sixteen, was captain. This letter, preserved among Mr. Bacon's papers, is in Mr. Elliott's handwriting, with a plentiful supply of blots and abbreviations more becoming business communications than literary performances.

This important document—for such it must have seemed to the two principals—is literally as follows:

Cambridge, June 18, 1877.

MR. BACON,

The Cambridge High School Nine hereby challenges the Freshman Nine of Harvard College to a game of ball to be played Wed. June 20th or Sat. June 23rd (Wed. being preferable) on Holmes' Field.

As in a game played previously the ball was furnished by the C. H. S. I suppose it will be provided in this game by the *Freshmen*.

We are certain that our regular umpire would give entire satisfaction to the Freshmen and we would like to engage him unless the Freshmen object.

Game to be called as early as may be convenient for you.

HOWARD ELLIOTT,
Appian Way.
Cambridge

A speedy reply is requested.

The second incident is that of the quarter-mile run, which Mr. Bacon won. He was not an aspirant for this honour, but the expert in that line had no competition, and apparently he

¹*Harvard College, Class of 1880, Report IX, 1920* (Privately Printed for the Class), pp. 14-15.

did not want to perform alone. Therefore he spoke to William Hooper, one of his classmates and friends, who suggested that Robert Bacon should run against him. The prospective victim consented to run if Hooper would act as his trainer and manager. This was agreed to and for several days Bacon trained and practised. But he soon tired of the task, slipped off to bed instead of training, as he was young and growing and required eleven hours of sleep. The fateful day came. Mr. Bacon turned up, however. The runners started and Mr. Bacon dashed forward with his head in the air, took, and kept the lead. Near the goal his competitor somehow tripped and fell and Mr. Bacon, little suspecting what had happened, crossed the line a victor, to the great disgust of the other party, and to the amusement of the bystanders who knew the circumstances of the case. Had he known that his classmate had fallen by the wayside, he would have turned back even though he lost. This was the case later on, for the Harvard crew, on which he rowed, did turn back when the Yale stroke broke his oar shortly after the start. The Harvard boat lost. In all kinds of sport and in the larger game of life, Mr. Bacon wanted to win, but he preferred to lose if he could not win honourably.

The third incident is connected with Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Bacon was Mr. Roosevelt's faithful friend and follower from the beginning to the end of his political career. He accepted office at his hands, and stood by him in the trying days of 1912 when Mr. Roosevelt sought renomination within the Republican Party. With him he left the Republican fold when the Convention of that year nominated President Taft and voted with the new Progressive Party, of which Mr. Roosevelt became the first and only candidate for President. On his part, Mr. Roosevelt numbered Mr. Bacon among a few of his "chief friends," whom he described in his undergraduate letters:

Bob Bacon is the handsomest man in the Class and is as pleasant as he is handsome.

In this incident Mr. Bacon doubly deserved the epithet "handsome." Mr. Roosevelt was very near-sighted, but he was fond of boxing and had the ambition in college to shine in the prize-ring. He looked upon Mr. Bacon as the athlete of



ROBERT BACON, HARVARD UNDERGRADUATE



ROBERT BACON—1880

the class and constantly urged him to put on the gloves. This Mr. Bacon did now and then, when his chief preoccupation was not to hit too hard lest he break "T. R.'s" glasses, which he was obliged to wear even on such occasions. However, the bouts with Mr. Bacon gave Mr. Roosevelt pleasure, for he repeatedly said in great glee that he would have "landed" if his arms had only been longer and Bacon's not so long.

Many statements of Mr. Bacon's preëminence as an athlete come from Harvard and therefore from sources which may seem overfriendly. Mr. Walter Camp, the admitted authority on football in this country, and as loyal a son of Yale as Mr. Bacon was of Harvard, will not be suspected of partiality in his treatment of a rival. This is what Mr. Camp says:

In the spring of 1877, a tall crinkly haired blond giant, handsome as an Adonis, captained the Harvard Freshman baseball team. Four years later, thickened up, and grown more stalwart through work on the gridiron and the river, this same handsome giant stood on the field in a crimson jersey as captain of the Harvard football team. Robert Bacon was one of Harvard's great athletes, and was not only respected by his opponents for his physical strength and agility but admired and held in deep and sincere affection by them all for his love of sport and fair play. And he carried them all through life. It seems a pity that so many of the long obituary notices of him fail to mention his football career, for the game owed much to him. At the time when it stood in jeopardy some years after his graduation, he organized a committee of most representative college men to investigate thoroughly the charges that it was injuring the youth of the land physically, and after a year spent in thoroughly going over the history of every man who had played upon the Harvard, Yale, and Princeton teams, since the introduction of Intercollegiate Rugby football into this country in the fall of 1876, this committee furnished the public such a convincing report of the falsity of the accusation that football was not only cleared but justifiably advanced to a high position in the public mind. . . .

We shall never see his like again.

CHAPTER III

THE RACE AROUND THE WORLD

MR. BACON's first as well as his last recorded impressions of the world are preserved in two series of letters separated by the space of a lifetime, one series written for the eyes of an indulgent father and the other a devoted wife, without a thought of a larger public. The first series reveals the soul of the boy with the college behind and the world before him. They show him as he began life, his equipment for the struggle, the things that interested him, the things that made an impression on him. They give a picture of the outer as well as the inner man—if man he can be called, for he was but twenty. They display the intellectual capital upon which he built his subsequent career. They help us to appreciate the last series of letters and to understand the man who lies between.

Mr. Bacon's father had travelled much and far, and he thought that what was good for the father was good for the son. A century ago, and in a lesser degree to-day, the young Englishman made the grand tour of Europe. The young American encircles the world. Therefore, Mr. Bacon and his college mate and life-long friend, Richard Trimble, made *le tour du monde*, as Mr. Bacon calls it more than once in his letters in the last months of 1880. The letters tell the story with scarcely a connecting word:

[Undated.]

59 East 25th St. [New York]

MY DEAR FATHER,

I went with Dick & his father this morning to get his letter of credit and a passport which his father thought best for him to have. His letter is for £600 credit with Brown, Shipley & Co., London.

Mr. Bacon's allowance was probably about the same. In a letter of April 2, 1881, the expenses from Hongkong to London are given as £375. He drew two drafts on his father in London

for £75 and warned that he would probably draw "some more" to get home, as "the *tour du monde* has left us destitute."

Palace Hotel,
San Francisco, Oct. 24th, 1880.

MY DEAR FATHER,

After leaving you at Laramie [Wyoming] I experienced for the first time the feeling of leaving home.

We passed a very pleasant night, but did not make up much lost time, and consequently were too late at Ogden [Utah] to catch the train for Salt Lake.

After passing the night in a rather musty little room we found out that, if we were to carry out our proposed plan, we could have but 5 hours in Salt Lake, but resolved to try it nevertheless. This was indeed a lovely country after the chills of Laramie. We passed through the most fertile country, peach orchards and acres of all kinds of vegetables, the Wasatch Mts. rising like a great whale's back close on our left, and the lake stretching for miles on our right, the dark blue Mts. beyond. When we got to Salt Lake, which by the way is not on the lake as I had supposed, but 15 miles from it, we chartered a team with a very intelligent English ex-Mormon for a driver and proceeded to see all we could.

It is in a valley stretching for miles into the Mts. where the mines are, and through which flows the Jordan river. We saw everything; tabernacle, temple, several of the wives and 47 children of old Brigham [Young], a real live apostle and latter day saint, and had the whole business explained. Returned to Ogden that night and arrived at San Francisco about two o'clock on Friday. It took us several hours to get clean. . . .

Yesterday we were driven out through the Park to the Cliff House and enjoyed it immensely. We are just about to start for the "Yosemite" and I must stop in order to catch the train. I will write again when we come back.

San Francisco, Oct. 31st
Sunday.

MY DEAR FATHER,

The last letter which I wrote you I had to cut very short, as I was just starting for the Yosemite. We left here on Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the sleeper for Madera, which is the nearest railway station to the valley. There were in the car a lady and gentleman from Springfield, a lady and gentleman from the mines, formerly of Connecticut, having "come over" in the *Mayflower*, and two Eng-

lishmen. These were to be our constant companions for four days, so we were quite interested in them. Turning in at about 9 we waked at 5:30 the next morning to find ourselves on a side track at Madera, from whence we started, after breakfast, in a six horse coach with our new friends.

The first stage we rattled over at a good pace, 12 miles in less than an hour and a half, the road being quite level along the river bottom of the Fresno. Here there is something quite new for me: a large V-shaped flume 54 miles long in which large quantities of lumber is daily floated down from the saw-mills above at the rate of 9 miles per hour. Well, after this the pace slackened so that, after changing horses 5 times, we did not arrive at "Clark's"—a Hostelry in the Mts., until 6:30, having travelled more than 12 hours through beautiful mountains, the forests gradually becoming more dense and the trees of more variety, and larger. After paying five dollars for our lodging and breakfast, all the charges are becoming equally extortionate, we started in another stage for the "big trees." We drove for miles through a forest of splendid trees, pines of all kinds, cedars, firs, oaks, and etc., and finally came to a grove of the "sequoia gigantea." There are a great many more than I had any idea of and they are really fine great fellows, some being over 30 feet in diameter and one of which we drove through, coach and all. The dust of this expedition is something frightful. We were so covered with it from head to foot that you could not have recognized us, and one of our English friends, weight about 18 stone, became so disgusted with the dirt and jolting that he absolutely refused to go any farther and determined to go back without seeing the valley. We were inclined to do the same, and had it not been that we had got so far, I think we should have backed out; such was our disgust at the dirt and extortionate prices. However we plucked up and started for the valley, and it was indeed a lovely drive. We had seats with the driver, and escaped the dust to a great extent. We gradually ascended to a great height, and finally from a place called "inspiration point" had a magnificent view of the whole valley, a lovely broad plain covered with evergreen and deciduous trees of all colors surrounded, or rather walled in by perpendicular crags of any where from 2000 to 6000 ft. in height. It is too grand. I will not attempt a description.

Well, we did not arrive until after dark and were glad to turn in. Next morning we started off again at 6 to see "Mirror Lake," in which one can see all the Mts. Came back to breakfast and started immediately after on horse-back to ascend the side walls, see all the falls and views of importance and join the stage in the afternoon, which carried our baggage and was to take us back to Clark's. By the time we had ridden 20 or 30 miles at a rattling pace, I, for one, was

ready to dismount. The party consisted of 4, we having left our "Yanky" friends, who had nearly talked us to death, and having been joined by a young German who proved to be a first rate fellow.

After another day's ride in stage, having travelled in this way 200 miles in all, we again reached our sleeper which was waiting for us at Madera. Arriving here yesterday at 2, we consumed the usual 3 or 4 hours necessary for cleaning processes and called on Capt. O. [liver] only to find that the steamer, having arrived 3 days late, will not leave until Thursday, and here we are wasting our precious time and money. We have lots of friends here though, several invitations to dinner and prospects of a journey to "see the Geysers," so we are not likely to grow stale. There you have me—"all right up to the present time."

I feel quite forlorn every time the mail comes for I never get a letter and Dick always gets two or three—a circumstance which you might mention to some of my friends, if I have any. I am quite well and happy, although I am worried a bit sometimes by the thought of having nothing to do. I did not feel that I had really left home until I left you at Laramie. Good-bye. It is needless to tell you how welcome are all letters from home.

Pacific Ocean

Sunday, Nov. 21st, '80.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Here we are in the middle of the Pacific. This is the 3rd Sunday that we have had on board and all three have been perfect days, the only ones since leaving. We have been having pretty rough weather lately, the end of some recent gale which must have been bad, judging from the sea it has raised. I have never seen waves half so high. We have had head winds every day but one since we started and the result is that we have averaged only 210 miles a day and probably will not arrive until the 27th or 28th.

I have been rolled and knocked about so that I am lame all over, and it is a great relief to have at last a pleasant day, in which to sit down quietly and write.

You must have received my last letter telling of our Yosemite trip and delay of 2 days in San Francisco. Election day passed off very quietly in the city, and, having dined with General Barnes the night before, we went with him to the "Republican League Club" where we heard all the returns from the different states¹ and met several of the most prominent business men, Capt. E. [Idridge], Gov. Lowe, Davis who was running for Congress and many others.

¹The presidential election referred to was that of November, 1880, which resulted in the choice of James A. Garfield, of Ohio, over his Democratic opponent, Major General Winfield Scott Hancock, of Pennsylvania.

On Wednesday Bob Hastings drove us out to the fort to see Major Cushing. We dined with Hastings and in the evening went to see the "Chinese quarter." This is the most disgusting sight that I have ever seen. Thousands of men huddled together in space insufficient for a hundred. Why, you have no idea of the squalor and filth in which they all live, or rather exist, in dark garrets, dirty, damp holes under the street and anywhere else, all for the sake of the hundredth part of the "mighty dollar" which they may carry back to the home of celestials.

What I have seen puts a new aspect on the "Chinese question." I wish some of the Eastern philanthropists who hold up their hands in holy horror at the stories from the Pacific slope might see the subjects which their missionaries pretend to convert.

We have found the *Galie* to be a very staunch and sea-worthy boat, though with not much cabin accommodation, having only a deck house which was built on "afterwards." She used to carry freight.

Capt. Kedley has proved to be an old friend, inasmuch as he was with poor Frank¹ when he died and held him in his arms. He used to know him in Japan, and we have had several talks about him. . . .

There are 4 young Englishmen on board, two of whom are first rate fellows. I see a great deal of them. The other passengers are Germans and missionaries going on their "fool's errand" to Canton. We have had cricket on the days when the sea has not washed the decks. And this with reading, whist, singing and getting exercise under difficulties makes the time go quickly enough—not to mention eating and sleeping.

We crossed the 180th meridian on Tuesday and omitted Wednesday altogether. Did not see the buoy on the line although the Capt. said there was one. The last half of our voyage is likely to be as rough as the 1st. Even as I write it is coming on to blow from the southwest.

I have been reading several books on Japan and am getting very keen about it. I think we shall go overland from Yokohama to Kioto. Either by walking or "jinrikshas," see Osaka and Kobi and take the steamer there. I will write some more in Yokohama, if the mail gives me time. Until then good-bye.

"International Hotel," Yokohama
Sunday, Dec. 5th.

Our voyage lengthened out another week, and we have had four Sundays on board. The last week was a slight improvement on the

¹Mr. Frank Low, his mother's brother and favourite member of the family. He was only thirty years of age at the time of his death.

rest of the voyage, but still we had constant head winds and high seas. I waited up on the night of Sunday the 27th and was rewarded by a glimpse of "la Luna" light at "8 bells." The land looks very welcome and beautiful in the gray of the morning, as we steam up the harbor through hundreds of "sampan" sculling about in every direction with marvellous speed. Our engines have brought us 4,760 miles without stopping. . . . The weather is simply perfect, warm and balmy in the day time and cool at night. The country is lovely and I have never been more favorably impressed in my life. It is pleasure merely to exist in this climate.

We have seen everything in Yokohama, including a football match between the "Shore" and officers from H. M. S. *Comus*. We have been to Tokio once and will go again to-morrow and see all the temples and estates of the now mythical Daimios. The "things" that we have already seen in exhibitions and bazaars are too beautiful for description.

Last Thursday we started with Knight and Mackinnon, who have proved to be good friends, for Enoshima, to see the temples and country in general.

We were six jinrikshas and 12 men besides ourselves and guide, one jinricky going to carry baggage and food. Was very much interested in all employments of the happy, smiling inhabitants, all of which, cotton manufacture, agriculture and all trades, we could see in all stages of progress. We passed through a large town which has been entirely destroyed by fire 10 days before and was now half rebuilt, the people seeming to like it, as it gave them employment.

At Enoshima, see temples, have a delicious bath in the sea and a rather cold night on the floor.

The next day started back by another road to see "Dai-Butsu" most famous old bronze image in Japan and 45 ft. high, and "kamakura." I don't say much about these temples, etc. I can't begin to do them justice and to say that they are magnificent and grand old relics of Buddhism is entirely too much for my little pen. Will have to do till I see you.

As I run through a village dragging a jinriksha the inhabitants go into convulsions and run behind shouting "Hy! Hy!" You can imagine me taking my exercise in that way. I had $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles across country on Friday. To-day I have been off on a Japanese pony for 25 miles, stopping at a teahouse for clams and tea, which is wet and warm, and that's all that can be said of it. We are going to give the next two days to Tokio and sail on Wednesday for Kobe, having given up the overland trip, as taking too much time. Shall leave for Shanghai on the 17th expecting to arrive on the 23rd. Expect to be in Calcutta by the 1st of February and receive lots of letters from home, which you might mention to some of my friends and acquaintances.

I am enjoying myself immensely and all my expectations of Japan have been more than realized; and they were pretty high I can tell you. I have met lots of friends of poor Frank and they have been very kind to me. . . .

Yokohama, Dec. 10th.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Just a line to say that we leave to-morrow for Kobe where we shall stay till the 18th, arriving in Shanghai on the 23rd. I received your letter to-day and it was indeed welcome, as the 1st from home since starting. It was rather diminutive. . . . I must go to bed now as I am going to Tokio at 7 A.M. to see a temple that I missed the other day. Dick is not going as he has something to do here.

Hiroshima Maru.

Saturday, Dec. 18th, 1880.

MY DEAR GIRLS,

Don't be frightened by the heading of this epistle. It is only the name of a steamer plying between Yokohama and Shanghai, the same one in which Wink came up to Japan a year ago.

We have been 3 weeks in Japan now, and think it the best place we have ever seen. The climate is simply perfect, to-day nearly Christmas, when you are all freezing at home—being clear and warm as an October day. Two weeks we spent in Yokohama, Tokio, and the surrounding country, which is lovely. We met two very nice Englishmen on the steamer, and one day in Yokohama we all made up a party of 4 and, taking an interpreter, started off for Enoshima, a little promontory, or rather island, about 20 miles from Yokohama. You should have seen our little cavalcade passing through the villages, stared at in wonder by scores of diminutive children, all shaved and tufted like those on your mantelpiece, and all carrying still smaller babes on their backs. They look like bundles of old rags with two heads. We had jinrikshas, which translated means "pull-man car," each propelled by two little half-naked Japs, one in the shafts and the other pushing behind, both grunting in concert. It is a very peculiar sensation at first, to be drawn along by a boy 4 feet high in a sort of little "shay," but one soon gets used to it and goes spinning along over the "Tokaido," the great imperial highway, at the rate of 8 or 10 miles an hour.

I was in a very happy frame of mind, just coming from a long voyage of 24 days to a "land which is fairer than day," the land, in fact, of the rising sun, where I eat 2 dozen oranges a day, and I carried on a running conversation with every one within hail, much to the

amusement of every one else, for it is only necessary to look at Japanese to set them off into gales of laughter. In short, it was a very smiling journey. We had a very funny time that night at a teahouse or hotel, sitting about shivering in our stocking feet, the only warmth being in a small box of charcoal. It is quite cold at night at this season, and as the walls are made of paper, it was somewhat breezy sleeping on the floor, all four of us in one room. Next day we went home by another road, seeing the temples of Kamakura, an ancient capital of Japan, and the great bronze image of Dai Butz, and stopping for "Tiffin" and a sea bath at a delightful little place, of which I will show you a picture next spring.

Jenkins of "Fearon, Low & Co." was very kind and I went twice to ride with him in the country on a little black pony about twice as big as Barny. I found, too, several kindred spirits who invited me to play football and run in "Hare and Hounds," and these I enjoyed very much, especially the latter in which I fell down several precipices, cut myself on sharp sticks and tore my clothes. But, what I have enjoyed most are the curio shops. The beautiful things are beyond description, bronzes, cloisonné, porcelain, carved ivory and silk and satsuma good enough to eat. The little old dogs with several curly tails and crabs, turtles, and strange beasts are what please me. I spend hours rummaging in second-hand pawnshops for which Trimble laughs at me a great deal; but I haven't money enough for many really good things so I make it up on the odd little things that cost a few cents.

Last Saturday we left Yokohama and came down to Kobe by steamer, not having time to go overland as we had intended. Oh I forgot to tell you about the tennis garden in Yok. where all the ladies play. The grounds are lovely, all terraced and surrounded by orange trees and pretty hedges, and the ladies play better than any I have ever seen, even than you. One of them, Mrs. Defanger, played especially well, and, when afterwards I saw her at a concert and dance, I found that she played on the piano better than on the tennis court, and tried hard to be presented, but alas! in vain.

Kobe is even better than Yokohama, in fact about everything I see is better than the last, but I will tell you about it to-morrow as it is too dark to go on now.

Sunday

To-day is the best of days and we have been coming through the inland sea, which is magnificent with all its green islands and queer fishing boats with many-coloured sails. But to return to Kobe. We went immediately to Fearon, Low's and were invited to tiffin by Mr. Cunningham, who has a quaint old Japanese house just at the foot

of the Mts. which overlook Kobe. The house used to belong to an old Daimio or lord, and has been moved down by Mr. C. 20 miles from Osaka, the Venice of Japan. It would just suit the "artist." You may walk about an hour in it continually stumbling upon unexpected rooms of queer shapes and with odd little nooks and crannies. The walls are all of paper, silk and carved wood, made into sliding panels, all painted with unknown beasts and landscapes of fairyland. The friezes are all carved out in order to let the air pass through, and the ceilings all very low though of different heights. Mrs. C. being the only lady I have seen since leaving home rather frightened me, but I managed to get along and she invited us to dinner to meet Messrs. Groome and Green, two old friends of poor Frank, whom every one misses very much out here.

We spent two days in Kioto, Japan's ancient capital, and made several trips, the best of which was coming down the rapids of a mountain torrent, 20 miles through a beautiful gorge, deep and green. It reminded "Dante" of the inferno.

We spent two more days in curio shops which even surpassed those of Tokio and Yokohama and have come away with empty pockets, etc.

You can only think of the beauties of the inland sea by imagining a passage full of islands, something like the trip from Rockland to Mt. Desert, with Mts. four times as high and fantastic, vegetation eight times more luxuriant and the whole thing ten times more beautiful. Even this will convey no idea as it is 300 miles long.

In an hour we shall be in Nagasaki, the last port of Japan, and on Christmas day will be in Shanghai with Uncle and Aunt Low. I will now spare you and stop to get ready for shore.

If, on receipt of this, you write immediately to Alexandria there may be some hope for you; if not, look out for me when I get home. I want to know everything.

Tuesday, Dec. 28
Shanghai.

DEAR FATHER,

Christmas is past and I am about to begin a new year here far away in the Antipodes. My last letter was from Kioto, I think, in the centre of Japan. On our return to Kobe we met many new friends and were invited out to tiffin and dinner with Messrs. Green and Cunningham.

Dr. Harris, an old friend of Frank's, was very kind, and took us about to all the curio shops, which we enjoyed much more than any we had seen before. On Friday night, after dinner at Mr. C's where we met Mr. Groome, we went on board the good ship, *Hiroshima*

Maru, bound for Shanghai, via Nagasaki and the "Inland Sea." Next morning we found ourselves passing through the most beautiful sea in the world. For 300 miles we skimmed right along the shore winding among lovely, bold islands, and passing near enough to throw a biscuit ashore. There were some first-rate fellows on board and the time passed very quickly. Cyrus W. Field¹ was a fellow passenger en route for India. Tell Will that Capt. Haswell remembered him very well and asked for him. The harbor of Nagasaki is the most perfect one I have ever seen—just like Quisset multiplied ten times. Thirteen Russian men of war were lying there and the settlement full of drunken sailors—the most disorderly, with all its severity and cruelty, of any Navy in the world.

After examining manufact. of porcelain and tortoise shell, which is all there is to see, we started on Monday for Shanghai where we arrived on Wednesday night, after a smooth voyage, being just in time to go over bar at the top of high water and get up to the wharf at dark. Since then we have been enjoying one of the pleasantest Christmas vacations that I have had for a long time. It has truly been a vacation for there is really nothing to see here in the way of sights, that keeps one on the continual jump that we have become accustomed to in Japan.

It was after 8 when we went on shore, and, when I inquired where Uncle N.² was to be found, I was told that every one was at the theatre. So, sending for luggage and donning a dress suit, we proceeded to the hall of the Muses, where we found every one in full dress, witnessing some private theatricals. We might just as well have been in New York. Uncle N. appeared before we were up next morning with mail which had come in the same steamer with us, and insisted on our moving bag and baggage to his house on the "Babbling Well" road. I have at last been repaid for waiting so long, receiving 7 letters and hearing all the news. I sat up in bed reading my letters until I was nearly frozen and late for lunch. Christmas time in Shanghai is a very festival, no work being done and every one enjoying himself to the best of his ability, and it is quite a possible place, I assure you. It is and has been so unusually cold that "the hounds" have not been out, nor has there been a "paper hunt," but we have "been out" nearly ever day riding across country in parties of 8 or 12. This is so entirely new to me that it does as well as a hunt, and is not so dangerous.

Uncle Ned has been very unfortunate and has nine ponies all

¹The proprietor of the first Atlantic Cable between the United States, Newfoundland and England, laid in 1858, and successfully operated in 1866 and thereafter.

²Mr. Edward Low.

screwed up so as to be useless. Why there are any ponies with any legs left, I don't know, for it is the roughest country you ever saw, with its deep frozen "rut and furrow." It is wonderful how these little nags carry weight and jump. I have been riding one who takes me over ditches and creeks with perfect ease. But, then, you know, I am a light weight, tipping the scale at 196. This and playing "racket" has given me exercise and enabled me to eat the large dinners and tiffins of Shanghai at Christmas time. Uncle Ned and Aunt Eleanor are just as happy and comfortable as anything you can imagine. It would take books to tell you all about them and everything we have been doing. We have been here nearly a week now, and have decided to go on Thursday in the "Oxus" "messagerie maritime" to Hongkong where we shall probably take another steamer on to Calcutta, etc. Cannot tell definitely as we don't know how the connections will work. We have been staying here very quietly with Uncle N. and Aunt E. really enjoying the comforts of home life and a rest after the hurry of the last 3 months. We should be very glad to stay here for weeks and weeks, but it is not what we have come for and so we must be off in a jiffy, just as we arrive, and continue our lightning investigations of the world—a big place to see in a moment. The universal cry that we meet is "How foolish of you to hurry back so! You will never be able to come again and what possible difference in your life can 3 or 4 months make in arriving home, where you will have to wait all summer before you can begin work?"

Uncle Ned goes so far as to say that he will excite and urge us to mutiny, take the consequences, and be thanked for it afterward, if he succeeds—that we will always regret having missed hundreds of beautiful things for lack of 2 or 3 days to see. To all this we answer that having agreed upon the 1st of May, we are going to get home if it takes a leg, and we don't see anything. . . .

Be sure and take good care of yourself and rely on me to do the same. For that is all that I am hurrying home for. . . .

That was the son's Christmas letter to the father, and this is the father's letter to the "boy" (appropriately written in small letters) although it is signed "brother."

Boston, Dec. 30, 1880.

MY DEAR BOY,

I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year every time. We have just got through the first of these two occasions and the presents for children and all hands have nearly driven me wild. I send

you my love for your present and accept yours for mine with great pleasure.

I enclose a letter for you from W. Hooper, Esq. It is hardly time yet to pitch upon an occupation for you, but the *lame and lazy* are always provided for and you won't be left out in the cold. Hoop. seems to be feeling "pretty well I thank you" which I suppose is partly due to the existence of the honeymoon which will soon begin to wane unless his is an exception to the general rule, in which case the rule would be proved to be correct. "Exceptio probat regulam." That is the result and about the only one, of a classic education. . . .

Poor Miss Annie C's plans have been upset, fortunately for her, I think. Mamma P. arrived from Europe, would not go to see Annie and kicked up such a mess that young P. *went to Europe* and as his letters did not prove to be of that confiding and desperately-in-love nature that Miss Annie expected, *she* kicked over the traces, notified the wandering bridegroom that the thing was up and started for Florida to pass the winter, where I hope she found warmer weather than we have got here; this thermometer standing at about zero as I write. The moral of the above is that it is not well for two young people to make up their minds on the most important question of life, without looking the market over thoroughly and without prayerful considerations. . . .

I hope this will find you "*in condition*" and I recommend you to keep yourself so till you get home for I am coming down in weight and could get round you pretty lively. With my love to Dick and best wishes for the health and pleasure of both of you.

I continue your aff brother,

W. B. B.

On board *White Cloud*
January 10th, 1881.

MY DEAR FATHER,

My last small budget must have reached you from "Shanghai." We were rather sorry not to go to Peking, but made up for it in Shanghai by our vacation from sightseeing of all kinds. The cold weather prevented our enjoying the "hounds" but we had many good rides and I was very glad of the chance of making the acquaintance of my new aunt and almost equally new uncle. They are as much in love with each other as a couple of 20, and are as comfortably situated as any one could wish. We took one look into the native city but were soon satisfied and came out. The smells of the drainage, etc., were frightful.

We left Shanghai on Friday the 31st and had two unpleasant and

stormy days but on Sunday it came out warm and bright and we enjoyed the rest of the voyage till Monday morn very much. The French mail "paquebot", *Oxus*, on which we came is the finest ship I have ever seen and the service of the best. The climate of Hongkong is perfectly lovely. We spent 3 days in there very pleasantly playing cricket, rowing, and dining out.

On Thursday we started for Canton, where we stayed with Deacon and Co. on the *Sharmeen* and were very comfortable. The city we "did" in one day. I am very glad to have seen it as a specimen of a Chinese city with its old temples and pagodas and beautiful silk shops, but I don't care about going again. On Saturday we came down the river in a diminutive steamboat to Macao which is the prettiest place I have seen for a long time. The mixture of fine old Spanish and Portuguese buildings, beautiful ruined cathedrals, tropical gardens of poets of the 15th century, and forts bristling with soldiers on an island surrounded by Chinese gunboats and smuggling junks, was very incongruous, and made me forget where I was. There were several fellows whom we knew from Hongkong staying at the hotel, and they lost all their money at fan-tan, the gambling game which forms the principal revenue of the Portuguese Governor of Macao.

I am now on my way back to Hongkong in a good steamboat, whose hatches are all guarded by armed men to prevent any mutiny of the Chinese passengers below. We will have to wait in Hongkong till Thursday or Friday when we take steamer direct for Calcutta, due there on or about the 1st of February, which is *our* schedule time for arriving in India.

Tuesday.

. . . You see, we have subdivided our time rather differently from what you and I did at home. It was perfectly impossible to leave Japan sooner than we did—almost heartrending to leave it so soon. As we were unable to get to Peking, we decided to cut short our stay in Shanghai, pleasant though it might be.

It was all very delightful and luxurious, but in the interests of general education and seeing strange countries it went for nothing, as we saw nothing that we had not seen before and did nothing but the things of a gay and Eastern society life. So we gave our time to Canton and Macao, and I am very glad we did, as you have already seen. By taking a direct steamer to Calcutta we have saved \$75 and ten days here, losing only 4 days in India. Voilà.

I was much pained to think you received no letter from San Francisco. I wrote you quite a long letter and have since prided myself upon writing every mail. I was delighted to get your letter, however.

You have no idea what an excitement follows the arrival of mail. We immediately retire and spend the evening reading our letters to each other—I mean the firm of “Trimble, Bacon, et Cie.”

This week is liable to be quiet and pleasant. We are getting into condition for the hot weather of the equator. Yesterday and to-day we have been out rowing and to-morrow I play football. My weight is 13.3 with rowing clothes. I think I win the bet. . . .

Friday, January 14th.

The week has passed as I predicted and nothing of importance has happened. Have rowed and played football. . . . We have taken our passages on the *Awatoon Aplar*, an opium steamer belonging to a private line. She leaves to-morrow at three o'clock and is due, as I have said, the 1st prox.

We went on board the other day and found her very large and comfortable, larger than the Cunard steamers.

I shall look out for that letter at Singapore, but hardly expect to find it. Letters from home have been more frequent than I expected and I feel as if I knew what was going on. . . .

I find that “Canton mats” cost \$9.50 each, so don't think I shall purchase a great gross. This letter will probably reach you about the thawing and slush time of early spring. Be careful and try not to be laid up with the usual cold. You may think of me sweltering in the “Red Sea”. . . . We have made up our minds *about* what to do in India. A trip to Benares, Allahabad, Lucknow, Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore, and Simla, which is at the base of the Himalayas, then back to Allahabad and thence to Bombay will give us about three weeks in India. This is the present programme you may follow on the map. We have had thoughts of going from Alexandria to Athens, thence to Constantinople, Varna, and up the Danube to Vienna, but that is all in embryo as yet.

I did not say much about Canton, for I suppose it is about the same as when you saw it, 3 or 4 years ago, wasn't it? It smells as bad as ever and I was quite glad to get out of it at the end of a day of jolting about in a chair, with “Ah Cum” jabbering pidgion English. . . .

Well, I must say good-bye! for the present. *Do* take care of yourself, at least till I get home to take care of you. I'm sure you need two assistants. . . .

Hongkong Club
Jan. 11th, 1881.

MY DEAR WINK,¹

I was delighted to get your letter yesterday, and feasted on it for a long time. Your precaution about Stuart has come too late, although it was unnecessary. I met him the first day and he immediately put me up at the racquet court, where we played together, and did all manner of things for me. I dined with him, and we became very good friends. When we went away, he gave me lots of letters to people on my route, one of whom I dine with to-morrow, by the way, and a "Kumsha" of silk handkerchiefs. I met nearly all your friends and dined and tiffined with them, Weld, Bunnan [Burman?], Groome, and the rest. In fact, about the only thing I go on out here is my resemblance to you and it is quite sufficient to "go alone" on. We were rather unlucky in missing a meet of the hounds, but had plenty of rut and furrow across country. Nearly every day we went out with 6 or 8 fellows, Uncle Ned leading the way, the ground being too hard to ride at full speed to hounds. Old Baldy was rather unlucky and got one of the ponies you speak of. One day we were riding quite hard when someone happened to miss him. The whole field stopped and after some time we found him turning round and round in the middle of a lot of graves. Our united efforts finally persuaded the beast to proceed, but as he continually stopped to dance and refused every other jump, B. had to leave us and go home. Next day we tried again. We were about 8 miles from home when I happened to look round and saw a white pony with his four legs planted on the edge of a ditch, and Baldy . . . shooting over his head. Well, we chased that pony about 7 miles, darting through orchards and tearing our clothes, breaking down Chinese villages, fording muddy rivers and all covered with dirt. It was rather good fun for us, but death on Dick, who followed on foot in boots so tight that he has been troubled with blisters ever since. The pony, when last seen, was galloping off with no bridle and half a saddle, waving his tail in triumph and defiance. B. came home in a ricksha.

Japan was as lovely as usual, and I met all your friends, Groome, Green, Tileston, Jenkins, etc. They are still hospitable. Haswell who was with you at "Miyanoshta" is here. We have dined with him. I just missed Jim Fearon, Miss H., Mrs. S., and Mrs. Kerr who had all gone home. Too bad, wasn't it? Imagine China just as you saw it with a lovely cool climate and plenty of rowing, cricket, football, yachting, etc., and you have it as I see it. For further particulars I refer you to W. B. B. and stop for the night, or this miserable quill

¹This letter was addressed to William B. Bacon, Jr., Mr. Bacon's brother.

pen will drive both you and me crazy. "Boy!" who is about 80 can get no other.

Friday, January 14th.

I must finish rather abruptly, Wink, for nothing has turned up and I am pressed. . . .

We are off for India to-morrow. . . .

If there are any more weddings coming off for which I shall need presents, I wish you would let me know in time to get them in Europe. I have already bought several. It is pretty hard not to buy all the beautiful things you see, isn't it? Still I don't think I shall stop at a handful or so of diamonds and rubies in India's coral strand. . . .

Awatoon Aplar

Jan. 22nd, 1881.

MY DEAR FATHER,

As we are just leaving Singapore . . . I think it a good time to begin a letter.

After a fine run down the China Sea with a fair monsoon, we arrived in Singapore yesterday morning (Friday). We have some very pleasant people on board . . . an indigo planter of India, and his wife. The officers too are all good fellows, so we have plenty to do all the time, with reading and writing up the log. This steamer belongs to one of two private lines which ply between Calcutta and Hongkong and have a complete monopoly of the opium trade.

The *Suez*, the steamer of the other line, always starts at the same hour and minute that the *Aplar* does, and consequently there is quite a brisk competition and race from port to port. She is now about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile ahead of us, having had the advantage of position.

The weather in Singapore has been cooler than ever before. Yesterday was colder than the oldest inhabitant remembers to have seen it. Still, I think I must have lost a pound or two, for the water ran out of me all day.

Mr. Cuthbertson of Bonstead received me very cordially, immediately gave us his carriage to drive in the Botanical Garden, and invited us to dinner. We were fortunate in coming on Friday, for on that day the regimental band plays in the garden, and all the "beauty and fashion" turn out to hear it. The gardens are really beautiful, all blooming with flowers of every description, and tropical plants. They are kept up by the government now and are the prettiest thing of the kind that I have seen.

There are a great many ladies here considering the size of the place, and good teams, which made the place look very much like Newport.

Our dinner at the Cuthbertsons was very pleasant and homelike, "in one sense of the word," for they are hearty Scotch people and were having a kind of family party. At first I was afraid we were "de trop," but soon found out that they didn't mind us, and proceeded to enjoy it accordingly. We have met a great many Scotch people since we have come to "the East" and like each one better than the last. There are more Scotch than English here.

I learned a little as to the character of the "East India trade," of which I knew absolutely nothing before, by being taken through the "go downs" of Bonstead and Co., and shown the tapioca, tin, spices of all kinds, etc., all ready for shipping, and the cotton goods, blankets, etc., which they were trying to persuade the Chinamen to buy. The China "New Year" is close at hand, and "John" is not very eager to purchase, everybody being in preparation for the grand festivities.

We left at 2 o'clock and are on our way to Penang, where we expect to arrive on Monday morning.

Thursday, Jan. 26th.

We are now speeding along up the Bay of Bengal, two days out from Penang, at the rate of $11\frac{1}{2}$ knots, the n. e. monsoon being fair enough for everything to draw.

Arrived in Penang on Monday morning at daylight, and, after watching for sometime the Malay coolies at work on the cargo, and the crowd of "sampan" that come off to land the Chinese passengers, went on shore and proceeded to Bonstead and Company. Mr. Finlayson invited us to tiffin in the office, but, as it was not yet time, we took a "garry" and went off to see the waterfall, which is about the only thing of interest in the way of "sights." Very much struck by the hundreds of varieties of flowers and the thousands of palms, both "cocoy" and betel-nut, which line the road. Here we have the true black, naked nigger and the full force of the tropical sun. I nearly melted during the short walk from the garry to the waterfall. The large solar hats that we wore are sufficient protection against the sun and prevent any possibility of sun stroke. Penang, like Hongkong, is right at the foot of a mountain, which the people call their "Sanitarium," and where they retreat when the weather gets too much for them.

They all tiffin in their offices here because it saves time and does not necessitate a long ride home. We met several men at Bonstead's and enjoyed the tiffin. Mr. Finlayson invited us to come and play tennis in the p. m. not saying anything about ladies. We went, and found a regular lawn party, ten or twelve ladies and gentlemen. Played

tennis, had a first-rate time, and stayed to dinner, after which we went to the "race lottery," where Penang was assembled to bet on the races which began the next day. Saw several of the rich Chinamen and natives who form the monied class of the colony—among them the "Mahah-Rajah of Jahore" a fine-looking old fellow with turban and sarong of brilliant colours. The *Suez*, our constant companion, is going to wait for the races of the 1st day and will not sail until 7 o'clock, expecting to catch us before we get to Calcutta. Our captain, McTavish, does not approve, so we are off at 12 o'clock on Tuesday.

It is generally very calm here at this season, but we are fortunate in having a fresh n. e. breeze, and are stealing quite a march on the *Suez*. We expect to be in Calcutta on Sunday, or rather in the river, for it will take some time to go up the "Hoogly."

I think I told you, from Hongkong, what our proposed plan of action was. We have not changed. We intend to be in India about three weeks, giving most of the time to the cities of the north, and leaving Bombay about the 20th or 25th.

So much for me—I am having a first-rate time, as you can well see, and I think I am getting some experience as to the things of this world, which may be of use, whatever I do.

Time flies as I have never seen it before, and here we are more than halfway in our journey, when we have but just started. Yet it seems about four years since we left, and I find it hard to realize that it is only three months, and that everything has been going on exactly as if we had never gone away. It seems to me as if great and important changes *must* have taken place. One does not realize his own insignificance until he has seen how perfectly well, perhaps even better, the world would go on without him.

What are you going to have for me to do, when I get back? I am anxious to "settle down," my only regret being that now I shall *never* learn French and German which has always been my greatest wish (in that line).

I wish you would make up your mind, as you said you might, to come over to England in April and go home with me. You know how much good it always does you and it won't take but a few weeks. Please think seriously of it. I shall be in London the first week in April, "Deo Volente." You will have to start right away on receipt of this. . . .

January, 30th, Sunday.

We are now about halfway up the Hoogly. What a splendid great river the Ganges is, but how full of shoals and mud! It must have changed since you were here. We now go from the outside light to

Calcutta in 10 hours. It must have taken you weeks to do it. The scenery is not very pretty, is it? Reminds me of Shanghai with all its flatness. . . .

Yesterday morn. about 9 we sighted a steamer astern. She turned out to be the *Suez*, who had caught us, and passed us last night at 11 o'clock. I have been up since four "taking it all in." I had a good view too of the Southern Cross.

Calcutta, Feb. 2nd.

On arriving here Sunday afternoon we went to the Great Eastern Hotel, not knowing where to find the Whitneys. We had a first-rate run up the river passing 5 large steamers and 6 ships bound out and homeward. I have never seen so many ships before. I had no idea of the extent of the trade from this, the largest port in the East. How very pretty the banks of the river are just before arriving, botanical gardens, ex-kings' palaces, and fine private residences.

We went out on the "Esplanade" and saw all the "style." Every one drives there in the P. M. . . .

Monday morning we went to the Whitneys¹ and found them all, Fred, Frank, and Ned. They were very cordial and asked us to come and stay with them, which we did in the P. M. and have since been very comfortably ensconced at their house in the city. They have moved in from "Ballygunge" where they used to live.

Yesterday we looked about the city and in the evening went out in a "pair-oar" with Tom Edmonds, brother of the "old man's" partner.

I haven't time now to write all particulars, but will write again soon. To-morrow we think of going up to the Himalayas, or rather near them, to a place called Darjeeling. It will be a three days' trip, but we think will pay. When we come back, we shall start almost immediately for the "North West" to carry out the programme mentioned above. The P. and O. steamer *Surat* sails from Bombay on the 24th and we think that we shall go in her.

I enjoy staying here at the Whitneys' very much, especially as they let us alone to do as we please, true principle of hospitality. . . .

"Himalayas," Feb. 5th
"Darjeeling."

MY DEAR FATHER,

. . . We left Calcutta on Thursday at 1 o'clock in the "Northern Bengal R. R." pretty comfortably housed in an English "car-

¹The particular Whitneys referred to were Edward F. Whitney, later a partner of J. P. Morgan & Co., Frederic Whitney, and Frank Whitney. They were uncles of Mr. Bacon's future son-in-law, George Whitney, likewise a member of J. P. Morgan & Co.

riage." It took us all the afternoon to cross the large, flat, almost uninteresting plain which forms the Delta of the Ganges. Crossed the river at 7 o'clock and found ourselves settled for the night in a small carriage, our companions being a man and a boy, who insisted upon talking. Our bedding consisted of our rugs and a small inflated paper pillow each, which we brought from Japan.

After a very dirty and "cindery" night we found ourselves at Lillijuri where we breakfasted at 6.30. A steam tramway is to take us 50 miles to Lonada. The ascent of the mountains is a lovely ride, the little train rattling along and whisking around corners even more sharp and sudden than those of the "Grand Canyon of the Arkansas." However, we arrived safely at Lonada, where we tiffined and proceeded on to Darjeeling on ponies, there being a dearth of "Tonjons," the usual mode of conveyance. I was not at all sorry, for I had a diminutive stallion who nearly pulled my arms off and quite "limbered" me out after the long ride in the cars. Here we arrived at 5 P. M. and a beautiful spot we find it. It is in the province of Sikkim which is in the very heart of the Himalayas, and surrounded by Bhootan on one side and Nepaul on the other, with Thibet on the north. You will have to get out your map. It is quite an English settlement, there being a military cantonment and British residence, and the visitors who come up from the plains for their health being all English.

Darjeeling is noted for its "Tea Gardens," which one can see dotting the hillsides all about. This morning at 6.30 we had a fine view of the snowy range and Mount Kunchinjunga and to-morrow we are off for an eminence from which we hope to see Mt. Everest, King of Mts. Let us hope that the mists will not prevent, as this will be our only chance. We go on to Calcutta to-morrow. Good-night.

Monday afternoon, Calcutta.

We decided not to attempt to see "Everest," and thus gained four hours in Darjeeling on Sunday morning. The chances were much against seeing the mountain, and we would have caught cold, no doubt, waiting about on top of a mountain at 6 in the morning, after having walked 7 miles. It was market day and the "Bazaar" was filled with country folk who had come in from the surrounding mountain provinces to sell their produce and coarse wares of all kinds. Lepchas, Bhootanes, and Nepaulese all sat huddled together behind their piles, arrayed in all colours of the rainbow, making the birdseye view, which we had of it all from above, a very picture. They are a fine, hardy lot, and look like the pictures one sees of wandering "Bedouins" etc., from Thibet.

We had a rather pleasant ride down the mountains, although a little dirty, the cars of the "Tram" being all open, giving free sweep to all cinders and smoke from the engine. Arrived here at 1 o'clock and went again to the Whitneys' and made ourselves at home, as we had promised. . . .

Agra

Feb. 14th, 1881.

MY DEAR FATHER,

My last was just before I left Calcutta. Just after I had posted it, your letter came, and right in the nick of time, for had it been a few hours later, I should not have received it until I reached Bombay.

I enjoyed your news immensely, for, although you always say you have none, you always tell me more than any one. I am glad to see that you are in such good spirits and "condition." I am a light weight now and will surely win the bet. I am awfully sorry about Annie C's troubles. She is too nice a girl to [have] two such unfortunate experiences. If I meet P. I think I shall tell him what I think of him, for although a man must be very careful in his selection, after it is once made, he must "stick" to it at all hazards.

Still I think as you say, she will be better off eventually. He must be an ass.

I am sorry, however, to hear such pessimistic views on marriage in general. You remember accusing me of being a pessimist. I maintain that I never have held such discouraging views as those which you seem to hold out for the young married couple. But I'll forgive you, if you will meet me in London on the 5th of April at the Grand Hotel.

Leaving Calcutta last Tuesday night, we arrived at Benares, the ancient and Holy City of the Ganges, at about 2 the next day, and started immediately to inspect the various temples and mosques of ye ancient time. They are splendid old monuments, so much better than any of the showy "Joss-houses," all "gingerbread" work and decked out with tawdry tinsel. I am not going to inflict any descriptions.

One temple is sacred to monkeys and is literally infested, nearly 1000 of the little beasts of all sizes and ages living in and about temple grounds. Benares is a true picture of an oriental city of the Arabian Nights, narrow alleys and high overhanging houses, with dusky beauties bedizened with jewels and gaudy colors leaning from the verandas and minarets.

At early morn, thousands bathe in the holy Ganges and wash away all their sins from the Ghats or stone flights of steps that line the banks. Just behind these Ghats are palaces of ancient Moguls with their castles and battlements. The picture, as I saw it, at sun-

rise from a boat on the river is indescribable. The next day we reached Cawnpore, the saddest memorial in English history. The world knows nothing of the horrors of that triple massacre.¹ The Government takes good care to conceal what happened through their own carelessness.

¹The massacres at Cawnpore, some forty miles from Lucknow, and the relief of that place are two famous incidents in the Indian mutiny of 1857. The immediate cause of the revolt of the Bengal native army, commonly called the "Indian mutiny," was the great disproportion between the numbers of British and native troops in India, which gave the Sepoys an exaggerated notion of their power; its immediate causes were a series of circumstances which promoted active discontent with British rule.

Alike to the Hindus and Mahomedans, the fat of cows and pigs was anathema. The Minie rifle had been introduced into India. The greased cartridges for this weapon had to be bitten to be used. Rumour had it that the grease of the cartridge was from the fat of one or the other of these animals. "No attempt, in fact, had been made to exclude the fat of cows and pigs, and apparently no one had realized that a great outrage was thus being perpetrated on the religious feelings of both Hindu and Mahomedan Sepoys." The natives refused to lose "caste" as they would by using the cartridges. The native troops rebelled. The mutiny spread and became general in Bengal.

In June of 1857, a handful of British troops in Cawnpore held out for three weeks against Nana Sahib, Rajah of Bithur, the moving figure in the mutiny. On the 27th, the garrison surrendered on the promise that their lives be spared and that they be given a safe-conduct to Allahabad. They were massacred. By an even greater act of treachery women and children were murdered. A few weeks later, on July 15th, some two hundred women and children who had been spared were massacred on the approach of General Havelock's relieving army, and their bodies thrown into the famous well of Cawnpore, where stands to-day a memorial surrounded by gardens. This, in Mr. Bacon's opinion "the saddest memorial in English history," is crowned by the figure of an angel in white marble, and on the wall of the well itself is the following inscription:

Sacred to the perpetual Memory of a great company of
Christian people, chiefly Women and Children, who near this
spot were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel
Nana Dhundu Pant, of Bithur, and cast, the dying with the
dead, into the well below, on the xvth day of July, MDCCCLVII.

The siege of Lucknow to which Mr. Bacon refers began on the last day of June of the same year. The soul of the defense, Brigadier-General Sir Henry Lawrence, was killed on July 4th. On September 25th General Havelock's relieving columns entered.

"The garrison consisted of 1,720 fighting men, of whom 712 were native troops, 153 civilian volunteers, and the remainder were British officers and men. This small force had to defend 1,280 non-combatants . . . During the 87 days of the siege the strength of the garrison had diminished to 982, and many of these were sick and wounded. Against these were arrayed six thousand trained soldiers and a vast host of undisciplined rabble. For nearly three months their heavy guns and musketry had poured an unceasing fire into the residency entrenchment from a distance of only fifty yds. During the whole time the British flag flew defiantly on the roof of the residency. The history of the world's sieges contains no more brilliant episode." [Quoted or paraphrased from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 11th edition, articles "Indian Mutiny and Cawnpore."]

In the second series of letters Mr. Bacon notes with satisfaction that he was serving on the Western front with Sir Herbert, one of the Lawrences, a son of Lord Lawrence, and a nephew of the famous Sir Henry Lawrence (1806-1857), "the noblest man that has lived and died for the good of India."

Lucknow is not many hours from Cawnpore, and is as glorious as the latter is shameful. We saw all the places where a mere handful held out for months against 20 times their number, until relieved by another handful, who had cut their way through hordes of rebel Sepoys.

We have now come to Agra and have seen the great and renowned Taj-Mahal. Without exception it surpasses anything I have ever seen for architectural beauty and splendor. No one can form any idea of it until he has seen it. It stood there in the moonlight last night, and really I could have sat and looked at it all night. I took eleven hours' sleep instead.

There is a fort here that would fulfil wildest fairyland fancies of the most imaginative youth. Built of red sandstone, with all the batteries, bastions, moats, portcullis, it is 70 feet high and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles circum. Inside are all the palaces and mosques, the great King and all his wives. The "pearl mosque" entirely of white marble is beautiful. Nearly all the halls and corridors are inlaid with precious stones and gold. Others are of the finest carving in sandstone and marble. "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls." A dream that I never expected to see so fully realized. By the way, this is the "land of roses." All flowers grow here and the gardens are superb. One in Lucknow has the most beautiful "Jacqueminot," Maréchal Niel, and Souvenirs and every other flower I ever imagined.

I am rather hurrying this and do not give full details of the things I see, knowing that you will be satisfied to learn that I am "all right." The mail goes to-night to Bombay and, as I am going to drive out to an old tomb, I must stop. . . .

We go to Delhi from here, then Jeypore and down through the Rajput to Bombay, where we expect to arrive on Monday the 21st, and sail about the 24th in some line that is cheaper than the P. & O. By the way, we travel "2nd class" now and rather like it. . . .

S. S. Galatea

Feb. 24th, '81.

DEAR FATHER,

We have finished India and are hurrying as fast as most perfect weather and fair breezes will let us, to Egypt, where we hope to arrive about the 9th prox. My last, from Agra was, I am afraid, hurried and uninteresting, except inasmuch as it let you know that all was well. Our journey through India was the most rapid thing on record, nearly all our nights being spent in railway carriages and all our days in the continual whirl of what people call "sightseeing." It was very pleasant, however, and interesting, everything being entirely new, and

giving me, although superficially, a pretty clear idea of India in general. The "Taj-Mahal" is *par excellence*, the monument of the "East" and, I think, of the world. Everything that I have seen since has paled before its simple yet grand purity. The interest of Delhi was, to me, principally in itself, as the great capital of ancient Moguls and in its productions, not the less beautiful for being modern. The four or five days that we spent in Agra and Delhi were very pleasant, too, socially, for we had as companions Mr. and Mrs. Field and two Englishmen, Crabbie and Delmagé, whom we got to know very well and regretted leaving. With the two latter we made several excursions, one being a drive of 50 miles out from Agra to an old and weird castle, which took us all day. We took our tiffin with us and made a little picnic out of it. Arriving at Delhi at 5 in the morning we set out immediately after "Chota Hazri," which consists of eggs, tea, and toast at 6 A. M. to see all we could before breakfast, having only two days to give to Delhi. After going entirely through the palace and "Jamma Masjid" or Imperial Mosque, we came back to a "Turkish bath" before breakfast. Just a word about the palace. One hall, the "Diwan-i-Khas," is the most lavishly extravagant thing that one can imagine. It is entirely of marble and open to the air, being merely a roof resting upon 50 pillars. The carving which covers it is wonderful. The pillars are all inlaid with precious stones and painted with gold leaf. The ceiling was formerly covered with plates of gold and silver. The throne which used to stand here was in the form of a peacock, the feathers in whose tail were of emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and diamonds. It cost 50 million livres. Well, the Turkish bath was most refreshing, though peculiar. The man who manipulated me went through the most fearful antics. He danced on my chest, kicked, punched, and squeezed me until I felt as limp as a rag and quite ready to lie down. The rest of our time, as I have said, was passed in examining the beautiful cashmere and chaddar shawls and the gold jewelry and embroidery for which Delhi is noted. The next night we said good-bye to Crabbie and Delmagé, who are to follow us on the next steamer, and started over the Rajputana R. R. for Jeypore, where we arrived at 10 the following morning.

Jeypore is the most essentially Indian city there is at the present time, in fact, it is the only one under the direct rule of a Rajah or rather Maharajah, which is one step higher. After sending our cards to the Maharajah in due form, a guide came from his private secretary, without whose assistance and permission we could not enter the city walls. The Dak Bungalow, where we are staying, is just outside. The palace, though large and splendid enough for its proportions, is but a tawdry-looking modern structure, all painted in gaudy colors and furnished with European furniture. The courtyards and corridors

were all full of lazy looking native soldiers, who looked as if they had no idea of the use of the swords and shields which they carry. We were much disappointed to find that the day before we arrived there had been a great festivity and "Durbah," which translated means a dance of many nautch girls in the rajah's presence. We might have witnessed it as well as an elephant fight which had taken place the very morning we arrived. Just too late, as usual. The part of the palace which I enjoyed most was the stable in which there were 200 splendid Arabs, just like the proud and prancing steeds of a circus. They are all tethered by a rope around each leg. If they were not trained to it, they would surely break their legs. In the afternoon we met the Maharajah himself, driving out in great state with his numerous followers, their horses all richly caparisoned with gay trappings. He had the good sense to drive himself a pair of fine "whites." My pen is too weak to attempt a description of the city. The broad streets and market places were literally crowded with people, dressed in every conceivable color, camels, elephants, and bullocks, for all the carriages are drawn by milk-white bullocks with horns of green and gold.

The next morning we started early with two Englishmen to drive six miles to the rajah's "other" palace. Four natives who insisted on going with us completed the party and made quite a load for the miserable half-fed "quads" which took us. At the foot of a long and high hill we were met by elephants sent to meet us from the rajah's stable, upon which we mounted and were carried up to the palace which is on top of the hill. The motion of an elephant is anything but pleasant, but one gets used to it after a while. We had started so early that we were back in time to catch the train at 11 for Bombay, via Ajmere, Ahmedabad, and Baroda. This was on Saturday and we arrived in Bombay on Monday morning—a long and dirty ride through rather an uninteresting and sterile country. It reminded me of our ride in the U. P.

We had learned that the P. & O. steamer *Surat* was to sail on Thursday, but thinking 500 rupees rather too extortionate to Suez, looked about us for other and cheaper. We found the good ship *Galatea* of the Anchor line, with accommodation for only seven passengers, but having run across the Atlantic formerly, thought she must be seaworthy and engaged our passage for 300 rupees. We find her staunch and comfortable enough and will probably arrive at Suez before the P. & O. As she left on Tuesday afternoon we had not much time for Bombay, but made the best of what we had.

We started off immediately for letters, and I was disappointed at finding only about six lines from you, with the enclosed packet. But I hadn't been there long before your two letters came, one from

Calcutta and the other direct. . . . You speak of the temptations of Paris. I do not even think we shall stop there, and if we did, I feel quite sure that I have several imaginary "Talismen" which would raise me above them. I wish I felt as sure of myself on many other scores as I do on that. But really I think I may get a little common sense one of these days. I am just beginning to feel that it may be something to realize that I don't know anything; and I am quite sure on that point.

One reason that I do not jump at the Manchester offer any more eagerly is that it would take me away from Boston and you, and, if I am not mistaken, that same reason has influenced you in not urging it very strongly. . . .

Friday, 25th.

To return to Bombay, where I left off yesterday. Messrs. Dossabhoy Merwanjee & Co. received me with open arms. First, they wanted to know all about my "good father" and uncle, and what they were doing, and what they were likely to do. Then they pointed out the window at an old "carryall" which you had sent them free in a ship 25 years ago and which was then the finest carriage in Bombay. They insisted upon doing everything for us and were much disappointed because we didn't go there again in the afternoon, so that they might "show us round." But we were quite willing to stay at home quietly after our long and sleepless journey, and read our letters. We did, however, walk out when it became cooler and found ourselves at the "Apollo Bunder" soon, where all the "style" congregate to hear the band play, show themselves and their fine clothes and partake of cooling "American drinks" as they call them here. Most conspicuous among the crowd are the rich "Parsees" who outshine the Europeans in everything of that kind. The old gentlemen lean back in landaus and barouches with their tall, peculiar hats on and clothes of satin and silk, and look as if they owned all Bombay, as indeed they do to a great extent.

Before I was out of my bath next morning, Mr. D. M. & Co. called and brought another letter from you which was especially welcome, the others having been so short. We went immediately after breakfast to draw some money. . . . We engaged our passages for that afternoon, and then went with Mr. D. M. & Co. all about town and to several tempting shops. I then met another Mr. D. M. & Co. who is the head of the house and who wanted all the news of the "good old gentlemen" and to be remembered kindly to them. When we went, they insisted upon giving us presents of fans and bottles of perfume and went all the way to the steamer's dock with us to see that all was

right. We have left some "things" to be sent home by them, which we had purchased in India. I did not think that it would be much trouble to them, as they are always sending to New York. We tried hard, but could not find a single tiger-skin. I wanted one very much for a wedding present. We have had things sent home from China and Japan by Messrs. F. L. & Co., all to New York, and I fancy you will be surprised when you see the collection. But I am quite sure I shan't regret them, as I expect to be supplied with "Presents" for the next year. . . .

. . . We found on arriving at the steamer that she would not sail until 8 o'clock P. M. but was going to "drop down" on account of the tide, so we determined to go to the "races" which were to take place that afternoon. We were a little late but saw some very close heats between Arabs and "walers" from Australia. The most novel part of it though was the immense concourse of people, principally natives. It was the most brilliantly colored scene that I have seen. A living mass of all colors of the rainbow. The Parsee children are especially gorgeous in their satins, silks, and gold embroidery. There were a good many English there too, and quite a display of "beauty" and "swell" teams.

We hurried away directly it was over, and arrived at the Bund just at dark, not knowing in the least in which direction the *Galatea* was lying. A boatman professed to know, however, and we started off. We had boarded two steamers and it was getting very late and dark when we espied a steamer's lights far out and away from the rest. As the chances were that it was not our ship, I took a paddle and went to work with a will, not blessing the boatman, I assure you. Fortune favored us, or we might still be paddling about in the dark. I didn't cool off till next day, when I found myself well under way in the Arabian Sea.

The last two days have been perfect, with a cool breeze from the north, but to-day is rather a bad 'un, there being a light air just astern. The thermometer is but 88°, however, and I do not grumble, although I sleep on deck. . . .

The passengers are quite uninteresting, and, having nothing else to do I spend the time writing, reading, and thinking. The latter does not amount to much as I think principally about myself, so much so that I am getting quite selfish. . . .

Wednesday, Mar. 9th.

We have had one of the slowest passages on record. The P. & O. steamer passed us about a week ago, as well as all the other steamers that left several days after us. Our engine broke down, as luck would

have it, and we had to stop and repair, besides not being able to go more than 6 miles an hour ever since. We met a regular Atlantic gale and head sea in the middle of the Red Sea, which lasted 3 days and did not assist us much. I think considering the fact that we came on the *Galatea* to save time as well as money, we have succeeded about as well as usual, having lost 8 days altogether. We are now just entering the Gulf of Suez and hope to arrive to-morrow if we have good luck. . . .

Cairo, March 14th
Monday.

DEAR FATHER,

It is quite late and I ought to be in bed, but I am going to begin a letter to you because I feel quite blue. I have just been talking with Morris Gray whom I have been chasing all around the world and just caught, and it has set me thinking. Everybody seems to have something definite to do and they are all starting off in life at a good pace, while I seem to be still "scoring" and scoring badly at that. It is all well enough to tell me that I have plenty of time and all that, but that doesn't seem to satisfy me at all. . . . What is there in the line of *business*? Manufact. you say, and railroads. I don't want to have to go into some mill that is going to take me away from you for 5 or 6 years more. If I am going away, why not go altogether and get "west" or somewhere. What can I do in a railroad? I shall never have brains enough to manage anything and I don't want to be a fireman on some engine. They say that business is now "lively" and that there is a boom in all stocks is plain from the newspapers. By the time I shall want to have anything to do with "business" there will surely be a revulsion and corresponding crisis. It is bound to come soon. Half the time I think I had better study law and let money grabbing alone and do without the "mighty" or rather "cursed" dollar. I can always earn my own living. Life is too short to be spent in vain search after riches. That is rather a weak and narrow view of it too—a lame excuse I rather think for not wanting to settle down and dig money enough to marry on—for that really, even you with your skepticisms must admit, is one of the ultimate aims and ends of most people. You must think that your son has taken leave of his senses, prattling in this senseless way, but he hasn't—he is only thinking aloud a little, and as usual going off at $\frac{1}{2}$ cock and not putting down half what he really *does* think. I feel better, however, and think I will go to bed.

Tuesday.

I think I will leave off last night's strain and tell you a little of what I've been doing. We finally got rid of that miserable *Galatea*, having lost about six days on account of her old broken engine. As I think I told you, the last 3 days in the Red Sea were very disagreeable and we had to go at half speed sometimes on account of the head sea and wind, which were larger and more stormy, the captain said than any he had seen there before. However, we finally reached Suez and went to the only hotel, which is not bad. I was feeling a little "seedy" not having eaten anything but "Food for Infants" for 3 or 4 days, as I had a little touch of sun which caused a disarrangement of the stomach. I am sure you will say that there could be no more suitable food for me than the above-mentioned. We came right on from Suez on the next day, there being a railway now, not a caravan and camels, as when you were here, "the other day."

Finding comfortable quarters and a most delicious atmosphere and climate after the enervating heat of the tropics, we settled down at Shepherds Hotel and I have been dieting and keeping quiet for 2 or 3 days. I am now all right and as fine as a fiddle, having passed the morning on a donkey's back. Frank Weld and Minot Weld, whom we chased all through India, and Morris Gray whom we have been chasing all around the world, are here, and it is quite pleasant to have someone to talk it over with. Minot Weld and M. Gray have been up the Nile to Thebes, Abydos, the Cataracts, etc. This is quite the thing to do, but we have no time to linger, being already a day or two behind our regular schedule time. We leave here to-morrow, I think, and go down to Alexandria from whence we take steamer either to Constantinople direct or via Athens. The "Russian Mail" goes on Friday (18th) and the khedive's Egyptian mail goes on Saturday. These steamers will get us to Vienna about the 1st of April, whence we shall go straight to London, getting there in time for the Oxford-Cambridge boat-race and athletic sports which take place on the 7th and 8th. . . . That is our present plan. How many times we may change it, I don't know, but at any rate, we shall be at home on the 1st May, "Deo volente." It makes me a little anxious at times to hear of all those fellows who are going to spend the summer in Europe, . . . especially as I am so anxious to learn German or even French, and as, in all probability, I shall have to loaf at home all summer.

The hotels here are full of people of all kinds, invalids who have spent the winter here and further up the Nile, invalids who have *not* and swarms of "Cook's Tourists," all "breaking up" now, and going their respective ways . . . I haven't yet given up *all* hope of finding you in England, especially as you have said nothing about it in

any of your letters. I wish I might feel sure that you will be there. If not, take good care of yourself in the changes of our "gentle spring" with all its "diphtherial mildness."

I am rather discouraged to find, on reading this over, that about $\frac{1}{2}$ the words are spelled wrong. I think I had better go back to school.

Alexandria
March 18, '81.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Safely ensconced on board of one of the Russian *paquebots* bound for Constantinople, I have just time to send this line by a passenger who is going on shore. We came from Cairo yesterday intending to go by the Egyptian mail to-morrow to Athens; thence to Constantinople. On finding this morning that it would be impossible to have any time in Athens, we decided to go direct by the Russian mail of to-day. We find that our *paquebot* cannot sail till to-morrow, but do not think it worth while to go on shore again.

She seems to be a comfortable boat, and seaworthy, and we are to have 15 fellow passengers. Morris Gray is with us.

I think it probable that we shall have a rough passage, as it seems to be blowing quite hard from the northeast. We have left the tropics and fully realized it last night on arrival in Alexandria. The change in temperature was worthy of New England.

I think it was rather unkind not to write either to Cairo or Alex. You certainly knew that I should be in Egypt at least for a few days. I shall not get any news now until we get to Vienna, which will be about April 1st, D.V. I had fully made up my mind to at least one letter and was really very much disappointed, especially as my Bombay mail was very meagre. I wish myself "bon voyage" for you. . . .

Constantinople
March 24th, '81.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I intended to have written a line from Smyrna, where we stopped on our way from Alexandria, but we had so few hours there, and were so busy that I did not find time.

We have been having the spring equinox and I assure you it is very disagreeable and cold—just like our March weather at home. The Russian steamer that we came on was a great high-sided thing, and rolled more than any boat that I have seen—in fact, she rolled all the time, whether there was any sea or not. We had just left the harbor when all hands were sick. I waited till after breakfast the next morning and then decided to pay my small tribute, too, to Neptune. The sail up the Ægean Sea was lovely, although it would have been

much improved by fair weather. The day which we spent in Smyrna was most interesting.

Being, as you know, the great emporium and trading centre for all Asia Minor, it offers a mixture almost unequalled here in Constantinople. Turks, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, and Italians swarm the streets and bazaars where we spent the day, principally at the stores for Turkish and Persian rugs.

After another night of rolling even worse than before, we passed inside of Tenedos having a fine view of the plains of Troy and entered the Dardanelles, where we stopped for 4 or 5 hours. All this time it has been colder than Cambridge and thick overcoats and blankets have stood in good stead. The Captain proved a first-rate fellow, speaking English well, and I have been much interested in Russia, especially the late assassination [of Alexander II on March 13th] which has been the principal topic of conversation. With the officers and stewards I had rather a hard time, Morris Gray and Dick generally making me spokesman—why, I don't know, unless because I am less bashful about making blunders than they. The steward spoke French about as well as I do. You may imagine the struggles that took place daily. But, really, I feel pretty small, when every man I meet can speak 3 or 4 languages, while I cannot even write my own. "Leander swam the Hellespont" you know, and "Xerxes, etc. etc."—Well, we saw all this on our way through the straits and a beautiful voyage it is—a little later in the season. It rained all night, and has been snowing and raining all day, with a regular North-Easter, which has made an "extraordinary" large pair of "trankenplasts" almost invaluable.

Don't smile—we have changed our plan of action. Everyone who seems to know anything about it tells us that the trip "up the Danube" is most uninteresting, and that no one but an idiot would do it at this season of the year, unless obliged to. Believing this and frightened off by the ungracious reception which the weather has given us in Europe, we are going to leave here to-morrow in an Austrian Lloyd steamer for Athens. A Grecian steamer will take us through the Gulf of Corinth, and, connecting at Corfu, with a Florio steamer for Brindisi, we hope to be in Naples by the 1st of April. I wrote to "Barings" from Alexandria to send my letters to Vienna, and have now written to the Anglo-Austrian Bank at Vienna to forward them to Rome. You will probably think it foolish to rush about the country in this wild fashion, but it has been our object to see as much as possible, it being our last chance, and, if you were here, I think you would prefer the chance of the lovely Mediterranean weather of Athens and Naples, to the certainty of snow and ice in Bulgaria and Austria.—*À demain.*



WILLIAM B. BACON
Father of Robert Bacon



THE HARVARD CREW
Robert Bacon rowing seven

Friday.

I haven't time to-day nor do I think it would particularly interest you, to tell of all we have done here in Constantinople. They have been two busy days and I feel satisfied and almost ready to get into warmer climes. Our trip to-day through the Bosphorus to the Euxine was very satisfactory and would have been perfect with clear spring weather. To-day, however, it has cleared off and I think the storm is over.

Our steamer, the *Minerva*, is large and comfortable and I expect to enjoy the Greek part of the archipelago as well, if not better, than the Turkish.

I am getting very anxious for letters, as it is now a month since I have had any. I should have liked to receive a line in Egypt! But, I consider no news as being good news and look forward to an enlarged packet in Rome. . . . I shall write again soon, probably more at length, but I think it must be tedious "wading through" 20 to 30 pages. I have never had the opportunity of trying. . . . A short five weeks I hope will bring me home. . . .

Rome, April 2nd, '81.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I have just received yours of the 9th March, and you may well believe it was welcome, being the 1st that I have received since Feb. 21st. We have just this minute arrived from Naples, where we spent two days.

I hope you have received my short letters from Alexandria and Constantinople. I meant to write again from Brindisi, but, really, I have been so—what shall I say? busy does not convey any idea—continually "on the jump," that time failed in its flight. I suppose you were surprised, I hope not annoyed, at our seeming fickleness and versatility, as it were, in the way of plans. We had fully made up our minds to go up the Danube to Vienna, but, arriving in Constantinople in cold north-east storm—just down from Russia—and finding that our proposed trip would be very uninteresting and cold, too, for us poor souls from the tropics, we turned back to sunnier and more genial climes. . . .

You must excuse my hurrying this letter so, but unless I do I shall not even see the "Forum," which is actually the only thing I shall have time to see of Grand Old Rome.

Although I have not said much of Constanti. in my last, I must reserve it till I see you in London.

We left on Saturday the 25th and after a lovely sail through the Dardanelles and islands of the North Ægean, came to Athens the

next morning, intending to go from thence through the Gulf of Corinth to Patras, Corfu, and Brindisi, but I seem to have had a good many "buts"—we could not make the connection and had to continue in the good ship *Minerva*, having only 8 hours in which to see probably the most interesting city of the Levant. It was hard to bear, merely for the sake of a few days, but it had to be done. Athens is simply teeming with interest and Greece is lovely—we skirted along the shore past Cape Matapan, inside all the islands of Ionic fame, Zante, Cephalonia, Ithaca and finally arrived at Corfu on Tuesday, 28th. You have no idea of the fertility and beauty of these "isles of Greece" "where burning Sappho loved and sung"—7 delightful hours we spent in Corfu and then proceeded in a "Florio" steamer to Brindisi arriving next morning.

By the way, Greece is bristling with soldiers and I think war is almost inevitable.¹ 10 hours through the olive and almond groves of "la Belle Italie" brought us to Naples. The aggravation of hurrying through these wonderful old places is better imagined than described. Pompeii and Vesuvius, however, succumbed to our rapid sightseeing propensities and here we are in Rome, having seen Turkey, Greece, and Italy in a week.

We enjoyed a splendid opera in Naples and expect to do so again to-night. The delights of this land of music make us almost doubt whether we have not been eccentric in preferring the "far east" to such charms as the operas of Rome and Naples and the orchestras of Vienna and Berlin to say nothing of the "languages" which I shall never learn now. But I, for one, do not regret my *tour du monde*.

Do not be afraid that I am overdoing myself by trying to see too much. We take it very easy and as Rome was not built in a day, think it useless to attempt to see it in a day. Our only excursion will be a drive to the ruins to-morrow. . . .

London, Apr. 11th, '81.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I have been so busy ever since I arrived in London that I haven't had a moment. . . . We saw the race very well and were very kindly received by Benson, the Cambridge "coach" who invited us to dine with the crews after the race. Having so few days here, we are

¹The Greek Army mobilized in order to force Turkey to accord Greece an increase of boundary recommended by the Congress of Berlin (1878) ending the Russo-Turkish War, approved by a Conference of Ambassadors at Berlin (1880) and actually agreed to by Turkey in July, 1881. Greece received an increase of 13,395 square kilometres and a population of 300,000. Mr. Bacon's phrase was accurate, "almost inevitable" was correct at the time.

kept very busy "shopping." The *tour du monde* has left us destitute. . . .

London, Apr. 14th.

DEAR FATHER,

I write again in case my last missed to say that we wait two days for the *Gallia*. This, I hope, will catch the *Germanic* at Queenstown and arrive 3 days ahead of me. All well and enjoying myself in spite of London rains and fogs which are numerous. I am so busy with my packing, etc. that I must stop. I leave for Liverpool at 5 P. M. to get a day there.

In after years the travellers used to laugh at their "race" around the world, as they called it, to see Oxford and Cambridge row. But then they were athletes. Richard Trimble had been captain and Robert Bacon a member of the last Harvard crew to row against Yale. To them the Oxford-Cambridge race was in a real sense the "onlie begetter" of the sport. Had they made the tour of the world later, they would not have had more pleasure; they would probably have seen other things, but hardly more. As it was, they saw with the eyes of twenty. And after all one is twenty but once.

CHAPTER IV

MARRIAGE

ON OCTOBER 10, 1883, Mr. Bacon married Miss Martha Waldron Cowdin. She, like him, was of New England ancestry although she was then a resident of New York City, where he himself was soon to settle and to become a leading citizen. Her father, Elliot C. Cowdin, was born in Vermont in 1819. Mr. Cowdin's grandfather, Thomas Cowdin of Massachusetts, was a captain in the Army of the Revolution, and for many years thereafter a member of one branch or the other of the legislature of Massachusetts. Entering business in Boston, where he mastered the intricacies of silks and their manufacture, Mr. Elliot Cowdin established a firm of his own in New York with a branch in Paris, and lived alternately in one place or the other as circumstances dictated or suggested. In Paris he was the leading member of the American colony, and friend and confidant to a succession of American ministers, particularly to Elihu B. Washburne who said of him that he had never had "a more sincere, unselfish, and devoted friend, personal and political," and that as "friend and citizen, Mr. Cowdin was almost without a peer." Mr. Washburne, it will be recalled, was the only member of the diplomatic corps from any country who remained at his post during the siege of Paris and the still more trying days of the Commune. Mr. Washburne was living near the Bois de Boulogne where shells were falling thick and fast. When his house was bombarded he followed Mr. Cowdin's suggestion and moved to the latter's apartment. It, too, was shelled but without serious damage. At one time, after a brief absence, Mr. Cowdin and Mr. Washburne returned to find forty Prussian officers quartered in the apartment. Fortunately, they departed upon learning that it was temporarily the American Legation. At home he was a warm supporter of the Union, a prime mover in the formation of the Union Leagues, and vice-president of that of New

York. His brother, Robert Cowdin, later a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, had led one of the first regiments to the defense of Washington, and the first regiment to volunteer "for three years or the war."¹ Of Elliot Cowdin's services to the cause, General Sherman said, "he was always kind to us who fought for our country in its day of peril . . . among all my acquaintances I can recall no more ardent, enthusiastic, and generous patriot than Mr. Cowdin, and I lament his death as a national loss. I hope his children will grow up to prolong his good name and fame."² Mr. William M. Evarts, at various times Attorney-General, Secretary of State, and Senator of the United States, declared Mr. Cowdin to be one of the few who seemed "both to understand and to perform public duty." Through a sense of duty he consented to serve a term in the New York legislature. Not the least tribute to Mr. Cowdin's work is, that the distinguished critic Edwin P. Whipple was his friend from boyhood and wrote an admirable memoir of him after his death in 1880.

On her mother's side, Mrs. Bacon was connected with revolutionary families of New Hampshire. The Cowdins as well as the Bacons had served the State.

In a little collection of maxims of conduct and religion entitled *Some Fruits of Solitude*, "the most devotional and charming" of William Penn's many writings, and Mr. Bacon's book of books, which he always carried with him, in civil life and on the Western Front, occurs this passage,

Never Marry but for Love; but see that thou lov'st what is lovely. . . .

In Marriage do thou be wise; prefer the Person before Money, Vertue before Beauty, the Mind before the Body: Then thou hast a Wife, a Friend, a Companion, a Second Self; one that bears an equal Share with thee in all thy Toyls and Troubles.³

¹*The Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, New and Enlarged edition of Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography (1915), vol. i.

²Letter of General Sherman to Mrs. Cowdin, written shortly after her husband's death, April 12, 1880. *A Memorial of Elliot C. Cowdin* by E. P. Whipple (Printed Privately), p. 29.

³Favourite Thought Series (Dodge Publishing Company, New York), pp. 26, 30.

PART III

THE WORLD OF FINANCE

“Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.”

CHAPTER V

THE RELIEF OF THE GOVERNMENT

MR. BACON settled down before he married, reversing the order of the process which he had himself recommended. He had worried during his trip round the world as to his future and immediately upon his return to Boston in the early summer of 1881, he took the first step, the one which counts, according to the proverb.

The son of a Harvard graduate, a Harvard man to the marrow of his bones, he would naturally desire to make what might be called a Harvard connection. Doubtless he had in mind a business career, and banking would make an appeal to the son of one who had represented the Barings, and who lived in an atmosphere of banks, banking, and finance. It was also natural that the thought of the father, if not of the son, should turn to Lee, Higginson & Company, bankers and brokers of Boston. The Lees and Higginsons who formed the firm were Harvard men, and a life-long friend of the Bacons was Major Henry Lee Higginson. In a letter to Mrs. Bacon, Major Higginson tells how it happened:

In the early seventies William Bacon lived in Hotel Hamilton here—and we were on the top story—so I used to see the father and the beautiful son. Then he went to college and at his graduation they asked me to take him into our office—which I was glad to do. There he did excellent work and was valued highly—and in my stay abroad he left us to become a partner with Morse—and the rest you know. . . .

I've quite forgotten to speak of his beautiful mother who held us—boys then—fast.

Mr. Bacon's lines fell in pleasant places, and he might have passed his life with his friends, men like Colonel Henry Lee and Major Higginson, whom he admired and venerated.

In 1883, he accepted an offer, at the age of twenty-three, to become a member of the firm of E. Rollins Morse and Brother, of Boston, and remained there until Mr. John Pierpont Morgan persuaded him to quit Boston and settle in New York as a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company. Mr. Morgan had known Mr. Bacon for years. He had followed his progress with interest; he had had the firm of which Mr. Bacon was a member handle business in Boston; Mr. Bacon had frequently been called to New York to discuss matters with the great man of Wall Street. There was therefore nothing unusual in Mr. Morgan's request to Mr. Bacon in the fall of 1894 to come to New York for a conference. He went, and he returned with an offer of partnership in Mr. Morgan's firm. The honour was indeed great; but Mr. Bacon was loath to accept, for it meant giving up Boston, within whose shadow the Bacons had grown up and prospered for two centuries and a half. It seemed to his friends little less than an act of betrayal, Major Higginson saying to him face to face that like Esau of old he was selling his birthright for a mess of pottage. It interfered with the plans of the family, for he and Mrs. Bacon had made arrangements to go with the children to France, in order that they might learn French, as she had done in her childhood, an acquisition to which Mr. and Mrs. Bacon attached the greatest importance.

As one of Mr. Morgan's partners has put it, Mr. Morgan had "fallen in love" with Mr. Bacon; he had found him sound and conservative; careful and industrious, with a charm of manner, tact, and a skill in negotiation which were irresistible. He insisted on having Mr. Bacon near him. Mr. Bacon came and brought a personality which had captivated Mr. Morgan, and qualities which, in Mr. Morgan's opinion, the firm needed. Mr. Morgan rejoiced in his presence, so much so that he never quite forgave him, long afterward, for resigning from the firm on account of ill health. Indeed, later, when Mr. Bacon resigned from the Ambassadorship of France to become a Fellow of Harvard University, Mr. Morgan, then withdrawing somewhat from business, insisted that Mr. Bacon should have an adjoining office, and actually forced him into compliance, although Mr. Bacon did not need such pretentious quarters for his private affairs.

Major Higginson forgave the young Esau and gave him his blessing in a letter of November 23, 1894.

MY DEAR BOB,

Thank you for coming to say good-bye. I'd have gone to you, had I thought you were leaving so soon.

If Pierpont Morgan gets as much pleasure out of you and as many pleasant words and looks as I have had, since we all lived in Hotel Hamilton (1870) he will be a lucky fellow. And why shouldn't he, for he deserves it, and is kind and pleasant to people—such is my experience with him.

Since first you and I met, you've always been very welcome to me and always will be—and we've had no bad "quarter of an hour," have we? I was very glad to have you come into the office, and *very* sorry indeed to see you go. It was one of the errors of my trip to Europe.

Of course you're right to go to N. Y.—At your age I'd gladly have gone—indeed have always wished to live there.

In that house you'll be most useful and comfortable—and the more that your partners are such pleasant men to deal with daily.

Don't overwork like Coster just because you can and like to do it. He is wonderful—and unwise—to do so.

Trade with me when you can. I'm always ready, and see me if you are in town.

Yours affectionately,

Best wishes always.

H. L. HIGGINSON.

Mr. Bacon's feelings may be imagined, but conjecture is unnecessary, as he stated them himself in a letter of December 26, 1894, to Mrs. Bacon, then in Tours, with "three dear little boys and one dear little girl," as Grandfather Bacon wrote in a letter of December of the very same year.

I shall go at once to Jam. [aica] Plain and I positively dread it. I feel a faint-hearted coward about it all now and cannot bear the idea of having really pulled up stakes for good but there are moments of weakness (although I am really glad that I do feel so), and when I once get to work, I shall not have much time for them.

In a hurried letter of March 26th, of the next year, he writes to Mrs. Bacon that he may not be able to bring her home from France, states the reasons why and recounts the one bit of

pleasure which Mrs. Bacon would share, that he had had in the first anxious weeks with J. P. Morgan & Company:

I am terribly afraid I cannot come for you as I do not see how I can possibly take more than a few days' vacation. I am really working for perhaps the first time in my life. I almost feel as if I were just beginning to find a use for the poor substitute which I am pleased to call my brain. J. P. sails to-morrow in the *Majestic* and I assure you that I shudder a little to think of the responsibility which I feel. The past two months have been a wonderful epoch. The next two months will be more difficult in many ways. My life is simply engrossed in this maelstrom, and I have no moments for any other thoughts except thoughts of you . . . and your little brood working away in exile.

These months were indeed trying, as Mr. Bacon was associated with his great chief in saving the credit and good faith of the Government, and after Mr. Morgan's departure, in the midst of the undertaking he was left to handle the last phase alone.

But to the letter:

To-night I had the one engagement which I have made in advance all winter. I dined with Alice Murray, why I don't know except the invitation came more than three weeks ago and I hadn't the face to plead a previous engagement. It was a very small dinner—Eleanor Chapman was the only person I knew and I liked her because she talked of you and called you Martha . . . I am thankful of a little divertissement for my head fairly buzzes night and day with business and its worries. Like Louis XIII, I never sleep now—"*je ne dors plus, Monsieur, je rêve quelquefois, voilà tout.*"

Mr. Bacon became a partner of J. P. Morgan & Company at the end of 1894, and remained in the firm until the last day of 1903. In the course of these years Mr. Bacon handled many important matters, but there was one head to the company. The firm was Mr. Morgan's; he had made it what it was, he directed its policy. His partners were "hand picked"; to use a common and expressive phrase. They were his juniors and, however able, they were lieutenants, not commanders. They were associated with Mr. Morgan in such matters as he chose to have them handle with him personally, or to carry out under

his direction. Of the many "enterprises of great pith and moment" in which Mr. Bacon took part, either personally with Mr. Morgan or under his direction, three may be said to stand out in importance as well as interest. They are the relief of the Government of the United States in the panic of 1895; the formation of the United States Steel Corporation in 1901, and the negotiations which resulted in the Northern Securities Company of the same year.

*The Relief of the Government*¹

On the morning of February 5, 1895, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Bacon, and Mr. Stetson entered the White House. Mr. John G. Carlisle, then Secretary of the Treasury, Richard Olney, then Attorney-General and soon to succeed the Secretary of State and to become one of the most distinguished holders of that office, were present. Secretary Carlisle explained to Mr. Cleveland the financial situation which had become desperate, especially in New York. The Conference had already lasted several hours, when Secretary Carlisle informed the President that according to a memorandum taken from a telephone message there were but nine million dollars gold left in the United States Sub-Treasury in New York City. During all this time, Messrs. Morgan, Bacon, and Stetson had taken no part in the proceedings, Mr. Morgan, as usual, silent and firm as a rock. His opinion had not been asked, but at this point he volunteered: "Mr. President, the Secretary of the Treasury knows of one check outstanding for twelve million dollars. If this is presented to-day, it is all over." Secretary Carlisle confirmed this statement. President Cleveland turned to Mr. Morgan

¹The account of this very important transaction was originally based upon the information contained in the testimony of the chief actors before the Sub-Committee of the Finance Committee of the United States Senate for the investigation of the sale of Government bonds during 1894-1895, 1896. (*Senate Document No. 187, 54th Congress, 2nd Session.*)

Mr. Carl Hovey's *Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan* (1911) was consulted. It was noted that Mr. Hovey's version was more personal and contained details which rarely find their way into official reports and documents. In a review of this book in the *New York Nation*, February 22, 1912, p. 184, it is said that certain portions of the narrative are based upon "inside information," and that incidents and details, particularly those relating to the loan to the Government, "could hardly have been otherwise ascertained." With Mr. Hovey's permission, some of these "incidents and details" have been used either in the text of or in the notes to this section.

and asked: "Have you anything to suggest?" Mr. Morgan made his suggestion. It was adopted.¹

Some observations of a general character are advisable to understand how matters had come to this pass—why Messrs. Morgan, Bacon, and Stetson met with Mr. Cleveland, and what Mr. Morgan suggested.

The United States had hardly recovered from the panic of 1893, caused by over-production, over-promoting, over-speculation. There were in addition two sources of embarrassment.

Some three hundred and fifty millions of United States notes commonly called greenbacks were outstanding, which were payable upon presentation to the Treasury in coin, that is, either in gold or silver. Secretary Carlisle elected, with the approval of the President, to pay in gold.² The Treasury had collected and endeavoured to keep on hand a reserve of one hundred and fifty million dollars in gold, one half of which was found to be sufficient to meet all demands. It might have continued to do so but for a provision of the law of 1878 requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to receive, pay, and re-issue the notes. The same notes could thus be used time and again, to drain the Treasury of its gold.

Of the withdrawals from the Treasury during the year, more than \$172,000,000 in gold was for "shipment abroad or hoarding at home"; and of this huge sum, as we might call it if the World War had not taught us to think in billions, more than two thirds, in round numbers \$69,000,000, in gold was withdrawn in the two months preceding this meeting.

The situation was further complicated by the fact that silver had fallen steadily since 1878. Silver "depreciated," gold "appreciated." The friends of silver called upon Congress to restrain by statute the inexorable law of supply and demand. By the Sherman "law" the Secretary of the Treasury was directed to buy four million five hundred thousand ounces of silver a month and to issue Treasury notes redeemable in gold or silver at his discretion. Debased coin has in the past always driven out good coin. That this did not happen in the present

¹Hovey, *Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan*, p. 178.

²*Senate Document No. 187, 54th Congress, 2nd Session, pp. 222-243.*

case was "wholly due to maintenance of gold payments against the Treasury notes, with a steadily dwindling gold reserve."¹ The Sherman law was repealed within three years of its passage. But it had accelerated the process of depleting the Treasury.

In this state of affairs the administration decided, upon the advice of Mr. August Belmont, to consult Mr. Morgan, who was of the opinion that the Government could get gold only from the sale of bonds abroad, and "that it was very doubtful whether the gold could be secured in Europe, but that an attempted negotiation was essential."²

Mr. Morgan's account of the beginning of the negotiations is thus stated in his testimony before the Sub-Committee of the Senate:

Mr. Curtis [Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who had gone to New York to confer with Mr. Belmont] asked me if we would be prepared to undertake it, provided the President and the Secretary of the Treasury requested it. I told him that I felt bound to do so and that I was prepared to proceed upon a basis which I would prepare during the day and which he would take to Washington, and that from there he could let me know whether it was agreeable to the President and the Secretary of the Treasury.

That memorandum provided for a private contract as essential, and it would be understood before we began that if we were successful such a contract would be made. Mr. Curtis went to Washington . . .

Mr. Curtis returned from Washington the following morning [February 2nd], and we were given to understand that the basis proposed by me had been agreeable to the Treasury and that we were to proceed with the negotiation. . . .

Neither Mr. Belmont nor myself doubted for a moment that the terms would be satisfactory and that the business was practically settled, when on Monday morning [February 4th] we received a letter from the Secretary stating that they had decided to abandon the private negotiation.

Knowing, as I did know, the inevitable result of a public announcement of the abandonment of the negotiation, I urged Mr. Belmont to leave at once for Washington, and stated that I would communicate

¹Review of Mr. Hovey's *Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan* in the *New York Nation* for February 22, 1912, pp. 184-185.

²*Senate Document No. 187*, p. 293.

with the Department by telephone or telegraph as soon as possible after reaching the office.¹

Mr. Morgan did so and learned that the Department intended "to issue a public advertisement that afternoon." Mr. Morgan advised strongly against this course, and asked that action be postponed until Mr. Belmont and he could see the President and the Secretary. The delay was granted.

On Monday morning, February 4th, Mr. Belmont left New York for Washington; Mr. Morgan and Mr. Bacon left in the afternoon, accompanied by Mr. Stetson, Mr. Morgan's counsel. Of course, this news was telegraphed to Washington. Just what Mr. Morgan's plan or purpose was, nobody knew, but, as he has since expressed it, he felt that it was his duty to go down and see the President once more, although he had not been bidden to do so.

When he got off the train in Washington, to his surprise he was met by Daniel Lamont, the Secretary of War, who informed him that his coming to Washington had been reported and that whatever his errand was it was only fair for him to know that the President had not changed his attitude about the responsibility of Congress for the situation; he would not consider a private bond sale and *he would not see Mr. Morgan*. After Mr. Lamont ceased speaking, Mr. Morgan told him that he had come to Washington to see the President, that he was going to the Arlington Hotel and *would stay there until he saw him*. Hailing a cab, he jumped into it and drove to the hotel with Bacon.

The news of his arrival was quickly noised around and immediately the Treasury officials, leaders in Congress and others familiar with the situation, came to see him. . . .

All the evening this sort of reception went on. Mr. Morgan sat and listened and smoked and said nothing. It was after midnight when the last of the callers left, and finally Bacon went to bed, leaving Mr. Morgan still working out a game of solitaire. The people in the hotel said later that his light was not extinguished until after four o'clock. It was not only a problem involving clubs, spades, and diamonds, that he was engaged in. There was only one day's supply of gold left in the United States Treasury and a plan had to be worked out to save the Nation's credit. . . . While Mr. Morgan and Mr. Bacon were breakfasting together, about half-past nine o'clock, the

¹*Senate Document No. 187, p. 293.*



ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY OF STATE



IN THE COURTYARD OF THE PALACE AT HAVANA, CUBA
Mr. Bacon, General Bell, Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Taft, Secretary Taft, Governor Magoon

financier told his junior partner of the plan that he had evolved the night before over his game of solitaire. . . .

Before they had finished their meal, they began to receive reports of the opening of business in New York and learned that the run on the Treasury continued. . . . The telephone rang and Mr. Bacon received a message to the effect that the President would see Mr. Morgan. Not even stopping to light his customary after breakfast cigar, the financier started with Bacon across Lafayette Square, for the White House¹.

In reply to President Cleveland's question, "Have you anything to suggest?" Mr. Morgan told him what he had explained to Mr. Bacon at greater length some hours earlier at the breakfast table, that in 1862 President Lincoln was faced with an empty treasury; that he sent the then Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, to New York to confer with bankers in New York to hit upon a plan to get gold in the Treasury, that the bankers suggested an act of Congress, which Congress passed on March 17, 1862; that under this act gold had been sold to the Government by the house with which Mr. Morgan, then a young man, was connected; that the act, if unrepealed or unmodified by subsequent legislation, would give Secretary Carlisle the same power which it had given Secretary Chase, and that it would prove of equal benefit.² Therefore Congress had already acted; the authorization was at hand; there was no longer a pretext for delay, and delay itself was now the greatest danger confronting the Government.

President Cleveland therefore took up with Mr. Morgan the terms upon which he, as representative of a syndicate, should procure from abroad and furnish to the Government the necessary amount of gold. Eventually the amount of three million five

¹Hovey's *Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan*, pp. 173-177.

²"At a word from the President, Attorney-General Olney stepped out of the room and in a moment returned with the book of Revised Statutes. He told the President that what Mr. Morgan had said was perfectly true, that this act was known as 'Section No. 3700,' and that from a casual examination he thought it was still in force. Mr. Cleveland quietly took the book from his hand and with deep concentration read the act to himself. . . .

"Everyone in the room sat in the silence of deep suspense. When the President had concluded the reading of the section, he laid the book slowly on his desk, and then his face lighted up with almost a smile of relief and he said: 'Mr. Morgan, I think the act is ample for our needs and that it will solve the situation'." Hovey's *Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan*, pp. 179-180.

hundred thousand ounces was agreed upon. The price was fixed at \$17.80 per ounce, which would supply the Treasury with about sixty-five millions, which Secretary Carlisle felt to be sufficient.

Two days later, on the afternoon of Thursday, February 7th, the House of Representatives rejected the so-called Springer Bill, which would have given the President the authority he desired, and would have had the advantage of saddling Congress with the responsibility. Until Congress had acted one way or the other, Mr. Cleveland refused finally to commit himself. But on the rejection of the bill, he had to act on his own responsibility. Therefore, on the next day, February 8th, the details of the arrangement were concluded and the President so informed Congress in a message of the same date.

The United States did not suspend payment then or since.

President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle were bitterly attacked because, in the opinion of some of their critics, they should have made better terms for the Government, and in the opinion of others, they should not have made a private loan under any circumstances; Messrs. Belmont and Morgan were attacked because they had driven a hard bargain and had made money out of the necessities of the Government. Actually, all parties to the transaction had reason to be satisfied. The President and the Secretary of the Treasury, who had saved the good faith of the United States; Messrs. Belmont and Morgan that they had rendered a patriotic service.¹

¹In George F. Parker's *Recollections of Grover Cleveland* (1909), pp. 324-5, Mr. Cleveland's opinion of Mr. Morgan's ability, character, and services is thus stated:

When it came to dealing with him on the bond issues for the purpose of replenishing the Government's stock of gold, I had a feeling, not of suspicion, but of watchfulness. . . .

I had not gone far, however, before my doubts disappeared. . . . In an hour or two of the preliminary discussion I saw he had a clear comprehension of what I wanted and what was needed, and that, with lightning-like rapidity, he had reached a conclusion as to the best way to meet the situation. I saw, too, that, with him, it was not merely a matter of business, but of clear-sighted, far-seeing patriotism. He was not looking for a personal bargain, but sat there, a great patriotic banker, concerting with me and my advisers measures to avert peril, determined to do his best in a severe and trying crisis. . . .

When the negotiations were over I was also interested in getting from him some idea as to how he did it, so at one of our concluding sittings I asked: "Mr. Morgan, how did you know that you could command the coöperation of the great financial interests of Europe?" He replied: "I simply told them that this was necessary for the maintenance of the public credit and the promotion of industrial peace, and they did it."

It was a mark of confidence for Mr. Morgan to pick out Mr. Bacon as his lieutenant. From the beginning of this delicate, difficult, and vastly important transaction he handled its details in association with Mr. Morgan; in the later stages, Mr. Morgan was in Europe, and his junior partner was in charge. Mr. Bacon rightly regarded it as a great honour, for in serving his chief, he was serving the country, and service to the United States was a passion with Mr. Bacon.

CHAPTER VI

THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

As LORD ERSKINE was passing through a quarter of London which had seen better days, his attention was attracted to a stately house, once the residence of a fellow lawyer, but which was now doing duty as a blacksmith's shop. He mused for a moment, scratched these lines, and passed on:

The house a lawyer once enjoy'd,
Now to a smith doth pass;
How naturally the *iron age*
Succeeds the *age of brass*!

Naturally, indeed, but neither so naturally nor so rapidly as the age of steel has succeeded that of iron, due to the Bessemer process, which ushered in for the steel magnate the age of gold.

The Iron Master, or the Steel King, as Andrew Carnegie has been called (he might perhaps with equal propriety be termed the little Alchemist)¹ had, as early as 1868, planned to retire from business, to devote himself to practical philanthropy.² The unsettled condition of affairs at the end of the Civil War, the financial panic of 1873, involving the failure of Jay Cooke

¹In an address delivered at a meeting held in the City of New York, April 25, 1920, in memory of the life and work of Andrew Carnegie, the Honourable Elihu Root said, "He belonged to that great race of nation builders who have made the progress and development of America the wonder of the world." *Year Book of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace*, 1920, p. 196.

"Thirty-three and an income of \$50,000 per annum! By this time two years I can so arrange all my business as to secure at least \$50,000 per annum. Beyond this never earn—make no effort to increase fortune, but spend the surplus each year for benevolent purposes. Cast aside business forever except for others. . . ."

"Man must have an idol—the amassing of wealth is one of the worst species of idolatry—no idol more debasing than the worship of money. Whatever I engage in I must push inordinately; therefore should I be careful to choose that life which will be the most elevating in its character. To continue much longer overwhelmed by business cares and with most of my thoughts wholly upon the way to make more money in the shortest time, must degrade me beyond hope of permanent recovery. I will resign business at thirty-five." *Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie* (1920), pp. 157-158.

and Company and a multitude of other bankers, brokers, and business men caused him to postpone his retirement. Finally, however, matters came to a crisis with the end of the century, when he found himself confronted with the alternative of losing his supremacy in the world of business, or of enlarging his already enormous business so as to make himself independent of his competitors. He preferred to dispose of his interests to them. He sold out, and the United States Steel Corporation came into being.

Consolidation was the watchword of the last quarter of the century. Big business was replacing little business; smaller holdings were merging into larger, and groups, whether competing or not, were consolidated. But two years before the end of the century the Federal Steel Company, with a capital of one hundred million dollars, was formed of various companies, "in order to create a company," as Mr. Bacon put it in testimony which he gave in a suit brought by the Government against the Steel Corporation, "which for the first time owed its raw material, iron ore, and transportation facilities to manufacturing plants." But this great company was incomplete. It lacked, again to quote Mr. Bacon, "a great many finishing mills and distributing plants."¹ It therefore became the policy of the company to "acquire or build further finishing plants, to make it more complete."

In the creation of the Federal Steel Corporation, Elbert H. Gary, who became its president, and Robert Bacon, did most of the work.² From his position as well as from his belief in the possibilities of steel, Mr. Gary became the leading advocate for the formation of a still larger corporation, which should include Mr. Carnegie's holdings, for without them the competition would be great, and might become too great. Mr. Gary felt that only the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company could finance such an undertaking. Mr. Carnegie was of the same opinion. Mr. Bacon was the member of the firm responsible for the Federal Steel Corporation and anxious to see it increase in power and usefulness. He was by this time not only Mr. Morgan's experienced and trusted lieutenant; he had become

¹MS. Report of *Hearings before the Special Examiner*.

²Herbert N. Casson, *The Romance of Steel* (1907), p. 191.

his associate and representative in the larger affairs of finance. But Mr. Bacon could only act if the head of the firm consented, and Mr. Morgan would only act when he was convinced.

From the creation of the Federal Steel Corporation in 1898, the possibility of the purchase of Mr. Carnegie's holdings was in the air. The Carnegie interests knew this, and they looked upon Mr. Morgan as the prospective purchaser. Until the last month of 1900, no outward progress had been made. In that month, to be specific, on December 12th, a dinner was given, in the city of New York, by two representatives of Mr. Carnegie's interests. Mr. Morgan's presence was greatly desired by the promoters of this social occasion; not less desirable was the presence of Mr. Charles Schwab, then president of the Carnegie Steel Company. Nothing was more natural than that Mr. Schwab should, when the coffee was served, make some observations on steel and its possibilities; nothing was more natural than that Mr. Morgan should listen to the speaker of the occasion. Nothing was more fortunate for all concerned than Mr. Morgan's conversion, for he left the dinner a professed believer in steel and the possibilities of steel as set forth in glowing terms by Mr. Schwab.

As Mr. Bacon puts it in his testimony, "Mr. Morgan told me of the conversation he had had with Mr. Schwab at that dinner, and it was evident that he had been very much impressed by the new light that had been thrown upon the whole steel situation, its growth and possibilities, and for the first time he indicated to me that it seemed a possible thing to undertake the purchase of the Carnegie Company." In another portion of his testimony Mr. Bacon stated that Mr. Schwab impressed Mr. Morgan "with the fact that the iron and steel business was just bursting into a new and tremendous field of importance and activity and consumption, and that that justified the possibilities, and under those conditions justified the purchase of the Carnegie Company and of others to meet the new conditions." The fact, therefore, is that Mr. Morgan was converted by Mr. Schwab.¹

Whatever the reasons may have been, negotiations began

¹The alleged motives which actuated Mr. Schwab and those for whom he was acting have been given in a vivacious manner by Mr. Arundel Cotter, in his *United States Steel—A Corporation with a Soul*, 2nd Edition 1921, pp. 18-21, 25.

after the dinner, and they were completed before the effects of the dinner had subsided. As is to be expected, Mr. Carnegie has something to say of the transaction in his *Autobiography*, and, properly enough, in the opening lines of the chapter on the "Gospel of Wealth,"¹ for the sale of his interests enable him to "live up to its teachings by ceasing to struggle for more wealth." This is his account:

At this juncture—that is March, 1901—Mr. Schwab told me Mr. Morgan had said to him he should really like to know if I wished to retire from business; if so he thought he could arrange it. He also said he had consulted our partners and that they were disposed to sell, being attracted by the terms Mr. Morgan had offered. I told Mr. Schwab that if my partners were desirous to sell I would concur, and we finally sold.

We have Mr. Carnegie's word for it, that he "declined to take anything for the common stock," which, had he done so, would have given him "about one hundred millions more of 5 per cent. bonds, which Mr. Morgan said afterward I could have obtained."

In an investigation before a Committee of the House of Representatives, in January, 1912, Mr. Carnegie gave a detail or two lacking in his *Autobiography*:

I considered what was fair and that is the option Morgan got. Schwab went down and arranged it . . . I have been told many times since by insiders that I should have asked \$100,000,000 more and could have got it easily.

The language of "insiders" is to the same effect, but it is more outspoken. According to them Mr. Carnegie is reported to have said one day to Mr. Morgan, when the principals in the duel met, rumour has it, on a steamer, "Pierpont, I am told that I could have got a hundred million dollars more for

¹Pp. 255-256. "This, then, is held to be the duty of the man of wealth; To set an example of modest, unostentatious living, shunning display or extravagance; to provide moderately for the legitimate wants of those dependent upon him; and, after doing so, to consider all surplus revenues which come to him simply as trust funds, which he is called upon to administer, and strictly bound as a matter of duty to administer in the manner which, in his judgment, is best calculated to produce the most beneficial results for the community—the man of wealth thus becoming the mere trustee and agent for his poorer brethren." *The Gospel of Wealth*.

my holdings," to which the imperturbable financier and man of few words replied, "Very likely, Andrew."

If the preferred stock be taken at par, and the common stock at fifty, the price for Mr. Carnegie's personal holdings amounted in all to \$447,416,640; if to this forty millions of profit for the year be added, the total was nearly half a billion.

In these *post bellum* days a billion is a familiar unit; but before the war the imagination was excited by half a billion. "It was," to quote an authority on steel, "almost a two-hundredth part of the national wealth. It was the value of all the wheat, barley, and cheese produced in the United States in 1900, more than the combined dividends of all American railroads for the previous four years. It would pay the President's salary for nine thousand years. It was more than a year's product of gold, silver, and coal. In Germany it would build ten enormous steel plants like Krupp's—the pride of Europe. And for this huge sum Carnegie offered, not an empire, not a State, but a single corporation with forty-five thousand employees."¹

Mr. Bacon, however, was of the opinion that this was the fair value under the circumstances. If the purchase is to be looked upon as a game, it was assuredly a game well played. Mr. Carnegie got a purchaser, and Mr. Morgan what he wanted at one hundred million dollars less than he was willing to pay. The stakes were great because the hazards were great.

But it was not a five hundred million dollar corporation. Altogether it totalled \$1,384,681,297. "Consequently," to quote again the authority from which the above passage is taken, "when Morgan coolly announced that his new company would pay interest or dividends upon nearly fourteen hundred millions, the whole international world of finance was speechless with surprise."²

Events have more than justified the purchase and the creation of the mammoth corporation, both by profits which have flowed like golden streams into the pockets of the fortunate holders of stock, and to the public at large, which has benefited in greater degree although not in such a tangible manner. The corporation has not throttled competition; it has not driven

¹Herbert N. Casson, *The Romance of Steel* (1907), pp. 189-190.

²*Ibid.*, pp. 220-221.

out competitors. When it was organized, it controlled, it was said, two thirds of the steel industry of the country. Some twenty years after its organization it controls approximately one third.

The Steel Corporation has been the subject of favourable and unfavourable reports which have been made from time to time by various departments of the Government. In 1911 the Government filed its bill under the provisions of the Anti-Trust Act, to have it enjoined and dissolved as an illegal corporation. The case was heard before the four Circuit Judges for the District of New Jersey, who unanimously decreed in favour of the corporation.¹ In 1915, five years later, the Supreme Court of the United States affirmed the decree of the lower court on appeal.² The United States Steel Corporation is therefore a going concern; a monument to the foresight of those who proposed its creation, to the ingenuity of those who incorporated it, and to the wisdom and moderation of those who have administered its vast and increasing interests.

From a Minute submitted by Mr. Gary, chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation and adopted by that body, it appears that:

Hon. Robert Bacon was a member of the Board of Directors of this Corporation, with some short interruptions, from the time of its organization to the time of his death.—He was Chairman of the Finance Committee from April 9, 1901, until November 12th of the same year, when he resigned.

The Minute, approved by members connected with the Corporation from its inception and in a position to know, thus states the part taken by Mr. Bacon in the organization of this billion-dollar corporation:

During the negotiations relating to the acquisition of properties and the development of plans for the organization and management of the United States Steel Corporation, from the time the subject was first suggested until shortly before purchases were completed and plans finally consummated, Mr. Bacon assumed the leading part for J. P. Morgan & Company in their connection with the matter.

¹223 *Federal Reporter*, 55.

²251 *United States Reports*, 417.

CHAPTER VII

THE NORTHERN SECURITIES COMPANY¹

IN THE transactions culminating in the Securities Company, Mr. Bacon was associated not only with Mr. Morgan, of whose firm he was now a senior, but with James J. Hill, "the great man of the Northwest." Mr. Hill's confidence in Mr. Bacon was such as to lead him to say of the younger man, as he was wont to do of those who had captivated his head and heart alike, that one—meaning himself—could "go to sleep with one's thumb in his mouth."

There are three stages in the formation of the Securities Company on November 13, 1901. The first, and assuredly not the least important, deals with the early activities of Mr. Hill. Here it may only be said that with his associates he reorganized the St. Paul Pacific Railroad, which had failed in 1873, into the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba. This was in 1878, and he began at once the extension of the line then only three hundred and eighty miles long, to the Pacific. Of this road he became president, five years later. The various secondary lines, in which he was interested, were brought together to form the Great Northern Railway, extending not only from the Middle West on the east to Puget Sound on the west, but by

¹The account of the Northern Securities case is based primarily upon two publications, and confirmed by personal information furnished by a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company.

The first of the publications is Joseph Gilpin Pyle's [Authorized] *Life of James J. Hill* (1917), 2 vols. In a letter of December 30, 1922, giving permission to use his work, Mr. Pyle adds, "I may say that the chapters in the *Life* which deal with the Northern Securities case rest upon unquestionable documentary or personal authority and are bomb-proof."

The second of the publications is George Kennan's *E. H. Harriman* (1922), 2 vols., the use of which was authorized by Mr. Kennan in a letter of December 29, 1922.

The various suits to which the Northern Securities Company was a party have been read, and in addition, the briefs of counsel and testimony given in official hearings.

direct lines of steamships to China and Japan as well. Of this system Mr. Hill was president at the time of the formation of the Securities Company.¹

In the first stage also belongs Mr. Morgan's reorganization, in 1896, of the Northern Pacific Railway, which had failed in 1893, as the Northern Pacific Railroad. This line likewise extended from the Middle West to the Pacific. It ran to the south of the Great Northern, but not far enough south to drain the vast region covered by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway system running from Chicago in Illinois to Denver in Colorado and Billings in Montana, gathering as within a net of iron the rich products of Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska.

Farther to the south was the Union Pacific system running from Kansas City in Missouri to Ogden in Utah; thence west and to San Francisco in California by the Southern Pacific, and northwest from Ogden to Portland in Oregon and Spokane in Washington, by the Oregon Short Line and the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company. Mr. Hill, of the Great Northern, held large quantities of stock in the Northern Pacific with Mr. Morgan's approbation, so that these two lines were practically allied, if not actually united. The Union Pacific was controlled by Edward H. Harriman. To each of these systems the possession or control of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy was of moment; to the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, with terminals at Duluth and St. Paul in Minnesota, and to the Union Pacific, terminating at Kansas

¹President Cleveland came closely into contact with Mr. Hill during both of his administrations, and he was, according to his biographer, Mr. George F. Parker, "wont, in later days, to speak oftenest" of him. This was what Mr. Cleveland thought:

"Mr. Hill is one of the most remarkable men I have seen, especially in his wide knowledge of a great variety of questions, and his far-sight into industrial conditions. . . .

"He knew more about Oriental trade and its relations to the business of this country than any man I ever saw. . . .

"When any information about freight rates on railroads was needed, there was little occasion for Mr. Hill to refer to reports or statistics. Nor was this all. I verily believe that he could have told me the rates on all the leading classes of freight between two stations on his railroad, a hundred or two hundred miles apart. I am perfectly sure that I have never known a man who was at once familiar with so many big things and also had the gift of carrying about and comprehending what most persons so situated would deem too small for their attention." George F. Parker, *Recollections of Grover Cleveland* (1909), pp. 326-327.

City in Missouri, it would give access to Chicago, the very centre and heart of commercial America.

The second stage was the acquisition of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy system by the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific.

The third was the formation of the Northern Securities as a holding or investment company for these lines henceforth forming a single system.

As the negotiations leading to the acquisition of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy are necessary to an understanding of the purposes of the Securities Company, they must therefore be considered, although they need not be set forth at length. Mr. Hill had thought of purchasing the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy in 1897, but the undertaking seemed then too large for the Great Northern alone. Mr. Morgan turned his great constructive mind to the project about the same time. In the course of the hearings in the Northern Securities case, Mr. Morgan said:

I think it was in 1899—it may have been in 1898—I made up my mind that it was essential that the Northern Pacific Railway Company should have its terminus practically in Chicago, and in the same manner that the New York Central, of which I am a director, at that time or soon after decided the same thing with regard to their line, that the western terminus of their line should be in Chicago, practically by acquiring the Lake Shore; in other words, that the transcontinental line should come to Chicago, and that the eastern line should go to Chicago, so that was to be the central point, and I talked it over with a great many people interested in the Northern Pacific, and I found they all agreed with me.¹

However, before Messrs. Hill and Morgan purchased the line in 1901, Mr. Harriman turned his attention to the Burlington Company. Late in 1899 he sounded the officials of the road who were either unwilling to sell or were unwilling to accept the terms offered. Mr. Harriman came back to the subject in the spring of 1900, and endeavoured to buy as many as two hundred thousand shares of Burlington stock. The shares were held

¹*Northern Securities Company and Others v. The United States*, Brief for Appellant Great Northern Railway Company, Supreme Court of the United States, October term, 1903, No. 277, p. 8.

by some fifteen thousand small shareholders. It was hard to locate them and when found the price seemed too high. Mr. Harriman and his friends therefore gave up the attempt. In the early part of the next year Mr. Hill, with the approval and indeed at the request of Mr. Morgan, took up the purchase of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy with the then president, Charles E. Perkins, a man of the Hill and Morgan type of mind, and with the other directors of the road. The negotiations, conducted by Mr. Hill for the Great Northern, and Mr. Bacon and Mr. Charles Steele of J. P. Morgan & Company for the Northern Pacific, were successful. They were with the Burlington Company, whose Executive Committee fixed the price per share at \$200, some twenty to twenty-five dollars above the price on the market, as Messrs. Hill and Morgan preferred to deal directly and openly with the authorized officers of the road, not indirectly and covertly upon the market; and in the name and benefit of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific systems, not as individuals and for their personal advantage. As a result the roads jointly purchased 96.79 per cent. of the total authorized issue of the stock, amounting to 1,075,772 shares of the capital stock of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company and in payment of the two roads issued "their Joint Collateral Trust Bonds and scrip to the amount of \$215,154,000."¹

The Burlington was a very large line and, exclusive of systems which it leased or controlled, operated at the time of the purchase some 7,911 miles.

A few weeks after the acquisition, Mr. Hill wrote to his Canadian friend, Lord Mount Stephen:

¹Pyle's *Life of James J. Hill* (1917), v. ii, p. 125.

"It is true we pay a great price for the property. This could not be avoided. Seventy-five million dollars or \$80,000,000 of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy is held by small holders, many of whom got it by inheritance. The average holding of the stock by the company's books is 68 shares, in the hands of nearly 15,000 stockholders." Mr. Hill to Lord Mount Stephen. *Ibid.*, p. 126.

The price was high, but not excessive. "It was the only price," to quote Mr. Morgan, "at which it could be bought and we had great difficulty in getting it at that; and, in the next place, I felt, and Mr. Hill must have felt also—because he does not think of making transactions he does not think are profitable—that it was worth a great deal more than that for the purpose for which we wanted it, and it would pay a large profit. He thought it would pay both the Northern Pacific and Great Northern a profit on that price." Pyle's *Life of James J. Hill*, vol. ii, pp. 122-123.

With the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy under one grand control, we have placed ourselves in a position of strength as to traffic, terminal cities, and terminal facilities, and territorial control, which is now the strongest in the West and will daily grow stronger. We have secured another advantage by being in the best position to receive the western movement of population, which is beginning to assume proportions never before reached in the settlement of this country.¹

The purchase turned out to the advantage of all concerned. Commerce between the states and foreign nations had increased more rapidly than in Mr. Hill's "forty years' experience. The total tonnage of the Great Northern increased about 30 per cent. The foreign business increased more than 100 per cent. The Northern Pacific reaped a similar benefit." The business of the Burlington increased "especially to the south and southwest." Traffic was created since the acquisition, so that "we are able", to quote Mr. Hill's exact words, "not to compete alone with railways, for that is a small matter in this business, but to compete in the matter of rates with the ships going from New Orleans or from Galveston, or the railways carrying it anywhere, or in connection with any other system of transportation." "We have been able," Mr. Hill continues, "to reduce rates from 10 to 15 per cent. in a year on the local business between the Pacific Coast and the Twin Cities and Lake Superior. The Northern Pacific rates have also been reduced, and their revenue has been such as to enable them to make this reduction without any reduction of their dividends."²

Mr. Hill's biographer is bold enough to say: "No act, no policy in the history of American railroading was more completely vindicated."

But the two Northern lines had barely completed the purchase before their existence was menaced by the Union Pacific. They saved themselves, but their attempt was balked by the Courts to place their interests in a securities company to continue their policies which had proved profitable to the stockholder and the public, and to defend themselves and their successors against the speculator or adventurer.

¹Pyle's *Life of James J. Hill*, vol. ii, p. 129.

²*Ibid.*, pp. 131-133.

Mr. Harriman and his associates of the Union Pacific system quickly, determinedly, and successfully set about to buy up the stock of the Northern Pacific. Their purpose was divined by Mr. Hill and frustrated by Mr. Bacon and Mr. Steele during the absence of Mr. Morgan who had, after the purchase of the Burlington line, felt justified in going to Europe.

During the progress of the negotiations for the purchase of the Burlington line, Mr. Harriman and his associates of the Union Pacific system asked to be a party to the transaction to the extent of a third interest and offered to pay one third of the purchase price. Mr. Hill refused "for the reason," among others, "that it would defeat our object in buying the Burlington."¹ To this refusal Mr. Harriman replied, "Very well, it is a hostile act and you must take the consequences."² Neither the Great Northern nor the Northern Pacific feared that the control of the Northern Pacific would pass into the control of other hands. With the shares of stock which Mr. Hill and his friends and the firm of J. P. Morgan held, Mr. Hill said that they had "in the neighbourhood of 35 or 40 millions of the stock out of a total of 155 millions, which was larger than is usually held in any of the large companies. I did not think at the time that it was at all likely that anybody would undertake to buy in the market the control of 155 millions of stock."³ Yet this happened. Through Kuhn, Loeb & Company, bankers and brokers of New York, Mr. Harriman began "swiftly and secretly" buying up Northern Pacific stock. By Friday night, May 3rd, there had been bought for the account of the Union Pacific "about 370,000 shares of the common stock . . . and about 420,000 shares of the preferred, making a total of approximately \$79,000,000. This was a clear majority of the two classes of stock taken together, but it lacked 30,000 or 40,000 shares of a majority in the common taken separately."⁴

Some of Mr. Hill's friends took advantage of the rise of Northern Pacific stock to sell to Mr. Harriman's agents.

¹St. Paul *Globe*, December 22, 1901. Pyle's *Life of James J. Hill*, vol. ii, p. 105.

²George Kennan, *E. H. Harriman*, vol. i, p. 296 (1922).

³*Life of James J. Hill*, vol. ii, p. 144.

⁴*E. H. Harriman*, vol. i, p. 305.

"One large holder, for example, sold to them 35,000 shares in a single lot. Even the Northern Pacific Company, tempted by the high prices, sold its own stock. As late as the 2d of May one of its subsidiary corporations, which happened to have in its treasury 13,000 Northern Pacific shares, sold them by direction of the Northern Pacific board itself. So unsuspecting were Morgan & Co. that on the same day they sold 10,000 shares which had happened to come into their hands in the ordinary course of business. All of this stock, or most of it, went directly to Kuhn, Loeb & Co., who were buying for Harriman and the Union Pacific."¹ A few days more and Mr. Harriman would have accomplished his purpose. Something happened. Mr. Hill had noticed the unprecedented purchases of Northern Pacific stock, with the consequent and rapid advance in the value of common and preferred. He felt that something was wrong. He himself was in the far west, at Seattle. Mr. Morgan, his associate, was in Europe—art browsing in Italy. Therefore, Mr. Hill made up his mind to proceed at once to New York to size up the situation, to put himself in touch with Mr. Bacon, then in New York and in charge of the Morgan interests, and to take whatever measures were necessary and possible.

Mr. Kennan, in his interesting life of Mr. Harriman, tells how Mr. Hill got east; what he found and what was done:

He therefore called upon the operating officials of the Great Northern to give him at once the fastest possible special train to St. Paul with unlimited right of way over everything. The superintendent of the western division furnished the "special" immediately and said to the locomotive engineers: "The road is yours to St. Paul; everything else on the line will be held up to let you pass. . . ."

Mr. Hill arrived in New York on the afternoon of Friday, May 3d, and went at once to the office of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. to see Mr. Schiff [an old personal friend and former director of the Great Northern.] In reply to an inquiry as to the meaning of the rapid rise in Northern Pacific shares, Schiff informed Hill that Kuhn, Loeb & Co. were buying them on orders from the Union Pacific. "But," said Hill, "you can't get control. The Great Northern, Morgan, and my friends were recently holding \$35,000,000 or \$40,000,000 of the Northern Pacific stock, and so far as I know none of it has been sold." "That may be,"

¹McKennan's *E. H. Harriman*, vol. i, p. 302.

replied Schiff, "but we've got a lot of it. You secretly bought the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and refused to give us a fair share; now we're going to see if we can't get a share by purchasing a controlling interest in the Northern Pacific."

Hill, after a brief talk, left the office, saying that he did not believe it could be done. He evidently feared, however, that it *might* be done, because on the following day, after making further investigations, he went to Robert Bacon, . . . told him that the situation was critical, and suggested that it might be well to cable J. Pierpont Morgan, . . . for authority to buy at least 150,000 shares of Northern Pacific stock, preferably the common. . . . The cablegram was sent to Morgan after the close of the Stock Exchange, Saturday, May 4th.¹

When Mr. Morgan received the cable he felt, as he afterward stated, that something must have happened:

"Somebody must have sold. I knew where certain stocks were and I figured it up. I feel bound in all honour, when I reorganize a property, and am morally responsible for its management, to protect it, and I generally do protect it; so I

¹*E. H. Harriman*, vol. i, pp. 303-304.

Mr. Pyle states in his interesting and "authorized" *Life of James J. Hill*, vol. ii, pp. 138-139, that:

The Union Pacific people knew what was in the wind, for Mr. Hill had advised them of it himself. He wrote to one of those interested with him in the negotiations, May 16, 1901: "So as to remove any ground for the charge that we were working secretly to acquire the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, I said to [one of the representatives of the Union Pacific interests] in January that if he at any time heard that we were conferring with the 'Q' board of directors looking to the joint acquisition of that property, I wanted to be the first one to tell him that we intended to take up the matter seriously. In April, after Mr. Morgan had gone abroad and the Burlington matter was taking definite shape, I again told him that matters were progressing toward a close. He said he should have bought Burlington in the market and saved the advance." Mr. Hill replied that the other side had tried that method themselves, and "found themselves up against a stone wall," consisting of the great body of small shareholders, "who would not even give him one director, and who resented his attempt to buy into their company." "I told him our plan was an open and fair attempt to agree with the 'Q' board, as the only means of gaining control of that property."

Upon this statement Mr. Kennan (vol. i, p. 296) thus comments:

If the unnamed person to whom Mr. Hill made this statement was really a representative of Union Pacific interests, he did not pass on the information to the men who were actively in control of Union Pacific affairs, namely, Harriman and Schiff. Neither of these gentlemen had any knowledge of the Hill-Morgan negotiations until some time in March, 1901.

In a conversation, Mr. Pyle has recently confirmed the statement that the information was given, as he stated in his life of Mr. Hill.

made up my mind that it would be desirable to buy 150,000 shares of stock . . . and with that I knew we had a majority of common stock.¹

The views of Messrs. Hill and Morgan have been given in their own language. Mr. Harriman should be heard in his own behalf:

On the morning of Saturday, May 4th, I was at home, ill. We had somewhat over \$42,000,000 of the preferred shares of the Northern Pacific, or a clear majority of that issue, and somewhat over \$37,000,000 of the common shares, which lacked being a majority of the common by about 40,000 shares. But we had a majority of the entire capital stock . . . and I had been competently advised, and was convinced, that this holding was sufficient to enable us to control the Company. Nevertheless, the fact that the Northern Pacific could, on the 1st of January following, retire the preferred shares, of which we had a majority, bothered me somewhat, and I felt that we ought not to leave open to them any chance of retiring our preferred stock and leaving us with a minority interest in the common stock, or involving us in litigation about it.²

Mr. Harriman therefore called up a partner of Kuhn, Loeb & Company and ordered the purchase of 40,000 shares.

Mr. Schiff was at the Synagogue, and he instructed his partner "not to execute the order," and that "he [Schiff] would be responsible."³ If Mr. Harriman had not been ill, or if Mr. Schiff had not been at the Synagogue . . .

Saturday morning passed, and with the morning, the golden opportunity. The Stock Exchange had closed at noon. On Sunday, the 5th, Mr. Bacon received the desired authority by cable from Mr. Morgan. On Monday morning the Morgan forces "took the field." As Mr. Kennan says: "With the reopening of the Stock Exchange, Monday morning, their brokers swarmed over the floor, bidding eagerly for Northern Pacific common, and taking all that could be had at prices that advanced steadily from 110 to 130. Tuesday they continued this aggressive buying, and ran the price of the common up to

¹*Brief for Appellant Great Northern Railway Company*, p. 35.

²*E. H. Harriman*, vol. i, p. 305.

³*Ibid.*, p. 306.

149 $\frac{3}{4}$ —an advance of nearly forty points in two business days. [*Commercial & Financial Chronicle*, May 18, 1901.] But they attained their object. Before Tuesday night they were in possession of the 150,000 shares that Morgan had authorized them to buy. With this addition to their holdings, the Morgan-Hill interests had something like 30,000 shares more of the common than they needed."¹

They had, in common parlance, the whip hand.²

Why this anxiety to hold a majority of the common, when all stockholders could vote, and preferred stock is, as the name indicates, ordinarily more desirable? The reason is simple. It was a temporary issue, for a temporary purpose.³ It could, therefore, be retired.⁴ Upon retirement of the pre-

¹E. H. Harriman, vol. i, pp. 307-308.

²In an interesting letter of December 29, 1922, Mr. Kennan gives some personal information regarding the relations of the participants in the struggle which he has so admirably portrayed.

"My recollection is that Mr. Harriman and Mr. Schiff always regarded Robert Bacon with respect and esteem, even although their business interests often conflicted. I remember distinctly that Mr. Schiff, shortly before his death, spoke to me with cordial appreciation of Mr. Bacon's behaviour during the struggle for control of the Burlington, and Northern Pacific panic. He asked me also, I remember, to omit, if I could, some unfavourable comments on the firm which I had quoted from Evarts—and I did omit them. Morgan & Co. had defeated his and Harriman's plans, but he didn't want to see them treated with what he thought was injustice.

"Most of Mr. Harriman's letters and papers were destroyed in the Equitable Building fire, but in those that survived I did not find any unkind references to Morgan, Bacon, Hill, or any of the other big men who opposed him. His relations with them seem to have been always pleasant, and on the day of the Northern Pacific panic, when the outcome of the tremendous struggle for control of that road was still in doubt, Dr. Henry S. Pritchett found Harriman and Hill together, in Harriman's office, chatting amicably about other things! Bitterness and rancour seem to be characteristic only of petty minds."

³In the course of the hearings in the Northern Securities Case Mr. Morgan said:

"It was always considered, and always known, by everybody connected with the Northern Pacific, that the amount of preferred stock which was outstanding was simply a temporary loan until we should issue the common stock at par and take it up, and, consequently, in dealing with the question, the question simply was when the directors of the Northern Pacific should decide that it was expedient to do it."

Brief for Appellant Great Northern Railway Company, p. 21.

⁴Mr. Charles Steele, a partner of J. Pierpont Morgan & Company, and who was associated with Mr. Bacon in this entire transaction, said in his testimony of the case:

"It has been intended from the time of the reorganization to retire the preferred stock as soon as the company became financially able to do so. The voting trust by its terms continued until January, 1902, but in the fall of 1900 the company had become very prosperous; it was very strong, and it was deemed by the voting trustees

ferred, Mr. Harriman would receive common stock, but he would only be able to vote it and reorganize the Board of Directors after the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders in October, and the Board of Directors could postpone the annual meeting. It did. In the meantime, many things could happen. Mr. Morgan and Mr. Hill decided to protect their interests by forming a securities company against "raiding," which is the technical word for Mr. Harriman's attempt. To this company the stockholders of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific could sell their stock and receive stock of the new concern in return. It would not be a railroad, it would be an investment company. Mr. Harriman concluded, instead of struggling further for control, to content himself with representation in the Directorate of the Northern Pacific and the Burlington. The investment company was formed by general consent.

Mr. Harriman agreed to sell his Northern Pacific stock to the new company and to receive its stock in return. There were to be two bites to the cherry.

On November 13th, Mr. Harriman sold his preferred and common stock to J. P. Morgan & Company at an agreed price. The Northern Securities Company, incorporated the same November 13th, agreed to take this stock from the Morgans at the same price, and to issue stock of the new company to Mr. Harriman. It was done.

This turn of affairs did not come about by itself. A panic in Wall Street had inclined the principals in the struggle to compromise. Northern Pacific stock had been bought; it had not been delivered. It had been sold "short"—that is, the broker sold Northern Pacific stock which did not belong to him, and which he did not possess, in the expectation of procuring it somewhere, somehow, at a lower price, at the time of delivery agreed upon.

Wednesday, May 8th, opened with great uneasiness; by noon

that they had fulfilled the purpose of their trust, and that they could properly dissolve the voting trust on the first day of January following, which was 1901. The only uncompleted object of the reorganization was the retirement of the preferred stock and they intended at the time that the voting trust was dissolved that the preferred stock should be retired on the first of January, 1902, that being the first date when it could be retired under the provisions of the charter, by-laws, and stock certificates." *E. H. Harriman*, vol. 1, p. 22.

it was evident that trouble was impending. The next day, Thursday, the 9th, the storm broke.¹ Because of the demand for stock of the Northern Pacific, the common rose to \$1,000 a share. This affected the whole market. Other standard stocks fell to half their ordinary value. The brokers who dealt in Northern Pacific saw themselves ruined for they could neither procure the stock nor pay the price if procurable. Holders of other stocks suffered, at least temporarily. Wall Street was in a ferment. Something had to be done. Mr. Schiff, acting for Mr. Harriman, and Mr. Bacon, acting for Mr. Morgan, agreed that the brokers who had sold Northern Pacific "short" should settle with Messrs. Harriman and Morgan at \$150 per share. This allayed the immediate apprehension and tension of these brokers. An agreement limited to Northern Pacific stock was not sufficient. Holders of standard stocks had been affected by the events of the past few days. A contest between Messrs. Harriman and Morgan for control of the Northern Pacific involving a half interest in the Burlington would seriously affect the stock of the Great Northern.² It was therefore not only in the interest of Messrs. Harriman and Morgan, but also of Mr. Hill, that a working agreement should be reached. It was also in the interest of the public, for in these days the earnings of the poor as well as the rich are invested in stock, and the stockholders of small amounts are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land. It was therefore agreed that there should be no contest over the election of members to the future board of the Northern Pacific. It was further decided not to wait until the annual meeting, but to take steps at once. It was proposed that Mr. Morgan should choose the members. Mr. Bacon would only consent to this upon the clear and definite understanding that Mr. Morgan should be free and untrammelled in his choice. This was agreed to; Mr. Morgan accepted.

¹For a very interesting account of this episode, see Mr. Kennan's *Life of Mr. Harriman*, vol. i, pp. 313 et seq.

²In his testimony Mr. Hill said: "It was a question whether we controlled our property or whether the Union Pacific controlled it through the Burlington & Northern Pacific. If that stock had not been redeemed, and the Union Pacific controlled the Northern Pacific and half of the Burlington, they would very soon have controlled the Great Northern." *Brief for Appellant Great Northern Railway Company*, p. 34.

A statement of the agreement was made public with quieting effects. Mr. Morgan advised some of the members of the Directorate to withdraw at once. This they did. Mr. Morgan was thus able to reorganize the Board before the annual meeting, and the element of uncertainty and the fear of a contest were eliminated. Then there was the matter of the retirement of the preferred stock. Messrs. Harriman and Morgan had obtained from competent counsel the opinions they wanted, but litigation confronted the principals even if they were sure of their legal rights and eventual triumph. By common consent the reorganized Board voted the retirement of the preferred stock at its meeting of November 13th, to take effect on January 1, 1902, and by like consent the annual meeting was postponed. By common consent Messrs. Harriman, Hill, and Morgan agreed to sell their holdings of Great Northern and Northern Pacific stock to an investment company to be organized, and which was actually incorporated in New Jersey on November 13, 1901, under the name of the Northern Securities Company.

A fundamental principle of the transaction was equality of treatment of all stockholders. All holders who might care to sell their stock in these companies to the Investment Company were to receive, and actually did receive, the same price per share, \$180 for Great Northern, \$115 for Northern Pacific. In the end, 76 per cent. of the Great Northern was sold at this rate to the new company, although it was selling for \$200 on the market; 96 per cent. of the Northern Pacific was sold to the Northern Securities Company. This was contrary to the anticipations of Messrs. Hill and Morgan, who figured on less than a majority. This mark of confidence in their character and ability was doubtless pleasing although far from unusual. Mr. Hill had long planned an investment company for the Great Northern and the holdings of its stockholders in the Northern Pacific in order to see to it that the policy which had made the Great Northern System so successful in the past should be continued in the future. Mr. Morgan had in mind a similar company for the Northern Pacific and for like reasons. The events of the past few months caused them to take early action and to create a single holding company. Mr. Hill had repeatedly stated the reasons for his action in a statement to

the press, in private personal letters, and in sworn testimony. Mr. Morgan has likewise given his reasons. Both expressly denied any purpose on their part to restrain trade or to stifle competition. Mr. Hill was elected president of the Northern Securities Company. In this capacity he issued a statement explaining the organization of the company, announced that the three railroads would continue to be operated separately, and asked fair play and time within which to prove that the establishment of the Northern Securities Company was in the public good.

Time was not to be granted. Suit was brought in the Circuit Court for the District of Minnesota by the United States against the Northern Securities Company, a corporation of New Jersey; the Great Northern Railway Company, a corporation of Minnesota; the Northern Pacific Railway Company, a corporation of Wisconsin; James J. Hill, a citizen of Minnesota; and William P. Clough, D. Willis James, John S. Kennedy, J. Pierpont Morgan, Robert Bacon, George F. Baker, and Daniel S. Lamont, citizens of New York, to procure the dissolution of the Securities Company.

The suit was based upon the Anti-Trust Act of 1890.¹ The first section declared illegal "every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States or with foreign nations." The second section made it a misdemeanour for any person to "monopolize, or attempt to monopolize, or combine or conspire with any other person or persons to monopolize any part of the trade or commerce among the several States or with foreign nations."

The Government by its bill challenged the right of the Northern Securities Company to hold and own the stock in the two railroads.

The case was decided against the company, and the judgment of the Circuit Court² was affirmed on appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States by five judges for and four judges against confirmation.³

¹*United States Statutes at Large*, vol. xxvi (1891), p. 209.

²*United States v. Northern Securities Company* (1903), 120 *Federal Reporter*, 721.

³*Northern Securities Company v. United States* (1904), 193 *United States Reports*, 197.

In the opinion of the majority, and therefore in the judgment of the Supreme Court, the Northern Securities Company was an illegal combination, and should be and was dissolved. The divergent views of the members of that august tribunal show the difficulty of the case and the closeness of the decision. However, the Supreme Court is always right, because, as the late Mr. Justice Brewer was wont to say, "it has the last guess."

The Court of last resort had spoken, and there was nothing to do but to comply. On March 22, 1904, eight days after the decision of the Supreme Court, the Directors of the Securities Company met in New York and decided that it was necessary, in order to carry out the decision of the Court, to reduce the capital stock of the company and to distribute to its shareholders the shares of stock which it possessed of the two railroads.

To Mr. Harriman the method of distribution was unsatisfactory. He insisted that the Northern Pacific stock which he had transferred to the company should be returned. If this were done, he would control the Northern Pacific Railway Company in the future; if shares of Northern Pacific and of the Great Northern were issued, he would lose control of the Northern Pacific Company. He therefore filed a bill in the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of New Jersey to enjoin the Northern Securities Company from distributing the shares of the Northern Securities as proposed. The injunction was granted, but reversed in the Court of Appeals on the ground that the stocks of the Northern Pacific and of the Great Northern had been sold not merely deposited with the Securities Company; that title to the stock had therefore passed to the Securities Company, and that Mr. Harriman was only entitled to the distribution of the stock of the Northern Securities authorized by the company.

Proverbially, we cannot see the forest for the trees. Participants in the case, it is to be feared, have their feet entangled in the details. In any event, they lack perspective. The judgment of the onlooker is often preferred. Perhaps it may be so in this case. And it would be difficult to find greater knowledge of the subject, combined with poise and balance, than pervades the *History of the Northern Securities Case*, written by Dr. Balthasar Henry Meyer, at present a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission of the United States.

Competition as a regulative principle of railways and as a force which will maintain proper relations between the railways themselves and the public has failed in every country of the world where it has been given a trial. . . . The Great Northern and Northern Pacific railways are parallel and competing in so far as physical location is concerned, and with respect to a relatively small part of their interstate traffic. They are not, and have not been, competitive with respect to any but an inappreciable part of their total traffic. . . .

It was assumed that competition had been stifled without first asking the question whether competition had actually existed; and whether, if competition could be perpetuated, the public would profit by it. . . . This indiscriminating opposition to all forms of open concerted action on the part of the railways is in my mind the greatest single blunder in our public policy toward railways. . . . I also wish to repeat . . . that I regard the application to railways of the Sherman anti-trust law of 1890 as one of the gravest errors in our legislative history. It is demonstrable that if railway companies had been permitted to coöperate with one another under the supervision of competent public authority . . . the railway situation in the United States would to-day be appreciably better than it is. . . . The American public seems to be unwilling to admit that agreements will and must exist, and that it has a choice between regulated legal agreements and unregulated extra-legal agreements. We should have cast away more than fifty years ago the impossible doctrine of protection of the public by railway competition.¹

¹*History of the Northern Securities Case* (1906), pp. 253-254, 305-306.

The failure of "competition as a regulative principle" gives added interest to Mr. Hill's suggestion based upon the experience of a life-time.

"His idea was 'competition by groups.' This meant that each integral geographical and commercial section of the country, comprising states and parts of states bound together intrinsically by situation, industrial interest, and relations to markets, should have its own independent system of railroad lines working either under one ownership or in complete community of interest. These groups of states or sections, these systems of railroads naturally concentered, will compete for business. It will be a competition between homogeneous productive areas, seaports, great through routes, and widely separated sources of supply. The evolution of the railroad interest of this country is the living proof that Mr. Hill's view was scientific as well as practical. He said: 'Our Company will continue to maintain a conservative and firm position, having proper regard for the revenue of other lines without any disposition on our part to interfere with their local rate at intermediate points.' He felt all the delight of a successful general in his ability to dispose of any kind of competition that might wander his way and try a tilt with him." *Pyle's Life of James J. Hill*, vol. ii, p. 342.

What was the outcome of years of intellectual effort, of the expenditure of vast sums of money involved in the making and unmaking of the Northern Securities Company? The return to the early days of May, 1901, when Mr. Hill conferred with Mr. Bacon, and Mr. Bacon and Mr. Steele of J. Pierpont Morgan & Company blocked the effort of Mr. Harriman and Mr. Schiff to purchase the necessary stock on the market to obtain control of the Northern Pacific Railway.

Physically, the strain on Mr. Bacon had injured his health. Upon his physician's advice he took a year's leave of absence, and at its expiration withdrew from J. Pierpont Morgan & Company, a well man with his future before him—a future made possible by "long experience, wide culture, sound judgment, and perfect tact."

PART IV

THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE

"I have done the state some service."

CHAPTER VIII

THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY

THE two years of freedom from care and worry, of leisure and of travel, which followed the withdrawal from active business in 1903, restored Mr. Bacon's health and made it possible for him to devote himself to a career of public usefulness. He was always anxious to serve the public. He looked upon public service as a duty to be performed, not as an opportunity to be courted, and he felt that the call should be clear and unmistakable.

The summer of 1905 brought to Mr. Bacon this call and this opportunity. On the 5th day of September, 1905, when he accepted the post of Assistant Secretary of State, he renounced his personal preference for private life, offering whatever of ability he had to his country. Within fourteen years his public career began and ended, and upon his activity in these years Mr. Bacon's claim to public remembrance must chiefly rest.

To him they were busy years; to the world, they were eventful years. He met each changing issue face to face. He did the little things that came to him faithfully. He did the larger things with a sense of their largeness. He did all things with a great devotion. As Assistant Secretary of State, as Secretary of State, as Ambassador to France, and as a pioneer for preparedness for the war with Germany, which instinctively he felt was our war, and later, "somewhere in France," as an officer of the American Army, he showed in each capacity the same single consecration to duty; the same deep sense of responsibility. Officers of high rank with whom he served; civilians in almost every walk of life with whom he came into contact, many of whom he did not know, felt and even expressed the effect of his example—of his simple, sincere devotion to the cause in which his heart had enlisted. To him, America was indeed first, but it was an America united and strong at

home in order to be just and generous abroad. For this America he lived; for this America he died.

On July 5, 1905, Mr. Elihu Root was offered the Secretaryship of State by President Roosevelt, to succeed Mr. John Hay, who had just died after months of failing health. Mr. Root accepted the post because he could not well refuse the call to duty from one in whose cabinet he had served as Secretary of War, and because he believed that Mr. Hay's policies, which he approved, and which in many instances as Secretary of State and Secretary of War they had planned and worked out together, should be carried out completely and sympathetically, in the spirit in which they were framed. Mr. Root wanted and required an assistant who would comprehend these plans, to whom their execution could be entrusted, and who could, in case of need, replace his chief in the Secretaryship. Mr. Root believed Mr. Bacon to be the man for the place. He therefore offered it to the younger man, who gladly accepted it.¹

The Assistant Secretary is an understudy. Mr. Bacon was that, and he never tried to play the leading part. He always tried to think out what Mr. Root would do or want to have done; therefore, he saw to it that the policy of the Department was Mr. Root's policy carried out to the minutest detail, as Mr. Root would have carried it out if, like Briareus of old, he had had a hundred hands.² The result was that Mr. Root associated Mr. Bacon with all the work of the Department, having no secrets from him, as Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig said

¹Mr. Bacon's admiration for Mr. Root began with the first days of his Assistant Secretaryship. In a letter to his father under date of November 8, 1905, he thus confesses it,

"I am in love with my new chief, Elihu Root, who is a tremendous worker and who has a fund of human sympathy and humour which make him one of the most attractive men I have ever met. It is a privilege to work with him in the public service."

²During Mr. Root's absence in South America in the summer of 1906, negotiations as to the right of Americans to fish in Canadian and Newfoundland waters were particularly troublesome. A *modus vivendi* acceptable to Great Britain and the United States on the one hand and the British colonists and American fishermen on the other had to be agreed to before the fishing season began. This Mr. Bacon succeeded in arranging, although he held up the final draft until Mr. Root's return, so that it might have his approval. The *modus vivendi* of 1906 was fully approved by Mr. Root, and it proved so satisfactory that it was maintained with slight modifications until the arbitration of the North Atlantic Fisheries disputes at The Hague, in 1910, rendered a temporary adjustment unnecessary.

of Mr. Bacon on a later occasion. If Mr. Root had the mind to contrive, Mr. Bacon's was often the hand that executed.

Mr. Bacon's sense of duty and devotion to it are made wonderfully clear by a little incident that happened while he was still Assistant Secretary. As a loyal son of Harvard, he was anxious to have Harvard win the boat race from Yale. He had rowed on the crew when in college; his sons followed in the wake of their father. It was natural, therefore, that Mr. Bacon should want to see Yale beaten at New London in 1906, when his three sons rowed in the three Harvard boats. He slipped away from the Department late one afternoon, after giving minute instructions as to what should be done during his proposed absence of one day. However, he turned up as usual the next morning at the Department, saying in a confused and abashed sort of way that when he got to Jersey City, he thought of the Department and the day's work and came back. He took the night train back from the halfway station, justifying himself to those who chaffed him, "I can't help it, I'm just made that way."

Before assuming personal charge of the Department of State, Mr. Root took a survey of the outstanding business and made up his mind that certain things should be done during his tenure of office. A few words about some of them will show the training which Mr. Bacon received at the hands of a master, which fitted him for the highest posts at home and abroad.

Since the independence of the United States, the rights of American fishermen in Canadian and Newfoundland waters had off and on perplexed American statesmen as well as American fishermen. The Fishery Article of the Treaty of 1783 was supposed to have settled this question upon a basis satisfactory alike to mother country and erstwhile colonies by recognizing the rights of Americans, as far as Great Britain was concerned, to continue to take fish wherever they had fished before the Revolution. But the War of 1812 came, the British contending that war abrogating treaties necessarily abrogated the Fisheries Article of the Treaty of Independence¹; the Americans,

¹Thus, Lord Bathurst, Secretary of War, and Acting Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the absence of Lord Castlereagh, said in behalf of Great Britain: "She knows of no exception to the rule, that all treaties are put an end to by a subsequent war." *American State Papers, Foreign Relations*, vol. iv, p. 354.

that the Article was only suspended by and during the war. The Convention of 1818 between the two countries compromised the differences to the detriment of the fishermen, in a text which has ever since been differently interpreted by the British and American fishermen and their respective countries.

Mr. Root knew from experience that disputes might at any moment arise over this subject; he also knew from experience that the worst time to settle a dispute is during the tension and bitter feeling caused by it. He proved in practice that the best way to settle a difficulty is to get rid of its cause before the concrete dispute has arisen or has assumed political importance. Therefore, before assuming office, he visited the fishing fields in person, and, availing himself of the first friction in the fishing waters to raise the entire question, brought it to arbitration at a time of peace and friendly feeling. The Convention of 1818, authoritatively interpreted by an Arbitral Tribunal at The Hague in the summer of 1910, defined the rights and duties of all parties, and the recommendations of the tribunal, based upon special clauses of the agreement submitting the case to arbitration, provided a method of adjusting future difficulties when and as they should arise.

These great and beneficent results were accomplished by four men of intelligent good will: Mr. Root, assisted by Mr. Bacon on the one hand, and Sir Edward Grey, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Mr. James Bryce, British Ambassador to the United States, on the other.

The final negotiations submitting the fisheries dispute to arbitration at The Hague, under Mr. Root's agreement, were conducted by Mr. Bryce and Mr. Bacon. Years after Viscount Bryce said of his relations with Mr. Bacon, "How often have I recalled the work we did together for furthering friendship and good relations between America and England, and how pleasant it was to deal with him. Such was the candour of his mind and the earnestness of his wish to settle everything in a way fair and just all round—the right temper in which a Secretary of State in any country should approach his tasks."¹

¹Letter of Lord Bryce to Mrs. Bacon, shortly after Mr. Bacon's death.

During the entire period of Mr. Root's Secretaryship of State Mr. Bacon lived in an atmosphere of Pan-Americanism—an Americanism so large and all-embracing as to include not merely the twenty-one Republics *in esse*, but also *in posse*, "The Lady of the Snows," the great dominion to the north of these United States.

The American Republics were to hold the third Conference of the Americans at Rio de Janeiro in the summer of 1906. There was a proposal by Russia, the initiator of the Hague Conferences, to hold the second conference of the series at The Hague during the summer of 1906. The two conferences could not well be held during the course of the same summer.

As the date of the meeting of the Pan-American Conference had "long been fixed" for the 21st day of July, 1906, Mr. Root felt that it should not be changed. He therefore proposed that the Conference at The Hague should be held at a later date. His suggestion was accepted, and that body met at The Hague in June of the following year.

Mr. Root was desirous that all the American Republics should be invited to send representatives to the conference at The Hague. He entered into negotiations to that end. They were all invited and, with the exception of Costa Rica and Honduras, they all attended. It seemed to Mr. Root that the Conference could not claim to represent and to speak for the world unless the American Republics were present. In addition, he wished to have them drawn into the world current, and become accustomed to play their part in international gatherings, in the belief, justified by the event, that the intellectual benefits of such participation to the American States would outweigh any resultant drawbacks to the Conference through the increase of its numbers. It is thus apparent that Mr. Root's interest in the American Republics was not merely Platonic; it was very deep and very real. It was so deep and so real that he attended the Conference in person, and in the address which he delivered, as honorary president, he placed the relation of American States upon their right basis, proclaiming, as Mr. Bacon aptly called it, "the Root doctrine of kindly consideration and honourable obligation."

Mr. Root could not very well attend the opening session of the American Conference at Rio and refuse invitations to visit at

least some of the Latin-American Republics. He would have preferred to visit them all, but he was able to accept invitations only to those within the range of the traveller who visits the eastern coast and returns by the western coast of South America. During his absence from the United States (he left on July 4th and returned to Washington on September 30th), Mr. Bacon was Acting Secretary of State.

Before leaving, Mr. Root prepared and left with President Roosevelt an account of business in the Department so that he might be informed of pending questions. Foreign affairs are and always have been under the special control of the President, who may, if he chooses, direct the policy of the country. The other Departments have laws for their guidance, as is possible in domestic matters; but foreign affairs are, as it were, a law unto themselves. They cannot be foreseen; they may arise unexpectedly, and must at all times be handled with tact and discretion. A strong Secretary of State runs his Department, but a dominating President may, if he is so minded, be his own Secretary of Foreign Affairs. This situation is recognized in practice, in that the President, not the Secretary of State, presents the report to Congress on foreign affairs while the other members of the Cabinet submit their annual reports directly to the Congress.

President Roosevelt and Secretary Root were both strong men, but they worked in harmony. It was obvious that it would be agreeable to the President to discuss foreign affairs with his classmate and lifelong friend, Robert Bacon. It was also clear that Mr. Root wanted him to do so, for he ended his report to the President with the statement, "whatever question comes up, you will find Bacon thoroughly cognizant of it and possessed of sound judgment upon it."

THE PEACE OF THE "MARBLEHEAD"

The English poet, Cowper, has a line or two in *The Task*, which, unfortunately, applies to the five Republics of Central America:

"Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations who had else
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one."

Shortly before the departure of Mr. Root for South America, trouble broke out in Central America. One after another of the Central American Republics became so involved that a war affecting all of them seemed imminent. The crisis came during Mr. Root's absence, when Mr. Bacon was Acting Secretary, and it devolved upon him to suggest such action to the President of the United States as would not only prevent the war from spreading—for war it was—but bring the countries in conflict together and arrange a peace satisfactory to them and in the interest of every one of the Central American States. This Mr. Bacon succeeded in doing.

The facts of the case are few and simple. In May of 1906 a revolt broke out in Guatemala against the government of its President. This would seem to be a matter solely for the enlightened or misguided patriots of Guatemala. A glance at the map, however, shows how easily a rebellion can be aided from the border of a neighbouring state. San Salvador was accused of helping the rebels, and as it is so much easier to strike a blow than to ascertain truth and act wisely and justly, war resulted between the two neighbours. Guatemala has another neighbour on the south—Honduras—and nothing was more natural or easier than to embroil Honduras in the struggle. This was done by a party of Guatemalans who invaded Honduras. The result was that Guatemala found itself at fisticuffs with San Salvador and Honduras.

Mr. Bacon wisely felt that the Government of the United States should not alone extend its good offices; that Mexico should also be urged to do so. His view was that the intervention of the United States might be looked upon with suspicion, which the coöperation of Mexico would tend to avert. The American Ambassador to Mexico was instructed to invite President Diaz to coöperate. He agreed, and the good offices of President Roosevelt and President Diaz were accepted by the belligerents on July 16th.

Two days later an armistice was declared, and under the personal guidance of the American and Mexican ministers in Central America representatives of the jarring factions were got aboard the *Marblehead*, an American cruiser, which promptly steamed beyond the three-mile line so as to be on the high seas. Whether the calm of the ocean, or the sweet

reasonableness of peace dawned upon the representatives, or whether finally they were overcome by *mal de mer*, is a matter of no moment. The fact is that on the 20th an agreement was reached and signed by Guatemala, San Salvador, and Honduras, providing for the establishment of peace, the withdrawal of military forces within three days, an exchange of prisoners, the negotiation within two months of a treaty of friendship, commerce, and navigation, and finally the reference of future differences to arbitration by the presidents of the United States and Mexico.

This agreement had the moral sanction of Costa Rica and Nicaragua.¹

President Roosevelt voiced his appreciation in a very personal and characteristic note:

Oyster Bay, N. Y.

July 21, 1906.

DEAR BOB:

. . . Let me repeat, my dear fellow, the congratulations I have wired you on the way you have handled this Central American business—and for the matter of that, the way you are handling all the business of the State Department. . . .

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.²

¹The above account is taken, with slight modifications, from an editorial comment contributed by J. B. Scott, to the *American Journal of International Law*, vol. i, 1907, p. 141, which had the good fortune to be read and approved by Mr. Bacon, in advance of its publication.

²As indicating the relations between the President and the Acting Secretary of State, and the free and easy way in which President Roosevelt communicated with his colleagues, which recalls the personal touch of George Canning, the following endorsement to an official paper relating to the Algeciras Conference of 1906 may be instanced:

"The White House,
Washington,
June 28, 1906.

"My dear Mr. Secretary:

I send you the accompanying note from Senator Hale about the Algeciras Treaty, and invite your attention to the endorsement thereon in the President's handwriting.

Very truly yours,
Wm. Loeb, Jr.
Secretary to the President."

Hon. Robert Bacon,
Acting Secretary of State.

Enclosure.

The enclosure in question was: "Referred to Robert Bacon for his profane consideration.
T. R."

INTERVENTION OF THE UNITED STATES IN CUBA, 1906

While Mr. Bacon was Acting Secretary of State, the most serious problem which arose was the insurrection in Cuba. Difficulties had long been developing there, owing to intense political passion and keen personal ambition. Individual armed encounters had occurred, and in August, 1906, open revolt began against the Government of President Palma.

In that month a small armed force took the field, and uprisings immediately followed throughout the country, led by prominent leaders disaffected with the Government. The power of this irregular force to do damage was incalculable. The greater part of the wealth of Cuba lies in its sugar plantations and sugar mills, most of which are owned by foreign capital, and the flaring of a few matches could in a short time have destroyed property to the value of millions of dollars.

The Government of Cuba found itself entirely unprepared. It had spent its funds for education rather than for military force. Its artillery and rural guard were comparatively small organizations, and so scattered as to be unable to cope with the insurrection. Desperate efforts were made to organize a militia, but with unsatisfactory results.

By the beginning of September, the Cuban Government realized its helplessness and applied to the United States Government for American intervention, and President Palma announced his irrevocable intention to resign his office in order to save his country from complete anarchy. The State Department, under Mr. Bacon's direction, did everything in its power to discourage the request, but the pleas of the Cuban Government continued. On September 14, 1906, President Roosevelt sent an official letter to Sr. Quesada, the Cuban Minister in Washington, in which he pointed out the disaster imminent in Cuba, adjured all Cuban patriots to band together and rescue the island from the anarchy of civil war; referred to his duties under the Platt Amendment¹, and announced that

¹The Platt Amendment is an attempt on the part of the United States and of Cuba to maintain the independence of the latter Republic against invasion from without as well as within. It consists of eight articles, which, in Secretary Root's opinion, would justify the United States in withdrawing the army of occupation from Cuba, and in turning that devoted little country over to its own people.

Secretary Root's conditions formed Articles I, II, III, IV, and VII; Major General

he would send to Havana the Secretary of War, Mr. Taft, and the Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Bacon, as special representatives of the American Government, to render all possible aid toward securing peace.

Although newspaper reports in the United States indicated that matters were bad, the real seriousness of the situation was not understood by the general public. It was, however, clear to Mr. Bacon, who said on September 16th, before starting for Cuba, "The situation in Cuba is extremely serious. The Cuban Government has been on its knees for a week asking for our intervention." He knew that the Government controlled little more than the larger towns and that most of the country districts were in the hands of the rebels. The need for an immediate departure of a peace commission was urgent, and it left Washington the afternoon of the same day. The party consisted of Secretary Taft, Mr. Bacon, Mr. Edwin V. Morgan, the American Minister to Cuba; Captain Frank McCoy, U. S. A.; Mr. F. S. Cairns of the Philippine Customs Service; Mr. Otto Schoenrich, and several clerks. Practically the entire railroad trip was one long conference, and at various stations telegrams were delivered showing the status in Cuba. It was apparent that the contending forces were tacitly observing a

Leonard Wood's provision concerning sanitation forms Article V, and Article VI, concerning the Isle of Pines, and Article VIII, requiring further assurance by treaty, were inserted by the Senate Committee on Cuban Relations, of which Senator Orville H. Platt was chairman.

It is called the "Platt Amendment" after Senator Platt, who, at the request of President McKinley and Secretary Root, proposed the amendment to the Army Appropriation Bill of 1901, when it was under consideration in the Senate.

By Article II of the Amendment it is provided:

That said government [of Cuba] shall not assume or contract any public debt, to pay the interest upon which, and to make reasonable sinking-fund provision for the ultimate discharge of which, the ordinary revenues of the island, after defraying the current expenses of government, shall be inadequate.

By Article III,

That the government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the treaty of Paris on the United States, now to be assumed and undertaken by the Government of Cuba.

The Amendment as a whole was adopted by the Constitutional Convention of Cuba of 1901. It is the sole subject-matter of the Treaty of May 22, 1903, between the free, sovereign, and independent republics of Cuba and the United States. Its purpose is to preserve, not to menace the independence of Cuba, much less to destroy it.

truce pending the arrival of the American commissioners. At Tampa they boarded a tug which carried them to the cruiser *Des Moines*, and early Wednesday morning, September 19th, the Commission arrived in Havana.

Secretary Taft and Mr. Bacon immediately had conferences with the Cuban Secretary of State and with President Palma. Havana was besieged, the Government forces holding only the city proper and the railroads leading out of it. Nevertheless, Mr. Taft and Mr. Bacon accepted the invitation of the American Minister, Mr. Morgan, to live at his residence in Marianao, about nine miles from the city. The town of Marianao was in the neutral zone, between the Government and the insurgent lines, the insurgent outposts being about one thousand yards away. Messrs. Taft, Bacon, McCoy, and Schoenrich were lodged at the Minister's house, the clerks in a boarding house near by. If an attack had been made on the house the whole party could have been overwhelmed, but apparently no one gave a thought to this phase of the situation.

Long and varied conferences ensued with leaders of both factions in an attempt to find a basis of compromise. Mr. Taft and Mr. Bacon closely followed the opinions expressed and asked many questions. There were also conferences with the insurgents in the field. The conferences continued day after day, in the forenoon, afternoon, and evening. At meal times the developments of the day were discussed. The opinions of Mr. Taft and Mr. Bacon were inspired by a desire to preserve intact the good name of the United States and to render unselfish assistance to its neighbours. Yet they were not blind to the dangers which confronted them. Although Mexico was then at peace, and in a state of prosperity, Mr. Taft said one evening in the course of conversation: "I fear that in twenty-five years we may be obliged to govern not only the Philippines and Cuba, but Mexico as well." Mr. Bacon sighed but made no answer.

Long cablegrams in code went daily between President Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, and were submitted to and considered by Mr. Bacon.

After a few days Mr. Taft and Mr. Bacon realized that it would be more convenient to continue holding the conferences

in the city. Accordingly, they went by automobile from Marianao to Havana every morning, spent the day at the American Legation in Havana, and returned to Marianao in the evening. Their entry into the city in the morning was generally without incident. As they left at night they were always challenged by sentries two or three times when passing through the lines. Neither guards nor arms were carried, although occasionally rumours made the members of the commission realize that they were living on a volcano.

One evening, as they were about to leave the Legation for Marianao, two prominent Liberals came to them and reported on "trustworthy information" that Mr. Taft and Mr. Bacon were to be ambushed and attacked in the evening, and urged them for safety's sake to remain in the city. Mr. Taft turned to Mr. Bacon and said, "Well, Bacon?", to which Mr. Bacon answered without hesitation, "Go ahead." "I think so, too," said Mr. Taft. "If anything has to come it may as well come now. We must take the risk." The night was as black as ink, but beyond challenges by the sentries, the return trip was made without incident.

In the same high spirit, Mr. Taft proposed that Mrs. Taft and Mrs. Bacon should be sent for, just to show, among other reasons, that the American Mission was not afraid. They started immediately, but arrived only two days before the departure of Mr. Taft and Mr. Bacon from Cuba.

The report of the Peace Commission, published in the Report of the Secretary of War for the year 1906, tells the story of the negotiations. Although the situation changed from hour to hour, the general plan decided upon contemplated the resignations of the Vice-President, senators and representatives, governors and provincial councilmen elected at the elections of December, 1905; the surrender of arms by the insurgents; the constitution of a commission for the purpose of drafting laws most urgently needed; and the holding of elections under the provisions of an electoral law to be drafted by such commission.

The efforts which the Commissioners made to have the compromise accepted by all parties were without avail. President Palma refused to serve with those who had attacked and offended him so deeply, and the Moderate Party of which he was the head at first would hear of no other President. The

Liberals, on the other hand, insisted upon the removal of the officers whom they considered to have been illegally elected. In view of the deadlock, intervention began to be considered seriously, although with great reluctance, especially on the part of Mr. Bacon. One evening Mr. Taft remarked, "Well, Bacon, I am ready to try intervention if you agree." Mr. Bacon frowned and looked worried. Clearly he would have preferred to uphold the Government, permitting the malcontents to assert their rights at a future election. Such a course, however, involved the risk of precipitating a civil war.

The fateful night of September 28th was at hand. President Palma and his Cabinet resigned, the Cuban Congress dissolved without electing a successor, and President Palma called on the Peace Commission to designate a responsible person to whom he could turn over the national funds. Secretary Taft accordingly issued a proclamation dated September 29, 1906, establishing the Provisional Government of Cuba by the United States and proclaiming himself Provisional Governor. The proclamation was brief but involved hours of conference between Mr. Taft, Mr. Bacon, and U. S. Consul General Steinhart. That evening, at 11 o'clock, the document was ready for translation, and Mr. Taft and Mr. Bacon returned to Marianao. At 2 A. M. it was delivered to a representative of the *Official Gazette*, with orders to have the proclamation scattered broadcast early the following morning.

The generous and conciliatory nature of the proclamation surprised the country. No one, for instance, had expected that the Cuban flag would continue to fly over the public buildings. That fact, coupled with the sympathetic attitude of the American commissioners and the strenuous efforts which they had made to bring about a settlement, was deeply appreciated.

Mr. Taft continued as Provisional Governor and took counsel with Mr. Bacon until Mr. Magoon assumed office on October 13, 1906. The principal task was the disarming and disbanding of the insurgent forces. In this work a number of American army officers assisted. Mr. Bacon took special interest in the distribution of the American military units and in speeding the disarmament of the Cubans. In order to hasten this work he went personally to Matanzas to supervise the disarming of the force of General Montero.

After Governor Magoon had assumed office, the two Peace Commissioners, Mrs. Taft, and Mrs. Bacon left for the United States on an American battleship. The people of Havana showed what they thought of the Peace Commission's work by joining in a demonstration of gratitude for what had been accomplished. The shore of the bay was lined with thousands of cheering people, all available water-craft was pressed into service to escort the ships to the mouth of the harbour, the forts exchanged salutes with the vessels, and amid all possible display of good will the Peace Commission left Cuba.

Neither then nor after, however, did Mr. Bacon agree with the policy recommended by Mr. Taft and pursued by President Palma. The day before he left he said: "I am not satisfied. I shall be ashamed to look Mr. Root in the face. This intervention is contrary to his policy and what he has been preaching in South America." He thought that matters should have been left *in status quo* until Mr. Root's return from his South American trip, inasmuch as Mr. Root, as Secretary of War, had organized Cuba, and was more keenly interested in its welfare and more familiar with local conditions than any other North American. Mr. Bacon knew all this, and he knew further that Mr. Root believed it to be essential to the introduction and successful operation of constitutional government in Cuba and elsewhere that mistakes should be corrected by the ballot and not by revolution; that the defeated party should pursue such legal remedy as exists and triumph at the polls and not by revolt.

Fortunately, an appeal of the Liberals in 1917 against the results of a presidential election which turned out against them fell upon deaf ears, and the Cubans were taught the great lesson of constitutional government, that what cannot be cured must be endured until the next election.

It was hard to know then and there what would have been best; it is useless to speculate now what might or could have been done then. Probably another policy would have been preferable to the one actually followed. And Mr. Bacon would doubtless have questioned the wisdom of his views if they had been fully put into effect. Mr. Bacon always looked at an American question from the Continental point of view, and he considered three things: first, the interest of the United States,

the interest of the special country concerned, and the effect that a policy would have upon America as a whole. He instinctively felt that intervention, although permitted and regulated by law, would disquiet Latin America, and then, too, he did not want the United States to get into the habit of intervening, fearing that some day the temptation to stay in that most beautiful of islands might become too great even for our good faith.

THE DOMINICAN LOAN

During the absence of Mr. Root in South America the Dominican Minister of Finance was in the United States in quest of a loan and of assistance in settling the Dominican debt. Under the direction of his financial adviser, a loan agreement was made and an offer of settlement to the holders of debts and claims was drawn up. All the negotiations were carried on under the general supervision of Acting Secretary Bacon, with whom many conferences were had in the course of that hot summer. There were several modifications of detail afterward, but the work done in the summer of 1906 was the basis of the financial rehabilitation of the Dominican Republic. Claims aggregating more than thirty million dollars, exclusive of interest, were settled for less than seventeen millions, and at the same time several million dollars were made available for public works.

Mr. Bacon's prudent advice and suggestions in the matter were of the greatest value. At the same time, his distinguished bearing and the fairness of his views made a deep impression upon the Dominican Minister of Finance. The latter had come to the United States somewhat reluctantly, and full of suspicion of American intentions. In a short time he was fully convinced that the State Department was as keenly interested in his country's welfare as he himself, and he often expressed admiration of Mr. Bacon.

After Mr. Root's return from South America negotiations were continued with the Republic's creditors. Mr. Bacon retained his interest in Dominican affairs, and remained in close touch with the situation. A convention between the United States and the Dominican Republic was concluded at Santo

Domingo, February 8, 1907, ratifications were exchanged July 8th, and the Convention was proclaimed July 25th, the proclamation being signed by President Roosevelt and by Robert Bacon as Acting Secretary of State. It recites that disturbed political conditions in the Dominican Republic had created debts and claims; that the Dominican Republic had effected a conditional adjustment with its creditors; that part of the plan of settlement was the issue and sale of bonds to the amount of twenty million dollars; that the plan was conditional upon the assistance of the United States in the collection of customs revenues of the Dominican Republic, and that "The Dominican Republic has requested the United States to give and the United States is willing to give such assistance." The Convention therefore provided that the President of the United States shall appoint a general receiver of Dominican customs who shall collect all the customs duties in the custom-houses of Santo Domingo until the payment or redemption of the entire bond issue, and shall make specified payments to the fiscal agent of the loan and pay over the balance to the Dominican Government. The Dominican Government agreed to give the general receiver and his assistants all needful aid and the United States undertook to furnish them such protection as it might find was required for the performance of their duties. Further, the convention stipulated that until the payment of the full amount of the bonds, the Dominican Republic was not to increase its public debt or modify the import duties except by previous agreement with the United States.

President Roosevelt was more than satisfied with the way in which Mr. Bacon had handled the Dominican difficulty with Señor Valasquez, Minister of Finance of that Republic. Under date of July 21, 1906, he wrote:

DEAR BOB:

That is first class. Please in my name congratulate Señor Velasquez and say how delighted I am. . . .

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The financial readjustment and the Convention of 1907 have been of inestimable benefit to the Dominican Republic. Their full significance is not yet realized.

THE PORTO RICAN CHURCH PROPERTY SETTLEMENT

The question of the Church lands in Porto Rico may be properly mentioned in this connection, although the settlement was not made during Mr. Root's absence in South America, but in the summer of 1908, when Mr. Bacon was again Acting Secretary.

The Roman Catholic Church had been from time immemorial established in Spain, and Church and State were united in the Spanish possessions beyond the Peninsula. Church and State are separate bodies in the United States, and it was necessary to disestablish the Church in the Philippines and Porto Rico if the American scheme of things was to exist in the insular possessions. Secretary of War Taft had in coöperation with Secretary of State Root adjusted the claims of the Church properties in the Philippines. These questions had likewise been settled in Cuba. They were still outstanding in Porto Rico.

Mr. Régis H. Post, Governor of Porto Rico at the time, has put the matter in its proper light in a few paragraphs:

When the United States acquired Porto Rico, the buildings and small parcels of lands scattered through the Island, and from whose taxes salaries of the priests and Church subsidies were paid, were taken possession of by the United States Government. . . .

On cessation of these payments the Church asserted its claim to the title to the buildings and lands. . . .

The situation was most annoying and embarrassing to the Roman Catholic Church in Porto Rico. Suddenly deprived of all revenue from the government it was obliged to appeal to its parishioners for support, and they were not only bitterly poor, but had always regarded the Church as a government institution like the police or fire department, and could not bring themselves to the point of contributing generously for its support. As a matter of fact, the Church was in bitter need of ready money.

In the spring of 1908, while I was on a visit to Washington, President Roosevelt asked me if there was not some way in which we could properly settle these cases out of court, to the advantage of both the Government and the Church. . . . The suggestion of a commission to represent the Island, the United States Government, and the Church . . . met the President's approval, and he appointed Mr. Bacon, Assistant Secretary of State, and Major McIntyre,

Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, to represent the United States. The Attorney General of Porto Rico and the Speaker of the House of Delegates represented the Island and the Vicar General of the Island and the Attorney for the Church, Señor Juan Hernández López, represented the Church.

This commission met in the governor's residence in San Juan and sat for about three days. Mr. Bacon quickly took the lead and by his frank and businesslike method of conducting the discussions, carried the negotiations at once from petty haggling over details to a broad ground of settlement. He clearly demonstrated to all parties the simple fact that the two governments wanted the buildings and the Church decidedly did not; and that the Church did want cash of which both governments had plenty. Therefore, the question was what amount was proper to fix.

Again, with perfectly good manners and with the charm which he could exert so effectively, he "gentled" the representative of the Church from a somewhat optimistic idea of the value of the property, and shamed the representatives of the Insular Government out of an equally pessimistic opinion thereof, with the result that a cash payment to the Church was decided upon that was satisfactory to all.

A word or two may be said to supplement Mr. Post's interesting account.

As the bonds which were given to the Church when its property was taken over by the Spanish authorities long before the acquisition of the island by the United States had not been paid, the Church maintained that it was entitled to the property for which they were given. This contention was sustained by the Supreme Court of Porto Rico.¹ The Supreme Court of the United States likewise sustained this contention on appeal in another case involving the same issue.²

The property involved was the Convent of Santo Domingo and the Ballajá Barracks occupied by the United States, in the Municipality of Ponce, named after the first Governor of Porto Rico, the famous Ponce de León, who later lost his life searching for that will o' the wisp, the Fountain of Youth. The Church being entitled to this property, there was nothing

¹*The Roman Catholic Apostolic Church v. The People in Porto Rico* (1906), II *Porto Rico Reports*, 466.

²*Municipality of Ponce v. Roman Catholic Apostolic Church in Porto Rico* (1908), 210 *United States Reports*, 296.

for the United States to do but to surrender possession or to offer a fair sum of money, in the nature of a purchase, to the Church. Mr. Bacon proposed the latter, which was accepted, and the lands granted to the Dominican Order by Ponce de León himself, in the early and romantic days of American history, became the lawful property of the United States, for the paltry sum of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The people of Porto Rico paid the Church one hundred and eighty thousand dollars for certain properties in possession of the Insular authorities; other properties were returned to the Church, and the Church itself relinquished other claims.

The peculiar feature of the settlement was that all parties concerned were under the impression that they had made an excellent bargain. The law of the Porto Rican Assembly ratifying the settlement, approved in the fall of 1908, is almost exultant in tone.

The agreement received President Roosevelt's "entire approval"; the Congress of the United States saw "the great importance of the matter," and upon President Roosevelt's request made the necessary appropriations. The Vatican likewise approved the compromise. Mr. Bacon had settled out of court a most annoying and vexatious question, to the satisfaction of everyone, upon the basis of "kindly consideration and honourable obligation."

THE PANAMA AFFAIR

There was another matter outstanding, which Mr. Root wanted, if possible, to settle during President Roosevelt's administration. This was the bitter resentment in Colombia over the recognition of Panama by the United States after the Panama Revolution of November 3, 1903, and the building of the Canal under title derived from the new Panamanian Republic.

On his return from South America in September, 1906, Mr. Root visited Carthagená to meet Mr. Vasquez-Cobo, the Colombian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had come from Bogotá for that purpose, and they then agreed upon a basis of negotiation which was satisfactory to the Government of Colombia. The result was a tripartite agreement

known as the Ship Canal agreement, signed at Washington, January 9, 1909. This consisted of three separate treaties. The first was between Colombia and the United States, the second was between Panama and the United States, and the third was between Colombia and Panama.



Theodore Roosevelt
 Charles D. Connelley
 Elihu Root
 William H. Taft
 Mr. Bacon
 John D. Long
 William C. Clegg
 Mr. [unclear]
 Mr. [unclear]

THE CABINET

During the Roosevelt Administration, with Mr. Bacon as Secretary of State

Thodore Roosevelt

CONSIDERED AND THIS SUBJECT ESTABLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, GRANTING:

[Faint handwritten notes, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.]

Robert Bacon

An Testimony inherited.

James Russell

CERTIFICATE OF THE "TEXAS CABINET,"

Given by James R. Garfield at a farewell lunch to President Roosevelt

CHAPTER IX

SECRETARY OF STATE

LESS than three weeks after the signing of the treaties with Panama and Colombia, Mr. Root had resigned the Secretaryship of State, and was succeeded as Secretary, on January 27th, by Mr. Bacon, who served during the rest of President Roosevelt's administration.

On taking leave of his associates in the Department of State Mr. Root said:

"It is a source of great regret for me to lay down this work. There are many things I would like to go on with, but circumstances, quite apart from the official duties, made it necessary that I should make a change. . . . It is a cause of great satisfaction to me that I shall be succeeded for a time by so loyal and true a friend as Mr. Bacon . . ."

Mr. Root had expressed regret that he was unable to continue. He did continue, in the person of his "loyal and true" friend, Mr. Bacon, who regarded it as his first and greatest duty to carry to completion the projects which Mr. Root had begun and was unable to finish.

Through Mr. Bacon's deep interest and urgent personal appeals the Senate advised and consented, on February 24, 1909, to the treaty between Colombia and the United States. The Senate was harder to move in the second of the treaties, that between Panama and the United States. It yielded, although reluctantly, to Mr. Bacon's insistence and earnestness, for he was convinced that the ratification of this treaty as well as the other was in the interest of the United States and of a trustful Pan-Americanism. He felt, and rightly, that if Colombia should fail to ratify the treaties, the United States would be credited with an attempt to clear up the situation as a matter of policy, if for no higher reason.

The treaty between Panama and the United States was

advised and consented to by the Senate, March 3, 1909, one day before the close of Mr. Roosevelt's administration. Colombia, however, would have none of the treaties. Minister Enrique Cortes, who had been transferred from London to Washington in order to negotiate directly with Mr. Root, had persuaded President Reyes, of Colombia, to conclude these various treaties. President Reyes, however, could not persuade his Government. The request to ratify the treaties caused an outbreak; the outbreak developed into a revolution; President Reyes' government was overthrown, he fled the country, and died an exile.

These agreements would have cleared up the entire situation. They would have restored friendly relations between Colombia and the United States; they would have defined the relations between Panama and the United States, and they would have put an end to the strained relations between Colombia and Panama. However, the Panama muddle was, it is to be hoped, settled by a treaty between Colombia and the United States concluded April 6, 1914, advised and consented to by the Senate, with sundry modifications, April 20, 1921. It was ratified by Colombia, March 1, 1922, and ratifications were exchanged on the same date. By this treaty the United States undertakes to pay Colombia the sum of twenty-five million dollars.

No American would have been more pleased than Mr. Bacon, although he would undoubtedly have preferred the earlier treaties, which cleared up the entire situation, not merely the relation of the United States to Colombia, but also the relations of each of the three contracting countries to one another. Three bites to a cherry are better than none, and, as President Lincoln has said, "Nothing is settled until it is settled right."

A PERMANENT COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE

A conference of the representatives of ten naval powers, including the United States, met in London in the month of December, 1908, and adjourned in the last week of February, 1909, during Mr. Bacon's tenure of the Secretaryship of State. It was called to agree upon the rules of law to be applied by the International Prize Court which had been adopted by the

Second Hague Conference. Great Britain was unwilling or unable to be a party to its establishment without an agreement upon the law to be administered by the judges in the determination of prize cases which might be referred to the Court from the different countries, for its decision. An agreement was reached upon these principles, and they were embodied in the so-called Declaration of London.

The Declaration of London proved unsatisfactory to Great Britain. It was not ratified by that power, and neither the Declaration of Prize Law nor the Prize Court has come into being.

During the course of the Conference at London, Mr. Bacon instructed the American delegates to make a proposal to invest the Prize Court with the jurisdiction of a permanent court of international justice. Sir Edward Grey, then His Majesty's Principal Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was won over by Mr. Bacon's enthusiasm, and urgent appeals to accept the proposal, but the Conference was not. It believed that its mandate was limited to supplying the law for the Prize Court, and not to enlarging its jurisdiction. Some of its members, inclined to lend a helping hand, suggested that the method of appointing the judges of the Prize Court could be adopted for that of the Court of Arbitral Justice, to use the name of this institution recommended by the Second Hague Peace Conference. In this way, each Court would be created and each would act within the sphere marked out for it by the Peace Conference.

Mr. Bacon seized upon the idea and informed the Powers taking part in the Naval Conference that a circular note would be shortly sent by the Department of State advocating this method of appointing the judges for the first Permanent Court of International Justice which the nations of the world had had the wisdom and foresight to propose.

An instruction to this effect, to Ambassador Reid, signed on the fifth day of March, at nine o'clock in the morning, and a moment before his successor took office, was the last official document to which Mr. Bacon put his hand as Secretary of State. It was in the form of a cable:

You will again convey to Sir Edward Grey this Government's high appreciation of his attitude toward investing the Prize Court with jurisdiction of [the] Court of Arbitral Justice. . . .

You will inform Sir Edward that this Government will, upon receipt of the texts of the Conference, send an identic circular note to each of the participating powers. . . .

The note will also show the advisability of investing the Prize Court with the jurisdiction and functions of a Court of Arbitral Justice in order that international law may be administered and justice done in peace as well as in war by a permanent international tribunal. . . .

It is not [the] intention of this Government to use pressure of any kind to secure acceptance of its views, but the United States feels that . . . creating [a] permanent court of arbitration would contribute in the greatest possible manner to the cause of judicial and therefore peaceable settlement of international difficulties.

The circular notes were sent by Secretary Knox and negotiations were undertaken which, but for the outbreak of the World War, would, it is believed, have resulted in the establishment of the Court of Arbitral Justice as a separate institution. The project, however, survived the war. The Court was constituted in 1921, and it was formally opened and installed in the Peace Palace of The Hague on June 15, 1922.

It was proposed by Mr. Root in his introduction to the American delegates at the Second Hague Peace Conference and its constitution in 1921 was largely due to Mr. Root's tact, wisdom, and personal efforts.

THE CONFERENCE FOR THE CONSERVATION OF NATURAL RESOURCES

Mr. Bacon was an enthusiast for the conservation of natural resources. He was therefore properly appointed a delegate to a conservation conference, which met in Washington, February, 1909, to which Canada and Mexico were invited. It was suggested "that all Nations be invited to join together in Conference on the subject of world resources, and their inventory, conservation, and wise utilization."¹ This recommendation did not fall upon deaf ears. President Roosevelt forthwith directed Secretary Bacon to instruct American diplomatic agents to invite the Governments to which they were respectively accredited, and in accord with the Government of Holland,

¹*Senate Document No. 742, 60th Congress, 2nd Session.*

To send delegates to a conference to be held at The Hague at such date as may be found convenient, there to meet and consult the like delegates of the other countries, with a view to considering a general plan for an inventory of the natural resources of the world and to devising a uniform scheme for the expression of the results of such inventory to the end that there may be a general understanding and appreciation of the world's supply of the material elements which underlie the development of civilization and the welfare of the peoples of the earth.¹

The advantages to accrue to each nation, and therefore to all the nations, from the conservation of natural resources, Mr. Bacon thus stated:

It would be appropriate also for the Conference to consider the general phases of the correlated problem of checking and, when possible, repairing the injuries caused by the waste and destruction of natural resources and utilities, and make recommendations in the interest of their conservation, development, and replenishment.

With such a world inventory and such recommendations the various producing countries of the whole world would be in a better position to coöperate, each for its own good and all for the good of all, toward the safeguarding and betterment of their common means of support. As was said in the preliminary Aide-Mémoire of January 6th:

"The people of the whole world are interested in the natural resources of the whole world, benefited by their conservation and injured by their destruction. The people of every country are interested in the supply of food and of material for manufacture in every other country, not only because these are interchangeable through processes of trade, but because a knowledge of the total supply is necessary to the intelligent treatment of each nation's share of the supply."

Nor is this all. A knowledge of the continuance and stability of perennial and renewable resources is no less important to the world than a knowledge of the quantity or the term remaining for the enjoyment of those resources which when consumed are irreplaceable. As to all the great natural sources of national welfare, the peoples of to-day hold the earth in trust for the peoples to come after them. Reading the lessons of the past aright, it would be for such a conference to look beyond the present to the future.

¹Letter of Alvey A. Adee, Acting Secretary of State to Certain Diplomatic Officers Abroad, February 19, 1909. *Foreign Relations, 1909*, pp. 1, 2.

President Roosevelt's administration was drawing to its close, and Mr. Bacon was no longer to be in the Department of State to urge the call of the Conference. A new administration has new policies and many a good suggestion of the old slumbers, if it does not die, in the change. But ideas survive and have a habit of making their way to the surface. It cannot be doubted that the movement for the conservation of natural resources will take visible form and shape, after the loss and destruction of the World War, and some day, when the world has grown wiser as the result of bitter experience, Mr. Bacon's conference will sit at The Hague, or elsewhere, to conserve what is left of this world's neglected and wasted resources.

With the 6th of March, 1909, Mr. Bacon's successor entered upon the performance of his duties. And he to whom Mr. Bacon referred as "my master, Elihu Root", wrote under date of March 31, 1909:

MY DEAR ROBERT:

Until to-night I have not permitted myself to realize that you are to leave Washington, and I feel as if I were marooned on a desert island.

It is hard for men to express to each other such feelings as I have about our association during these crowded and happy years of service in the State Department. You have proved yourself far more able and forceful than I had dared to hope—possessed of courage to take responsibility and conduct great affairs without flinching or loss of judgment or nerve—competent to fill any post of government with distinction and success. More than that, you have had the imagination to realize the ultimate objects of policy, and tireless energy and enthusiasm and self-devotion in pressing towards those objects, and your brave-hearted cheerfulness and power of friendship and steadfast loyalty have been noble and beautiful.

I am sure you have a still more distinguished career before you for all who love you to rejoice in.

PART V

THE MISSION TO FRANCE

In a comparison of this with other countries we have the proof of primacy, which was given to Themistocles after the battle of Salamis. Every general voted to himself the first reward of valour, and the second to Themistocles. So ask the travelled inhabitant of any nation, In what country on earth would you rather live?—Certainly in my own, where are all my friends, my relations, and the earliest & sweetest affections and recollections of my life. Which would be your second choice? France.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

*Afin qu'on dise un jour, selon mon espérance;
Tout homme a deux pays, le sien et puis la France!*

HENRI DE BORNIER, "*La Fille de Roland*."

CHAPTER X

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

THE first step in "a still more distinguished career" was Mr. Bacon's appointment as American Ambassador to France, in December, 1910. His selection was gratifying alike to his friends and to the public. The following clipping from a well-known weekly voices, I believe, the general opinion:

Last week President Taft sent to the Senate the names of three appointees as ambassadors. . . . The appointees were promptly confirmed. First on the list was the name of Hon. Robert Bacon . . . an admirable appointment. At a time when the question of our tariff relations with France is pressing we are sending thither a representative who, as former member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. and later as Assistant Secretary and Secretary of State, has had valuable experience in business and in diplomacy. Personally a singularly winsome man and with a character of rare fidelity and conscientiousness, Mr. Bacon may be depended on to repeat the successes of his immediate predecessors as Ambassadors, General Horace Porter and Mr. Henry White. So admirable was the last named in this and other positions that the announcement of a change in our representation at Paris came as a surprise which was turned into a disappointment when it was disclosed that Mr. White was not to be promoted to London but was to be retired from a service in which he had shown remarkable efficiency for a quarter of a century.

Mr. White and Mr. Bacon represent thoroughly simplicity, straightforwardness, sincerity, breadth of vision, and grasp of detail.¹

There was nothing eventful in Mr. Bacon's ambassadorship. The relations between France and the United States are proverbially friendly, and the ambassador is a success if matters go on as before his arrival. Mr. Bacon continued the great traditions, as Mr. White had done before him. The personality of the new ambassador, his unusual charm of manner, his knowledge of France and of things French, his

¹*The Outlook*, January 1, 1910, vol. 94, no. 1, p. 5.

admiration of its people consistent with respect and sympathy for other countries and peoples, quickly won for him the esteem of not only the French officials, and all classes of the people of France, but also the confidence, respect, and friendship of his colleagues of the diplomatic corps.

In addition to all this, Mr. Bacon made an individual and personal appeal to all classes. His love of and participation in sports appealed to their imagination. They liked to see an ambassador who could play polo or who could ride with the youngest of them in hunting. The French cavalry officer of his day was known as among the best riders of the world, and the French, proud of their own superiority in the field, appreciated the capability of the American representative.

THE PARIS FLOOD

Mr. Bacon had barely presented his credentials as ambassador, and entered upon his duties, when an opportunity of rendering service and of showing sympathy to the people of Paris presented itself. The Seine had been rising. The stream was swollen from the mass of waters reaching it above Paris; it was overflowing its banks and flooding the portions of the city in the neighbourhood of the river; ordinarily winding its way peaceably to the Channel, it was now moving with the force and destructiveness of a torrent. The last week of January and the first half of February were trying and dangerous. Paris had had floods before, but the men and women then living had not experienced any of such magnitude. One there had been in 1740, during the reign of Louis XV, and another under the Consulate, soon to be the Empire, of the Great Napoleon. They were much alike, as shown by the maps of the three printed in *L'Illustration* during the flood. "The same quarters," *L'Illustration* recalled, "are to-day covered by water; in the same streets the cellars of the houses are inundated, but then there was no metropolitan [underground electric railway] drowned; no lines of railroads submerged, no gas mains broken, no electric and telephone wires cut."¹

Many of the inhabitants of houses in the flood regions escaped by boats from the upper stories, got under cover in

¹*L'Illustration*, January 29, 1910, Tome 135, p. 88.

other houses, if they were fortunate enough to be taken in, or fled to other portions of the city. Business was at a standstill in the invaded districts, boats threaded the streets in lieu of cabs and trams, and in the photographs of the time, the city wore in part the aspect of Venice except for the evidences of destruction and desertion which abounded.

But although communication within was impeded, without, the world was kept in touch, and nowhere was sympathy more marked than in the United States and in the American Colony in Paris.

On January 29th, Mr. Bacon cabled the Department of State:

Before receipt of yours, January 27, 2 P. M., I succeeded with much difficulty this morning calling Foreign Office, which practically evacuated on account of flood. Expressed deep sympathy of United States Government and people for dreadful calamities caused by flood, and asked if perfectly agreeable to French Government to receive contributions in aid of sufferers from American citizens, from whom I have received many offers by cable . . . Was assured such funds would be gratefully received and should be transmitted through Embassy to French Government.¹

The next day, the 29th, the American Chamber of Commerce at Paris called a meeting of all Americans in the city. Mr. Bacon was requested to preside at the meeting, and did so. In the course of his opening remarks, he said:

I am assured that contributions from Americans in all parts of the world, or from anybody else, will be very gratefully received. There are many ways of contributing. The object of this meeting is not to suggest to anybody how contributions should be made, but, as the President will tell you, on their behalf, the Chamber of Commerce is ready to do anything it can to transmit any subscriptions, however small or large, direct to the Government of France, because it seems most advisable that our contributions should be made through the Government, leaving it for them to decide by what agencies or channels the distribution is to be made.

The French Government assured prospective contributors that their funds would be distributed as they wished, their

¹ See, *Foreign Relations of the United States*, 1910, p. 508.

wishes to be specified through the medium of the American Ambassador.

In a memorandum on the American Relief Fund, it is stated, confirming and elaborating the brief quotation from *L'Illustration*, that,

The damage and destitution caused within the city were particularly severe since the rising water not only actually overflowed its narrow artificial channel, but also backed up the sewer mains, crippling the drainage system of the city, stopped electrical power plants, and suspended traffic on the metropolitan and surface tramways. Several thousands of the inhabitants of Paris were rendered temporarily homeless, cut off from their customary food supplies, and, in many cases, deprived of former wage-earning. . . .

The spontaneity and promptness with which aid was offered were particularly appreciated by the French Government and people at a time when, partly on account of what had appeared an impending tariff war, public opinion in France seemed to be losing its traditional cordiality toward America.

The effect on Mr. Bacon's position as ambassador in the early days of his mission put at his disposition a capital of good will upon which he could draw, as circumstances suggested or required.

In a letter of February 19th to Mr. Bacon about the arrangements for Colonel Roosevelt's impending visit to Paris, Ambassador Jusserand said:

You did not need any outward circumstance to become at once popular in Paris. But if you had, the inundations were the sort of things to make you so. We know what you can do in waters [referring humorously to the swimming bouts in the Potomac, with Colonel Roosevelt and his intimates, of whom the French Ambassador and Mr. Bacon were in the first rank] and you were up to your best mark. All reports about you and Mrs. Bacon . . . agree and it is all praise, friendship, and sympathy.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S VISIT

An interesting, indeed a spectacular event of Mr. Bacon's embassy was the visit of Ex-President Roosevelt, the lion hunter, fresh from Africa, himself the greatest "lion" of them all. Mr. Roosevelt stayed at the Embassy. His address at

the Sorbonne, advising the French to have bigger families in the future, went off well, and the French people cheered themselves hoarse over "Teddie," as they called him. The visit was a success, a pleasure to Mr. Roosevelt, and a comfort to Mr. Bacon, as ambassadors sometimes have a hard time of it with their distinguished countrymen who honour foreign capitals with their presence. Rarely are they as distinguished abroad as at home—a fact which must be concealed from them. The foreign officials must be impressed with the claims of the visitor, without raising a suspicion that they do not know—as they generally do not—the services of the stranger within their gates. But with Mr. Roosevelt there was no need of preparation of this kind; the only danger was that he should be roughly handled by the crowds which gathered wherever he went and threatened to kill him with kindness.

The Colonel had made up his mind to visit the wilds of Africa on a hunting and scientific trip. He carried out his plan to the letter, and for months the voice that filled the world was quiet. He enjoyed himself, however. Big game abounded, which he and his party "bagged", and the specimens sent home and to-day exhibited in the Smithsonian Institution would alone have justified the trip, if other reasons had been wanting. From time to time there was news of his movements, and as he was to strike the Nile and return to civilization through Egypt, the countries of Europe vied in friendly rivalry for a visit from the mighty hunter and the world-renowned statesman.

For the week April 21-28, 1910, to be spent in France, the Colonel naturally looked to the American Ambassador in Paris, and to the French Ambassador in Washington, M. Jusserand, who was to leave his post and greet him on the banks of the Seine. These two diplomats planned a week which would have been fatal to one less sturdy and determined than the Colonel.

Mr. Bacon received a characteristic letter, dated "*On Safari*, Nov. 25th, 1909",

The enclosed explain themselves; I have referred the writers to you and Jusserand; in all these matters I will do whatever you and Jusserand say—I include good Jusserand because it was he who got me to accept the Sorbonne invitation.

Moreover the pastor of the American church in Paris, a very good fellow, has written me on the same subject. Now, may I bother you by asking you to get him to call on you to talk it over? I do not want to write him what I want you to ask him. I heartily believe in the Y. M. C. A. work; the request [to address them] appeals to me strongly; but I must not accept a request from a factious or sectarian body. The French people who have any religion are overwhelming Catholic; and I ought not to accept unless this Paris Y. M. C. A. is predominantly Catholic—of course. I hope there are Protestants in it, too. Can you write on this point to Jusserand? . . .

In the end the invitation was refused. The Colonel's later experience in Rome doubtless convinced him as to the wisdom of the decision.

The rest of the letter deals with the disappointments incident to large, or, for that matter, to small, game,

Yesterday I missed a lion, and am covered with shame as with a garment. Two days ago I saw one of the finest sights any one can see: the Nandi warriors killed a lion with their spears, two of them being mauled. . . .

I have killed some elephants for Fair Osborn's American Museum.¹

In a few lines from Gondokoro, dated February 27, 1910, he again wrote Mr. Bacon—first of the visit, and then of a riding accident which Mr. Bacon had suffered, on the eve of his departure for Paris. The news of it had reached Mr. Roosevelt in Africa.

Now, thanks to the desires of the Kaiser, the King, the Nobel Prize people,² I may have to arrive in Paris about April 20th; I'll wire you from Khartoum or Cairo. . . .

I look forward eagerly, my dear Bob, to being your guest; but I am greatly concerned to hear of your accident. But you take such chances that I wasn't surprised; I hope, but I don't believe that it will

¹The person thus affectionately addressed was his friend, Henry Fairfield Osborn, a distinguished paleontologist, and President of the Board of Trustees of the American Museum of Natural History, in the City of New York.

²The peace prize, one of five created by Alfred Nobel (1833-1896), a distinguished Swedish scientist and the inventor of dynamite, was to be awarded annually to the person who had done the most to advance the cause of peace. On December 10, 1906, the Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Parliament awarded the peace prize to President Roosevelt.

make you more cautious. *You* run more risks at home than I run in Africa.

Later, from the White Nile, March 10th, the Colonel recurred to the accident, saying,

You must have had a *very* severe fall. Poor Mrs. Bacon! With such a devil-may-care husband! I am glad *my* wife hasn't such fears to undergo. But I am also glad that my boy Kermit has shown a good deal of what I may call the Bacon spirit (of the father and sons) here in Africa.

Pending information regarding his plans, he himself voiced his preferences in a note of March 11th:

Of course I shall not make a single public speech save at the Sorbonne. . . . I should like to lunch with Coubertin;¹ and I should like very much to meet at informal (and therefore rather small) dinners, anywhere, such men as Deschanel,² Hanotaux,³ etc. How big is the "Société des Conférences?" I should greatly like to meet such men as Michel⁴ and René Bazin,⁵ where I could talk *with* them,

¹Baron Pierre de Coubertin (1863-), French *littérateur*, and deeply interested in international and popular sports. Among some of his writings are *L'Education en Angleterre*; *Universités transatlantiques*; *Souvenirs d'Amérique et de Grèce*; *L'Evolution française sous la III^e République*, and *l'education des Adolescents au XX^e Siecle* (3 volumes).

Colonel Roosevelt was probably more drawn to him because of his interest in sports, manifested in his *la Gymnastique utilitaire*; *Essais de Psychologie Sportive*; and still more by the fact that he was the founder of the Olympic Games (1894) and president of the International Olympic Committee.

²Paul Deschanel (1856-1922), Member of the French Academy, repeatedly President of the Chamber of Deputies, President of France for a few months in 1920, when he was unfortunately obliged to resign because of ill health. Famous as an orator, he also has a number of books to his credit, among which may be mentioned *Figures de Femmes* (1889), *Figures littéraires* (1889), and *Gambetta* (1920).

³Gabriel Hanotaux (1853-), Member of the French Academy; French statesman and man of letters. Minister of Foreign Affairs, with but a slight interruption, from 1894 to 1898, developing the *rapprochement* of France with Russia. As an historian he is best known for his *Histoire du Cardinal de Richelieu* (2 vols., 1888); *Histoire de la Troisième République* (1904, et seq.). He is editor of the elaborate *Histoire de la Nation française* (17 volumes; vol. i appeared in 1920).

⁴André Paul Michel (1853-), Member of the Institute of France; Director of National Museums; Professor at the École du Louvre; a distinguished art critic and author, especially of *Histoire générale de l'art depuis les temps chrétiens*, in course of publication since 1905.

⁵René Bazin (1853-), Member of the French Academy, man of letters; especially noted as a novelist of great charm and delicacy. *Une tache d'encre* (1888); *La Terre qui meurt*; *Croquis de France et d'Orient* (1899), etc., etc.

and not make a foolish speech *at* them. I must get time to see the Louvre.

In a letter of April 5th, from Rome, he begged his social managers to give him "an hour or two at the Louvre sometime," and promised them, to quote his own words, "I shall keep clear of the Rubens gallery, which I loathe, but there are some of the pictures which I must see."

To recur to his letter from the White Nile:

Am I expected to dine with my fellow members of the Institut?¹

Of course I shall be glad to [do] so, if, as I gather from Jusserand, it is expected of me.

Aside from the Sorbonne, the Institut affair, and the President's dinner, if he wishes to give me one, do try to keep my engagements as far as possible informal; let me meet, at your house or elsewhere, the men really worth meeting (including if possible de la Gorce,² the historian . . .) in such fashion that I can talk with them, be they hunters, men of letters, or public men. Do have d'Estournelles [de Constant]³ to see me.

From "Aboard the *Ibis* on the Nile," he wrote, on March 19th: "All right, I will expect to be received by the President Thursday or Friday." This was so that the Colonel should pay his respects to the Chief Magistrate of France, then President Fallières, before showing himself in public. He continued,

Judging from your telegram both the Institut and the Sorbonne will give me some kind of joint or several entertainments on Saturday

¹He had been elected December 18, 1909, a Foreign Associate of the Institut de France, but had not yet taken his seat.

²Pierre de la Gorce (1846-), Member of the French Academy; author of *Histoire de la Seconde Republique Française* (1887), *Histoire du Second Empire* (1896-1905), and *Histoire religieuse de la Revolution* (1909).

³Baron Paul d'Estournelles de Constant (1852-), Deputy and Senator; Representative of France to the Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907. Awarded (with M. Beernaert, Minister of State of Belgium) the Nobel Peace Prize for 1909. It was upon his suggestion that President Roosevelt, in 1902, referred the dispute between Mexico and the United States concerning the Pius Fund of the Californias to the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague. This was the first case to be submitted to that tribunal.

Among his many writings may be mentioned *Les États-Unis d'Amérique* (1913, new edition, 1917); *America and Her Problems* (English translation, 1915, by George A. Raper).



PLACE DES INVALIDES DURING THE FLOOD
Winter of 1910



THE AMERICAN EMBASSY DURING THE FLOOD 1910

—as to the details of which I am totally indifferent. So arrange them to suit yourself. I also understand the President will “entertain” me (ugh! what awful possibilities are embraced in the word “entertain”) some day the following week before Thursday which is the day I leave.

As to the details of the programme, Bob, my wishes are yours. This is a mean way of shoving responsibility on to your shoulders and I know it will cause you anxiety; but upon my word I cannot tell what particular outfits you think I ought to be with; for at least here in Africa I am not as good a judge as you are in Paris.

But although leaving the details of the programme and the “outfits” to Mr. Bacon, he proceeded to state what he would personally like to do in Paris, if he were somewhat of a free agent. These little passages show the Colonel as he really was, and give a better picture of him than description second or third hand. The Colonel continued:

Let me lunch with Coubertin and have informal lunches and dinners with such people as you and Jusserand think I ought to meet. But don't put me down for any public dinners. Don't have me go to any dinner with members of the American Colony (I have not much use for American Colonists in Europe), and so far as possible let me see Mrs. Bacon and you and the rest of your family and the Jusserands privately just as often as you can. That is what I shall really enjoy. I will go anywhere you find my engagements will permit. I want to see the Louvre, Versailles, and a number of other places, and I want to visit certain book shops, so do let me have the mornings and evenings as free from outside interference as possible; so that I can do the attractive things I want, either with you, or with Jusserand, or with my own family, as events may decide. If you think you ought to have the Americans meet me at a reception at the Embassy, why that will be all right, but exercise your own judgment in the matter.

In a second letter of the same date, he said,

I have received your letter of March 8 with enclosures. . . .

Now you ask what I “*really* would like to do.” . . . Personally, I should be very melancholy if I spent an evening at the Opera, but very probably Mrs. Roosevelt would like to go. . . .¹

¹Mr. Roosevelt often said of himself that he knew only two tunes—“Yankee Doodle,” and “Glengarry.” In 1905, at the twenty-fifth reunion of the Harvard Class of 1880 he was asked to lead the procession, with Mr. Bacon, who was Class Marshal, as he had

Now let me know if you think I have not given you a free enough hand or have not been sufficiently explicit. . . .

Colonel Roosevelt could hardly escape a speech in Egypt, through which he was reaching the outer world, and he would have to make an address in England, which he was to visit. In view of the advisory tone of these addresses, the concluding sentence of this letter, written long before the event, is particularly interesting, "To my intense amusement," he said, "the English Government is not only very polite, but most anxious that I shall use a didactic tone, both to their own people and the Egyptians."

The result of the interchange of cables and letters and of numerous conferences with the people in Paris is stated in Mr. Bacon's cable of April 2nd, to "Theodore Roosevelt, American Consulate, Naples,"

Thanks for letters. . . . Entire programme as follows: "Thursday call on President and Madame Fallières who offers box Théâtre Français Thursday evening. Friday visit Invalides, luncheon Coubertin, afternoon Louvre and American Club's dinner President at Elysée. Saturday Institut and Sorbonne. Sunday peace and Jusserand. Monday Carnavalet¹ luncheon Jusserand or Embassy, afternoon Bibliothèque Nationale. Dinner and reception at Embassy, although President offers his box Opera that night. Tuesday Saumur twelve hours, returning eight o'clock time for dinner with General Brugère² and Rochambeau Committee unless you prefer substitute luncheon next day Wednesday before going Versailles; din-

been on the occasion of their graduation. Mr. Bacon chose "Glengarry" as the marching tune, and joyously President Roosevelt stepped forth. Suddenly recognizing the melody, it dawned upon him that it had been chosen for his benefit, and, turning to Mr. Bacon, he exclaimed, "Bob, you chose that!"

¹Musée Carnavalet or Musée Historique de la Ville, contains collections illustrating the history of Paris from the early Roman period, and the French Revolution. It was at one time the Hôtel des Ligneris, and then the Hôtel de Kernevenoy, from which the name of the museum is derived. During the last eighteen years of her life (1677-96) it was the residence of Madame de Sévigné.

²Henri Joseph Brugère (1841-1918). General Brugère was Military Governor of Paris, 1899-1900; Vice-President of the Superior Council of War and Generalissimo (1900-1906). He was placed on the inactive list in 1906. At the outbreak of the World War he was, notwithstanding his advanced age, restored to active service; and in September, 1914, commanded a group of territorial divisions which assisted in stopping the German drive between Amiens and Béthune. Among his numerous military writings is the classical treatise, *la Tactique de l'artillerie*.

ner at Minister Foreign Affairs." Government wishes you lunch Versailles; Government also invites you all be their guests at hotel during your stay Paris but I have declined for you saying you were stopping Embassy. This is all pretty strenuous for you but I don't see how to cut it down and knowing your sense of humour and your pity for me I think you will have to stand it.

A like process went on in all countries visited by the distinguished traveller, and he needed a sense of humour as well as physical courage. These he had in abundance, as appears from his letter of April 5, 1910, written upon receipt of the cable:

Good heavens! But of course I stand pat and accept for everything. I very much doubt, however, whether Mrs. Roosevelt would be able to do all that you fix. For instance, after a day at Saumur I am sure that she cannot go to the Rochambeau Mission dinner if she is asked. But like the elder Mr. Weller's Thanksgiving turkey, I am old and tough, and I will be all right for everything. . . .

Like most things "final" the programme opened and closed until it was over. A letter from the distinguished American novelist, Mrs. Edith Wharton, and a telegram from Mr. Bacon introduced modifications. The Colonel's letter of April 10th deals with these things and an experience at Rome:

The enclosed letter explains itself. Mrs. Wharton certainly has a most attractive set of people whom she wants me to meet, and I should greatly like to meet them at a lunch or a tea.¹ Do tell her how much I should like to meet Victor Bérard² in especial, as I have read with intense delight his great book (barring the Hebrew and Phœnician texts with which it is cheerfully interspersed). I know you have made the programme pretty tight, but do leave enough for me to have a little leeway for such things as this tea at Mrs. Wharton's and for the few things we really ought to see. The day's trip to Saumur was the

¹Mrs. Edith Wharton (1862-). One of the reasons for Mrs. Wharton's "most attractive set of people" was her distinction as a novelist. The best known of her works with which Mr. Roosevelt could have been familiar at the time of his visit to Paris were, *The Valley of Decision* (1902), *The House of Mirth* (1905).

²Victor Bérard (1864-). A distinguished classical scholar and author of many works. Colonel Roosevelt doubtless referred to his two volume work, *Les Phéniciens et l'Odyssée* (1902-1903). Among his more recent are *Humanités et Démocratie; La Serbie; L'Eternelle Allemagne*, and *Un Mensonge de la Science Allemande*.

one thing that I felt a little doubtful about. If you cannot arrange for Mrs. Wharton's proposed lunch or tea, could you not have her and some of her proposed guests at a lunch at your house, or arrange to have Jusserand to have them at lunch if he cared to?

In a postscript in his own hand, he says:

I am pleased that you are doubtful about Saumur; please give it up at once; it would be interesting, but we lack the time. All your other arrangements are excellent; and our real enjoyment depends on our having a little leeway.

I have had an elegant row with the Pope, complicated by a side row with the Methodists, but I think the bulk of the American people are going to take my view; and if they don't, so much the worse for them for I followed the only proper course.¹

The visit was a great success; the address at the Sorbonne was well received by those who heard it, criticised somewhat by those who failed to get in, and by some critics who feel that their mission in life is to criticise. The Colonel was unmoved by their shafts. He said in a letter of August 24th, after reaching home,

I tell you, Bob, I was dead right on the race suicide question. The census returns show that in a decade or two more we shall be alongside of France in this matter. Well, thank heavens! there are still plenty of the really best citizens of the type of Mrs. Bacon and Mrs. Roosevelt! I hope you and I, Bob, are fairly decent citizens, but it is our wives who give us our real cause for pride! And we have very nice children, too!

From Copenhagen, whither he and his party had gone, the Colonel wrote what is sometimes called a bread-and-butter letter, spiced with an amusing incident and a serious view of the future,

Do tell dear Mrs. Bacon that I look back upon my stay in the Embassy at Paris as a perfect oasis, especially the breakfasts. At the

¹To understand this matter it need only be said that Colonel Roosevelt had very properly wanted to pay his respects to the Pope, upon his arrival in Rome. The Holy Father was pleased with this courtesy on the Colonel's part, but imposed the condition that he should not meet the Methodists. The Colonel refused to accept this condition and in the end he saw neither. For his own account of the "elegant row," see Joseph Bucklin Bishop's *Theodore Roosevelt and His Time*, vol. ii (1920), pp. 194-200.

moment, I am writing in anything but a Christian spirit, because our baggage has thoughtfully gone by another train, and I bid fair to turn up at the palace to-night in what is called in Chicago a "business suit." Oh heavens! how I wish I were back at Sagamore Hill! This is a little ungrateful, as I am received everywhere here with as much wild enthusiasm as if I were on a Presidential tour at home; but I have too much to do, and I feel it is all foolishness anyhow, and I would like to be home. Where I have a definite thing to do, such as the lecture at the Sorbonne, why, it is all right; but I have exactly your feeling, that I want to be engaged in some real work, and not in a merely plush breeches form of entertainment.¹

It has been said that Mr. Bacon's problems in arranging a programme for Colonel Roosevelt were duplicated in the other capitals which he honoured with his presence. One example of this may be instanced, as it concerns Mr. Bacon as well as his illustrious countryman.

Colonel Arthur Lee, one of their warmest friends, was trying to do in London what Mr. Bacon had done in Paris. Colonel Lee had written a letter to Mr. Bacon, asking if it would be agreeable if he should run over for a day or two to confer with them. The letter was overlooked in the hurry and bustle of the moment. Colonel Lee tried again:

I hope my letter of the 3rd reached you safely, but not having heard from you further, I am a little anxious lest the somewhat inconsiderate proposal I made, in response to your kind invitation, may

¹Colonel Roosevelt has given an interesting account of his stay in Paris.

"From Vienna I went to Paris, where I joined Mrs. Roosevelt at the Bacons'. Bacon, old college friend of mine, was then, and is now [1911], Ambassador to Paris. He and his wife are dear people, and staying with them was an oasis in a desert of hurry and confusion. I thoroughly enjoyed my visit to Paris, but by the end I began to feel jaded. Jusserand had come across the ocean to meet me. We are very fond of him. Frenchmen, thank heavens! do understand a liking for the things in life that are most interesting . . ."

Besides various formal functions such as dinner and receptions by the municipal government and by the Institute (of which I had been made a member and where, by the way, I genuinely enjoyed myself), I was also given two or three private breakfasts and dinners at which I met Briand, and various other members of the Government, and the Opposition, in intimate and informal fashion. These I especially liked. In France I also met a number of men of letters whom I had really wished to see, men like Victor Berard and De la Gorce and Boutrous. What a charming man a charming Frenchman is!" [Colonel Roosevelt to the Right Honourable Sir George Trevelyan, Bart. Letter written from Sagamore Hill, October 1, 1911. Contained in Joseph B. Bishop's *Theodore Roosevelt and His Time* (1920), vol. ii, pp. 231-233.]

not have been convenient. I asked if I might come to you for next Saturday night— (23rd) in order to see Roosevelt on the Sunday. But since making that suggestion I have realized how hard driven you must be with the business of his visit—(I have a fellow-feeling about this!) and I am most anxious not to add to your trouble by getting in the way even for an unnecessary moment. At the same time I *must* see Roosevelt as he has now hung up the whole of his English programme until he can go through and revise it with me, and I get almost daily messages from him to this effect.

So I think I must go over to Paris on *Saturday* in any case, arriving there 6.45 P. M. Then unless it should really be *perfectly and entirely convenient* for you to put me up that night I shall go to my usual hotel and not appear until such time on Sunday as Roosevelt can see me. Please understand that I suggest this alternative solely out of sympathy with your troubles which must be crowding thick and fast upon you as the tornado approaches! So I really count upon you to tell me, without hesitation, which plan will suit your convenience best.

In any event, of course, please count me out of any entertainment or function on Saturday evening, as I should be of no use to any one there, and probably miserable into the bargain as my French is not even up to the standard of "Stratford-atte-Bowe."

Please don't bother to write—a brief wire addressed "Optimistic, London" is all that is necessary.

On this letter, Mr. Bacon wrote in pencil, "Come by all means on Saturday as proposed." The "Optimistic" telegram was doubtless sent, as Colonel Lee—destined to become the Right Honourable Viscount Lee of Fareham, after serving as First Lord of the Admiralty in Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet—was put up that night in the Embassy, already filled to overflowing.

With Colonel Lee came the distinguished portrait painter, de Laszló, Hungarian by birth but British by naturalization. And notwithstanding the "final" programme, de Laszló actually painted Colonel Roosevelt, the guest, and Mr. Bacon, the host. The portrait of Colonel Roosevelt, painted during hurried sittings in the early morning hours, before Paris was up and around, shows him worn and haggard, as he came from the wilds of Africa. Mr. Bacon's portrait shows the strain of worry and anxiety of those days, but it is Mr. Bacon as his family and friends knew him, and is the one chosen for Harvard University. Of the two men, de Laszló wrote, in August, 1921:

Never shall I forget the hours I had the pleasure to spend in the late Robert Bacon's company. It was during the few days when the late President Roosevelt stayed in Paris with him. He had just returned from his glorious days in the various countries and Paris was thrilled with Roosevelt. It was then that I painted both the heads of Robert Bacon and, for him, Roosevelt. In the festival atmosphere of the American Embassy I had the sitting of the spontaneous, volcanic Roosevelt, and the distinguished Robert Bacon. . . .

I love, as a portrait painter and a man, to think of Robert Bacon. He was the manifestation of a noble gentleman with a great heart and a great soul; beloved by everyone who came into contact with him, the most popular representative of his great country. . . .

I am proud to have had the opportunity of painting him and that the replica of my portrait of him will hang on the walls of Harvard University as an example of one of America's greatest citizens.

CHAPTER XI

THE "FRIEND OF FRANCE"

THE BAPTISM OF AMERICA

THERE is one incident during his ambassadorship of an official kind and yet of a personal nature which touched Mr. Bacon deeply at the time, and later during the stirring days of the war, and reveals the lasting impression which Mr. Bacon made upon the people of France.

The little city of Saint-Dié has a special interest for Americans, for in that place, in 1507, the name of America was given by a group of scholars to the New World. Four hundred years later the inhabitants of Saint-Dié decided to celebrate on July 16, 1911, the baptism of America. It had happened in this way.

A few years after the discovery of the West Indies by Columbus, one Amerigo Vespucci, if his story is to be believed, reached the coast of what proved to be a new continent, on June 16, 1497, eight days before John Cabot. Vespucci was in a way the most fortunate of adventurers, for the notoriety, and indeed, the fame that comes from publicity, is his. He has given his name, or, rather, a little group of scholars of Saint-Dié gave it, to the New World. It appears that the French text of one of two letters written by Vespucci describing his achievements had been sent from Lisbon to René II, Duke of Lorraine, a man of light and learning of that time. He turned it over to his chaplain and secretary, Vautrin Lud, who had in mind a collection of the views of the ancients on the subject of geography. He interested two scholars in the project: he sought and obtained the aid of two experts in geography, Mathias Ringmann and Martin Waldseemüller. They were all members of an academy or society called the *Gymnasium Vosgense*, founded by Vautrin Lud and in which he was the leading spirit. A printing press was at hand and installed in the house of Nicolas Lud, the nephew. Everything was ready for the step, which was taken in the little city of Saint-Dié and

in the year 1507. A text of Ptolemy's geography was obtained, Amerigo's two letters had been published by two of their number, Ringmann and Basin. The undertaking was large and costly: it therefore occurred to them to issue a summary or prospectus, as it might be called. This they did under the title of "*Cosmographiæ Introductio*." In this little work, of but a few printed pages, it is said:

Now these parts are rather widely traversed and a fourth part was discovered by Americus Vespucius (which will be learned from that which follows).

This is a statement of fact, and from this fact a conclusion is drawn. "I do not see why any one can rightfully oppose it being termed Amerigo, as if the land of Americus or America, by Americus the discoverer, a man of sagacious genius, since both Europe and Asia drew their names from their mothers."

To quote an English rather than a French writer of authority: "Here we have perhaps the first suggestion in a printed book that the newly discovered fourth part of the world should be called 'America, because Americus discovered it.'"¹

A year later, that is in 1508, a map of the world was issued in Saint-Dié, which bore, for the first time, it is said, the name of America.

The people of Saint-Dié may have known of these things, but they were not impressed with the importance of the incident. With some Americans it was otherwise, and from the agitated new world the tranquil city of Saint-Dié was moved to celebrate the event. This they did the 14th, 15th, and 16th of July, 1911. The occasion was the placing of a plaque in the house which is still standing, in which the introduction to geography was printed, or as it is more figuratively expressed, in which America was "baptised," as stated in the inscription on the plaque:

"Here the 25th of April 1507, in the reign of René II
La *Cosmographiæ Introductio*, in which the New Continent
Received the Name of America, was printed and published by
The members of the *Gymnasium Vosagense*
Gauthier Lud, Nicolas Lud, Jean Basin, Mathias Ringmann
and Martin Waldseemüller."

¹*The Encyclopædia Britannica* (11th ed., 1910), vol. xxvii, Article "Amerigo Vespucci."

The ceremony would have been incomplete without the presence of the American Ambassador. He was there. The occasion was one of those gracious and courteous acts of taste and feeling for which the French are noted. Portraits of Lud Ringmann and Waldseemüller were presented to the Government of the United States through its Ambassador.

In accepting them Mr. Bacon said:

The representative of the United States in France salutes with emotion these statues of Vautrin Lud, Chaplain of King René and the introducer of printing in Saint-Dié, of the erudite Hellenist and Latinist Mathias Ringmann, and of the Cosmographer, Martin Waldseemüller, which you have offered me for my Government. They are the statues of three men whose names are written in inefaceable letters on the threshold of the Continent which was then recently discovered, but which was destined to become the theatre of such rapid and prodigious development that a French poet and thinker can say to-day with reason "The Old World is turning toward the New World."

At the dinner closing the ceremonies at which Mr. Bacon was the guest of honour he spoke more at length, "let himself out," if such an ordinary phrase can be applied to an ambassador extraordinary, and two passages from his address on this occasion found lodgment in the heart and memory of all present:

After French Lorraine had bent over our cradle to give us a name, it was greater France who threw her sword in the balance to give us independence. My presence in your midst is evidence that America does not forget and reserves forever a special place in her affections for the picturesque Vosgean city of Saint-Dié, and for beautiful France. . . .

This old and picturesque City of Saint-Dié, which has to-day extended to me such cordial and touching hospitality, was not only the place which held the baptismal font of the New World, but it was also a notable intellectual centre at a time when intellectual centres were not universal, and it had its share of influence in the great movement of intellectual expansion at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

For you of France, it recalls a brilliant past, of which so many cities in your beautiful country bear witness, a country whose long historic

existence has been so rich in memorable events. For us Americans it evokes memory of a peculiarly unique event, and the image of Saint-Dié, where America received its name, holds a place in our hearts beside that of Versailles, where America contracted with France an indissoluble alliance!¹

Years passed, France and the most civilized nations of Europe found themselves at war with Germany and its Allies, and what the people of Saint-Dié could not have dreamed in 1911 and Mr. Bacon himself could not have foreseen, the America baptised at Saint-Dié in 1507 entered the World War in 1917 on the side of its first and only ally.

A committee of Saint Dié-Amerique, 1507-1917, "organized to celebrate in an adequate manner the entry of America" into the war, prepared a report on this historic event. In its opening paragraphs it quoted from Mr. Bacon's address three paragraphs in which he referred to the special claim which French Lorraine (it is all French to-day) has upon our affection: its meaning to France and the indissoluble alliance which America contracted at Versailles with France. It continued:

In these words Mr. Robert Bacon, Ambassador of the United States, greeted our City on July 16, 1911, the day of the commemoration of the Baptism of America. At that time, Saint-Dié celebrated an historical event too little known throughout the great American nation and even in France. For it was in the town of Saint-Dié, in

¹In his address at Saint-Dié, Mr. Bacon apparently referred to the unwritten alliance of common aim, of common purpose, of common sentiment, due to the participation of France in the independence of the United States.

A written alliance there was, which is usually referred to as contracted at Versailles, although it appears to have been signed at Paris. If Mr. Bacon referred to this, he doubtless had in mind Articles 2 and 11, of the Treaty of February 6, 1778, to which his great predecessor, Benjamin Franklin, had put his hand and seal:

The essential and direct end of the present defensive alliance is to maintain effectually the liberty, sovereignty, and independence absolute and unlimited, of the said United States, as well in matters of government as of commerce. [Article 2.]

The two parties guarantee mutually from the present time and forever against all other powers, to wit: The United States to His Most Christian Majesty, the present possessions of the Crown of France in America, as well as those which it may acquire by the future treaty of peace: And His Most Christian Majesty guarantees on his part to the United States their liberty, sovereignty, and independence, absolute and unlimited, as well in matters of government as commerce . . . the whole as their possessions shall be fixed and assured to the said States, at the moment of the cessation of their present war with England. [Article 11.]

the year 1507, that a Society of scholars, "*Le Gymnase Vosgien*," published a little book *La Cosmographiæ Introductio*, the preface to a new edition of Ptolemy, in which *for the first time the name of America was printed and given to the New World*.

At the festival in honour of this memory, Mr. Robert Bacon, enraptured and deeply touched by the tokens of affectionate sympathy with which he was surrounded, expressed his gratitude in an address which should be quoted in its entirety.

The Report next describes the suffering and devastation which Saint-Dié had endured:

Several years have passed . . . years of suffering and of sorrow for France, brutally attacked and invaded. Saint-Dié suffered the horrors of war—invasion, ruin, pillage, and seventy-six bombardments. The whizzing of the shells disturbed for months the great silence of the mountains, which formerly lent a frame of beautiful serenity to the erudite academy.

The Report then expresses the joy which the entry of America into the war has given to France and especially to Saint-Dié, and chronicles the creation of a committee adequately to commemorate this event, and the steps the committee had already taken:

When several weeks ago America realized that the cause of law and liberty awaited its supreme and decisive act, that the hour had finally come for her to place herself in the ranks of the *Entente*, then a great wave of enthusiasm and hope passed over France. One might have said that a ray of sunlight pierced the storm, and since the people have only one symbol, the flag, by which to voice their joyful faith, the flags of the two sister republics fluttered side by side in countless numbers on both shores of the Atlantic.

At Saint-Dié the sympathy was perhaps still greater. In a spontaneous movement of gratitude and admiration the Municipal Council immediately decided upon the creation of a committee, which by all possible means should endeavour to form an ever-closer bond between the city and the great friendly nation.

Already this Committee has proposed to give American names to the principal streets of the city. Already it has decided to extend hospitality, from time to time, to the heroes of America, in order to acquaint them with the *City of Baptism*. By memorials of its past,

by conferences, by visits to the American and Vosgian Museum, by the distribution of notices and illustrated cards, it will endeavour to stimulate more and more the sentiments of mutual esteem and sympathy.

In order to express its thought more fully, it has also founded a journal, the *Review Saint-Dié-America*, in which the past and present of the city will be set forth, in English and in French, in a limited text, accompanied by numerous illustrations.

Finally, animated by the most generous intentions, the Committee, in spite of its modest resources, will try to prove to the young and valiant American army, and to its leaders, how greatly France is moved at the thought of the struggle in which they are going to engage for a noble cause.

For the Committee:

The President and Secretary General:

Saint-Dié, 1917.

Ch. PECCATTE.

A decree of the Municipal Council of Saint-Dié, dated May 24, 1917, gave the name of America to a street of the city.

The report and the decree were sent to Mr. Bacon as the former Ambassador of the United States, under date of June 1, 1917. At that very moment he was on the high seas as a Major of the United States Army, on his way to France, to make good, as he would have said, "in his humble person," the indissoluble alliance which America contracted with France, in the City of Versailles, in the war for American independence.

During the war and again afterward Mr. Bacon visited the stricken little French town which gave the name of America to the world. It was an experience which touched him deeply. The tranquil, peaceful Saint-Dié before the war was wrecked by numerous bombardments, and its people were scattered. Mr. Bacon took part in the movement to restore the stricken city and he became again in the eyes of the French people the personification of friendship between his country and theirs.

DIPLOMATIC COLLEAGUES

Unless in a crisis, the measure of a diplomat's service to his country is the atmosphere of good will which he creates, which insensibly slides into a friendly feeling, at least of the governing classes, for the country which he represents. How this good

will and friendly feeling are engendered is a secret which each must divine for himself. It cannot be learned in books. It cannot be taught or communicated. It can only come from the man himself. Mr. Bacon did what diplomats ordinarily do: he gave dinners, receptions, musicals, and dances. He complied with all the social standards and requirements. He took an interest in the art of France, and established prizes for the Beaux-Arts; he took an interest in music and literature; he associated with their votaries. He did not restrict himself to any class or classes. He felt that he represented the American people to the people of France; he interested himself in them and tried to understand the problems of France, the life of the people, the spirit of France. But Mr. Bacon regarded his task as larger than that. He represented the United States to the diplomatic corps and their respective peoples. He wanted to make a good impression on his colleagues, not merely because he liked them and wanted to be liked in return, but because their opinions of him might affect the attitude of their respective governments toward the United States. Many instances might be given of his relations to his colleagues. It is common knowledge that during the Russo-Japanese War the sympathy of the American people went out to Japan, which seemed to many to be courting destruction in challenging the redoubtable power of Russia. Whether the Russian people and the Russian Government had cause for offence at this attitude is unimportant in this connection. It is enough to say that the friendly relations between the United States and Russia were henceforward correct in form but unfriendly in fact.

A line from a letter written by Mrs. Bacon at the time states the situation: "The new Russian Ambassador, who, I hear, looks upon us as enemies (because Americans) has arrived, and last night Mr. Bacon dined with . . . to meet him . . . But the impression Mr. B. got from Isvolsky's manner was that it would take all our ingenuity to make a friend of him."¹

¹Alexander Petrovich Isvolsky (1856-1919). After a distinguished diplomatic career he became Minister of Foreign Affairs of Russia (1906), resigning that position four years later to become Russian Ambassador to Paris.

Of him as Minister of Foreign Affairs and as a diplomatist, it is said by a competent authority,

"Slowly he restored the national prestige, for he asserted loyalty to France as the first principle of policy . . . An accomplished man of letters, a competent critic

In the course of time Mr. Isvolsky became one of Mr. Bacon's closest friends, and no foreign diplomat was a more constant caller at the Embassy or a more frequent guest than the distinguished Russian Ambassador.

Mr. Bacon regarded it as his duty not merely to make, but to keep, friends. In Washington, he was on the best of terms with the Latin-American representatives, who looked upon him as almost one of themselves. In Paris, Mr. Bacon convinced them that he was indeed one of them, and they came to share his view, that the American representatives formed, as it were, a group by themselves. They looked upon Mr. Bacon as the elder brother with whom they could advise; his time was always at their service and his house open to them on all occasions.

Their anniversaries were our anniversaries, and ours were theirs. On May 25, 1910, the Argentine Minister celebrated with Parisian colleagues the first hundred years of his country's independence. Mr. Bacon attended and spoke at the gathering: and he spoke from their point of view. The address is one that might have been written by an Argentinean or by a North American domiciled in Buenos Aires, intent upon showing that the principles for which his countrymen stand were shared by the people of Argentina; that although both drew from different sources, the outcome was largely the same, so that it could properly be said that all Americans had a common interest and a common pride in a growth and experience common to all.

We of the north are too prone to discover ourselves to our neighbours to the south and ask them to follow us, instead of attempting to discover in them reasons why we can face the future abreast. Here is the way Mr. Bacon continued his address and developed his point of view:

In no modern nations do we find traditions of independence more deep rooted than in the republics of South America. Long before the Puritan ancestors of the first New England colonists had conceived the religious dissent that led them across the seas in search of liberty

of art, a linguist of rare perfection and charming in manner . . . he was certainly one of the chief diplomatic personages in the reign of the last of the tsars." [*Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. xxxi (12th edition, 1922), p. 595.]

the roots of South American independence are found in those ancient municipalities of Spain which survived invasions of Visigoths and Saracens, keeping alive, in the midst of currents of war and changing sovereignties, the principles of local self-government. In the 14th and 15th centuries, the period of discovery and conquest, Spain was a federation of self-governing communes and provinces whose independence was finally destroyed by the Hapsburgs.

This was the situation from which Mr. Bacon draws consequences not unlike those that flow from traditions in old New England:

When, therefore, in the 16th century, Charles V was stamping out freedom in Spain by military force, the adventurous colonists of Argentina brought with them to America their ancient principles and instincts of individual liberty, intensified by the conviction that the central government was inimical to those principles. Although, therefore, the thirteen colonies in North America, which revolted from England, were first to declare their independence, they were no more anciently nor truly inspired with the principles of freedom than the Spanish-American colonies of South America. The New England farmer who seriously but gladly forsook his plough for his musket in 1776 was brother in spirit to the "gaucho" of the Pampas who followed Belgrano at Tucuman. It is a tribute to our Constitution of 1787 that it should have been taken as their model by the Argentine patriots in the Constitutional Congress, when, on May 1, 1853, they framed the fundamental law of their new Republic.

The event, therefore, which we celebrate here to-day cannot fail to awaken responsive sympathy in all Americans, for the Sister Republics of the Western Hemisphere have shared a similar experience in the declarations of their independence from what were at the time arbitrary and tyrannical European sovereignties, and they stand together to-day for the principle of government by, for, and of the people.

Here is identity without priority, appreciation without condescension; a definite hope for a common future:

Is it not for them to broaden the principles which each has striven to perpetuate within its own borders in the relations of each Republic with its neighbours? Democracy should not be limited by political boundaries; there may be *in sentiment* an International Republic of democratic nations pledged to the same principles, actuated by



COLONEL ROOSEVELT SEEING THE SIGHTS OF PARIS



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Portrait by Laszlo, painted at the American Embassy after his return from Africa

similar motives, and, though mutually emulative and competitive, mutually respecting and supporting.

Modern means of communication and transport, particularly the miraculous achievements of aviation, have made national isolation impossible; it has long since ceased to be desirable. The Republics of North and South America are now as near together in space and time as were the citizens of the same state 75 years ago: it seems most fitting and natural that they should likewise draw together in sentiment.

With increased intercommunication the barriers of mutual ignorance which have in the past separated the nations of America must eventually disappear, and in their place become established bonds of understanding, intelligent fellowship, appreciation, and sympathy.

It has been well said that: "In isolation, men, communities, nations, tend back toward savagery. Repellent differences and dislikes separate them from mankind. In association, similarities and attractions are felt and differences are forgotten. There is so much more good than evil in men that liking comes by knowing."¹ Thus, then, as the ultimate expression of the independence won a hundred years ago, may come the linking together again of governments in an international public opinion mightier than armaments, animated by humanitarian ideals and dedicated to the maintenance of righteous peace.

But enough has been quoted of this address to show how Mr. Bacon reached a hand from the North to the brother of the South, and how he showed himself inspired by similar traditions, an advocate of the same form of government, and hopeful of a common future.

In 1910, 1911, and 1912, Mr. Bacon acted as host to his Latin-American colleagues in France on Washington's birthday. It was natural that he should speak more of the North than the South in the remarks which he made on these occasions. But he made his guests feel that it was a family gathering, because they were sons of America.

Some passages from his address delivered at the first of these luncheons, in 1910, may be given by way of sample. The English text, if Mr. Bacon originally prepared his remarks in English, has been lost, and the reader will have to put up with a somewhat free translation from Mr. Bacon's Spanish copy.

¹"Address at the Dedication of the Building of the Pan-American Union," Washington, D. C., April 26, 1910. *Addresses by Elihu Root, Latin America and the United States* (1917), pp. 231, 233.

"A little more than a year ago, in Washington, it was my privilege," he said, "to bring together the representatives of Latin America at a dinner to celebrate the friendly and personal relations which I had the good fortune to maintain with them in the course of the interesting negotiations concluded by my great master Mr. Root to strengthen day by day the bonds which unite the Republics of the west as veritable sisters inspired by a common desire to obtain a mutual advantage. Then I addressed my guests as fellow citizens, and rightly, given the brotherly nature of our associations. Notwithstanding that more than a year has passed with its changes and vicissitudes, that foregathering seems as if it were a thing of yesterday, and I find it hard to convince myself that the luncheon of to-day is not the continuation of the other which I shall never forget. As I look upon the guests here assembled I do indeed see new faces, but not less kindly, and I feel as on the former occasion, among friends and more than friends—compatriots. I use this phrase with a great and peculiar pleasure, for we are all in very truth loyal children of a common country, nations under the benign stars of political independence and of personal liberty, taught by a common history, proud of the glorious deeds of the heroes and statesmen who have discovered our countries and formed our civilization, and animated by the unalterable purpose to prove ourselves worthy of the name of Americans."

Very briefly, and in passing, he mentions that it is Washington's birthday, that he may unite with the name of Washington the name of the two great founders of Latin-American liberty, San Martín and Bolívar.¹ Then, with characteristic tact, he associates the country, to which they were all accredited, with the occasion:

We are met in a country far from our firesides, but which all Americans cherish in their hearts, because la belle France has fought shoulder to shoulder with the Americans, across the sea in defense of the rights of man, and in the long course of years, has conquered the noble inheritance of liberty, united with equality and fraternity.

¹José de San Martín (1778-1850). This Argentinean soldier and statesman secured the independence of the southern portion of South America, leaving to Simón Bolívar (1783-1830) the task and the glory of securing the independence of the north. With the exception of Brazil, the independence of South America is due to one or other of these two remarkable men.

Mr. Bacon then referred to the effort on the part of enlightened Frenchmen, brothers and fellow-workers in the same field, who have sought to promote good will between the Old World and the New World of Columbus. He gracefully referred to the sad privilege it had been to make common cause with the Parisians in the days of the flood which had barely subsided, to share their fears and their suffering, and to rejoice in the passing of the tragedy. Then with the skill of sincerity he concluded with a toast "to Franco-American understanding," saying:

Gentlemen, I speak to you from the heart. I have spent a large part of my life in creating and strengthening the bonds of friendship and of confidence between the country which has sent me here as its representative and the Sister Republics of the West. If I could live my life over again, I should gladly devote it to the same purpose, convinced as I am that there is no higher mission than to advance the cause of peace in the world and of good will among its peoples. I am equally convinced that we should all work toward a common end, carrying into effect the aims and purposes for which the Society of France—Amérique—has been formed.

The third and last address on Washington's birthday, on the eve of his departure from France, pursues the same theme without, however, duplicating or suggesting the earlier ones. The anniversary which they are celebrating "is more than a national, more than an American, it is an international fête. Washington is destined forever to remain for all time the type of the Great Citizen, and for all time to serve as an example to our free Republics." And he continued:

To you, my friends and colleagues, who share with me the signal honour of representing America in this great and beautiful France, I thank you in the name of my country and from the bottom of my heart for joining me with such ardour in celebrating the anniversary of the birth of this great man whose memory the United States venerate and love, and will always cherish.

His glory is likewise yours, for America is one, and one in claiming its glories, whether they come from North, Central, or South America. . . .

In proposing a toast to the immortal memory of Washington, and to the memory of all your liberators, I ask you to raise your glasses and

with me to drink to the day on which all the countries of America knowing one another better and because of that appreciating one another the more, shall march hand in hand in the path of progress toward the ideal of humanity, onward and ever forward toward liberty and toward the light!—America.

Mr. Bacon on these occasions spoke from a deep conviction and in the presence of men whose ears coveted commendation and whose eyes searched the heart of the speaker to see that his words rang true. They were delivered under great emotion, as Mr. Bacon stood before them for the last time as friend and colleague, for his days as Ambassador were numbered.

Mr. Peralta, Minister from Costa Rica, expressed the regret of his colleagues that they were to lose Mr. Bacon, saying:

It is with the most profound regret to-day that we leave this hospitable mansion, for we know that its illustrious host is soon to leave us. But, Mr. Ambassador, wherever you may go, our ardent sympathy will always follow you. We pray God that your presence in the Athens of the West and in Harvard University may be as pleasing to you as it will be profitable to your fellow-countrymen and to all who are interested in the development and prosperity of that great scientific centre.

RESIGNATION

Mr. Bacon had resigned. He only awaited his successor in order to take up his duties as Fellow of Harvard University to which he had been elected. Mr. Bacon's reason for withdrawal from the Paris post was purely personal. He coveted the position of Fellow of his University, and he could not be Ambassador of the United States in France and Fellow of Harvard University in Cambridge at one and the same time. He had rendered service in France, and it did not seem likely in 1912 that the American Ambassador would be called upon but two years later to face a crisis and render extraordinary service. Otherwise, he would undoubtedly have refused the Fellowship and stayed. As it was, he accepted. He had pleased the authorities at home, President Taft saying as early as July 15, 1910;

You are doing finely in Paris and we were never more satisfactorily represented there.

On January 2, 1912, Mr. Bacon sent a personal letter to the President, which gives the reasons for the step he was about to take:

The President and Fellows of Harvard, the Corporation so called, have made me a Fellow to fill the vacancy in their number caused by the death of Judge Lowell of Boston. This service to my Alma Mater I feel that I cannot decline, besides being naturally very proud to be given the honor of this—our Harvard "Blue Ribbon." This appointment is, as you know, one of active service for life, and, as there is much work to be done every week, the Corporation must be in close touch with Cambridge and live within easy reach. For this reason I am obliged most reluctantly to tender my resignation as your Ambassador to France.

"My regret is very sincere," he continued, after an expression of personal gratitude, "but you will understand better than anybody the strength of my associations and my loyalty to my college, and my unwillingness to decline the honour of her service." President Taft would indeed understand, because he was as devoted a son of Yale as Mr. Bacon was of Harvard.

Mr. Bacon had no intention of cutting himself off from the world and leading the life of a recluse. Service to any and every good cause, preferably public, was the passion of his life,

Although giving up the foreign service for this reason, I have a strong desire to take part at home, even in some small way, in the good work to be done there, whether it be civic, financial, or industrial. . . . My resignation, of course, will be at your pleasure, and I feel sure that President Lowell, although he has been unable to delay longer my appointment, will be willing to excuse me until such time as it may be convenient for you to appoint my successor.

On January 12th, President Taft answered this personal letter by one written in his own hand,

I greatly regret accepting your resignation but I admit the weight of your reason for tendering it. I have a letter from President Lowell in which he insists that Harvard is entitled to divide with the Government your services. I yield.

I am glad you have been two years our representative in Paris. I am glad that you have enjoyed it. You have done everything well.

I hope and believe that your career at home will be equally successful and useful. I accept your resignation to take effect upon the appointment and qualification of your successor.

Two days later, on January 14th, Secretary of State Knox said in an official cable, in his own name and in behalf of the President:

We both deeply regret your decision and feel that your resignation will be a great loss to the diplomatic service.

The administration was in no hurry to have Mr. Bacon come home, and the authorities took time to find a worthy successor. In this they succeeded. When the choice had been made, President Taft wrote with his own hand the following letter, which shows what the relations of President and Ambassador may sometimes be,

The White House
Washington, Feb'y. 8, 1912.

MY DEAR BOB,

I have your note of the 25th of January. I have named Myron Herrick as your successor. I think he may wish to delay here a little longer than is usual in such cases; but do not you feel embarrassed by this. I think you will find that Herrick will be glad to take your house off your hands especially if you can let him have the furniture for a year. However you can open correspondence with him at once on the subject and know more definitely than I can tell you what the case is.

I am sorry to lose you, old man, but you are going into good work. My warm regards to Mrs. Bacon in which Mrs. Taft joins me.

Sincerely yours,
WM. H. TAFT.

The Hon. Robert Bacon
American Ambassador.

President Taft's view was shared by other friends of Mr. Bacon, in different walks of life. The oldest of them, Colonel Roosevelt, wrote him from New York under date of January 22nd,

DEAR BOB,

I am very glad you decided as you did. I think it was the only wise way to decide. You are an admirable ambassador, but there is any amount of work outside which is to my mind better worth doing, and which you *can* do; and which even the men fit to be first-class ambassadors *cannot* do. Of course I am personally very glad you are to be back on this side.

Mr. Charles D. Norton, who had been Secretary to President Taft, but who had betaken himself to Wall Street, wrote a few days later, on the 30th,

I have noted, with the rest of the world, your exchange of letters with the President, and I do most heartily congratulate you on stepping from the distinguished honours and the unsubstantial joys of the Diplomatic Service into the finest opportunity for service that can come to an American business man.

And on February 2nd, Mr. Frank D. Millet, the distinguished painter who was lost with the *Titanic*, from which fate Mr. Bacon escaped, he afterward said, as through a miracle, wrote in one of his last letters,

MY DEAR BACON:

While I was on the ocean, and a very turbulent ocean it was, too, your correspondence with the President was published and I did not see it until to-day.

Of course I must be glad that Harvard [Mr. Millet was of that college] will have the benefit of your services and of course I am very sorry that your activities in government work will necessarily cease. But I can conceive of no more useful work than that you will do in the Corporation of Harvard and for that I sincerely congratulate you on your decision and Harvard on its choice.

In the absence of an official residence the American representative—be he Ambassador or Minister—has to find his quarters, and take them subject to having them left on his hands, as he does not and cannot know when his mission will end. Mr. Bacon was fortunate in getting the lease of Mr. White's house, and in being able to hand it over to Mr. Herrick.

The news of Mr. Bacon's election as Fellow, coupled with the statement that he would have to resign, appeared in the

Boston press on January 10th. He was asked by the Press if this were so and, as he said in a cable of the 11th, to the Secretary of State, "I have been obliged to-day to admit the truth of the statement to the Associated Press." This was annoying to Mr. Bacon for the double reason that the announcement of changes in the diplomatic service should come from the White House or Department of State, and that public statements of any kind were distasteful to him. However, the announcement was out and Mr. Bacon's anxiety was now to regularize the little incident as quickly as possible. He therefore continued,

I have written a personal letter to the President which should have been received yesterday. Will you kindly in my behalf ask the President's consent that the substance of my letter to him be given to the Press.

And he concluded,

I can only add to you, Sir, my sincere regret at leaving the service of the Department and my warmest thanks for your kindness and never-failing courtesy and consideration.

Secretary Knox at once complied, and gave out not merely Mr. Bacon's letter, but the text of the President's as well.¹ Therefore, everybody in Paris who read the papers knew that Mr. Bacon was shortly to leave, and everybody who took interest in foreign affairs or had met Mr. Bacon during the course of his Ambassadorship was anxious to do him honour. And of the many manifestations—to use the French expression of personal regard, good will, and friendship—one may be mentioned. It was a reception given to Mr. Bacon by the French group of the Interparliamentary Union for International Arbitration. Its members were members of the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies.

The reception was held on March 5, 1912, in the Senate Chapel. Some six or seven hundred guests were present, including Monsieur Raymond Poincaré, then and now President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, former

¹See *New York Sun*, January 14, 1912, p. 7. Printed in part in the *New York Times*, January 14th, p. 4.

President Loubet, Monsieur Briand, former Premier, the sculptor Rodin, and other leaders in thought, art, literature, science, and politics. Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, as president of the group, welcomed Mr. Bacon. "You are," he said, "our friend," and amid great applause he continued, "you are a friend of France, and in consequence a friend of Justice. You have never separated the two words. You, as we, are a believer in the coöperation of the two countries not only in the past but in the future. Our two Sister Republics will not be false to their destiny; they will remain associated to assure the triumph of right in the world."¹ He then announced that the sculptor, Rodin,² would present to Mr. Bacon, on behalf of the group, a bronze by Rodin himself, entitled "Une ombre de l'Enfer," from Dante's *Inferno*, and that the President of the Senate would offer Mrs. Bacon, on behalf of the group, a medal designed by the painter, Carrière.³

In his reply, which the report of the proceedings says was delivered in excellent French, Mr. Bacon naturally spoke of the bonds uniting the two countries, and never did ambassador speak more truly, although he could not know the truth of his words would be so soon demonstrated and that he himself would be called upon to make good his claim as a friend of France not merely in America, but in France.

"I associate myself," he said, "with all my heart with the sentiments which have been so admirably expressed by your eminent President, and, like him, I believe in the advantages to accrue through the association of the Sister Republics in their progress toward the ideal of humanity, toward greater liberty and light, for the triumph of right in the world, substituting the appeal to justice for the appeal to force.

¹*Conciliation Internationale. L'amitié Franco-Américaine*, Bulletin Trimestriel No. 3, (1912), p. 37.

²Auguste Rodin (1840-1917). Noted French sculptor and one of the greatest masters of modern times. Among his many works may be mentioned "The Burgesses of Calais"; "The Thinker"; and "The Kiss" (representing Paolo Malatesta and Francesca da Rimini). The year before his death he presented to France all the works remaining in his possession.

³Eugène Carrière (1849-1906). French painter. Among his most celebrated paintings are "Christ on the Cross," "Théâtre de Belleville," and groups of mothers and children. For his career and characteristics see an article by Mrs. Arthur Bell in *The Art Journal* (1906), p. 325.

"I have the intimate conviction that the clouds of distrust and skepticism will disappear, that a pure day is beginning to dawn and that in a near future we shall see the nations marching toward an international public opinion which is, no matter what people may say, the most effective sanction of international law.

"The title of friend of France which you award me, my dear President and friend, does more than touch me deeply. I am proud of it, for I have tried to merit it in the past and I can assure you that in leaving with greater regret that I know how to express, this marvellous Paris and your beautiful country, I do so a greater friend of France than the friend who came to you two years ago. Upon my return to my country I shall claim my place among those of my fellow citizens who have it at heart to be, in a certain sense, unofficial Ambassadors of France."¹

The closing words of Monsieur Raymond Poincaré were also very happy in reference to Mr. Bacon's knowledge of and interest in France and the future relations of their countries:

Knowing you and visiting you in your own home, we have had the added pleasure of finding in you an enlightened lover of French literature and of French art, a student marvellously familiar with the slightest details of our national history, and you have proved without difficulty that your friendship for France rests upon a faithful and careful study of things French.

You will leave in Paris, Mr. Ambassador, a memory which will not be forgotten. In parting from you we have at least the consolation of feeling that upon your return to the great American Republic you will there, according to your own charming phrase, be an unofficial representative of French ideas.

Thus you will help us—and we thank you in advance—to maintain and to strengthen the relations of the two nations whose cordiality has never been denied and which can contribute effectively in the future to the peace of the world and the progress of civilization.²

Had it not been for a sense of kindly consideration and of honourable obligation to his successor, Mr. Bacon might never have reached home. As President Taft had said, Mr. Herrick was not ready to proceed to his post as early as was usual. The new Ambassador was anxious to meet and talk matters

¹*Conciliation Internationale*, p. 39.

²*Ibid.*, p. 42.

over with Mr. Bacon before the retiring Ambassador left. Mr. Bacon therefore put off his going, and cancelled at the very last moment his sailing on the *Titanic*, which was lost in mid-ocean on April 14, 1912. The details are given in a few sentences from Mr. Herrick's letter of April 22, 1912:

We dined for the first time in your old home and our new one to-night, *en famille*. We found the beautiful flowers that you and Mrs. Bacon were so thoughtful to send and the conversation for the dinner—in fact until I now find myself in *your* room—was of you, Mrs. Bacon, and your delightful daughter. We even loved the little dog, and I am sure that you never made or never will make a more complete conquest than you have of the Herrick family.

Of course you know that I've always thought you a most *desirable* citizen and have always admired Mrs. Bacon. It had not been my good fortune to know your daughter, but the vivid picture in my mind of you all on board the fated *Titanic* through a little selfishness on our part or through a little nervous fear of precedent has affected me more than I can tell you. It has compassed years of association and warmed our hearts with lasting affection for you all and our thoughts, hopes, and ambitions for the new life upon the threshold of which we are to-night are all lost in thanksgiving for your deliverance from the cruel sea and our prayers are for your safe voyage on *La France*. . . . Had fate decreed you and your lovely family to have sailed out on the *Titanic*, France would have held no happiness for us.

PART VI

FELLOW OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

I have a letter from President Lowell in which he insists that Harvard is entitled to divide with the Government your services. I yield.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

CHAPTER XII

IN SERVICE TO HARVARD

MR. BACON never lost interest in Harvard College and the noble University, of which in his own days the college became a part. Commencement Day was not with him a day of beginning life and of ending relations with the college, as is often the case. It was the commencement of service to the college and university which became larger, more varied, and more important as the years brought wisdom and wealth and opportunity. Mr. Bacon appreciated and cherished the position of Fellow of Harvard University, not merely because of its distinction in academic circles, but because it was one of service to his university. "The condition of a nation," Mr. Bacon once said, "can be judged very accurately by the conditions existing at its typical colleges. When we know what and how the young men of a country are taught and the attitude they assume toward the acquisition of knowledge, we can form a conception of the spirit of a people which will not be far from the truth."¹

Mr. Bacon devoted himself with characteristic zeal to the details of the administration of the college and university. A few words should be said on the subject.

The president and members of the various Harvard faculties discuss questions of academic policy, and are an advisory body or assembly to the President. The President and Fellows, seven in number, form the corporation of the college and the governing Board. They also form a cabinet or council to the President, in which he has deservedly great influence, but not a deciding vote. The Overseers are composed of alumni of the college or university, and are elected by their fellow alumni. Of this body Mr. Bacon was for eighteen years a

¹*For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours—A Journey to South America.* Robert Bacon (1916), pp. 16-17.

member—from 1889 to 1901 and from 1902 to 1908. The plans and measures of the President and Fellows are submitted to the Overseers, where they are considered and confirmed in most, if not all cases. The Fellows meet on Mondays throughout the college year. Mr. Bacon made it a habit to spend several days of every week in Boston and Cambridge in touch with the administrative officers and the teachers of the University, in order that he might obtain at first hand information which would be useful to him and to his colleagues in the performance of their duties. This activity on his part was greatly appreciated. Indeed it was found to be of such benefit to the university that his successor was chosen with the understanding that he should emulate Mr. Bacon in this respect.

This fact is enough in itself to demonstrate the value of Mr. Bacon's services as Fellow, but a word from President Lowell,¹ the best qualified of all persons to judge, will be appropriate:

He gave more time than any other member, was full of energy, promoting new things and aiding old ones; always full of life and geniality: bringing to bear with simplicity and sympathy his wide knowledge of men and experience of affairs.

The work of a Fellow is behind closed doors and it does not reach the public. This was particularly the case with Mr. Bacon, who kept out of the papers as much as possible; and who preferred to send a short telegram instead of a letter, if the former would serve the purpose. President Lowell has recently looked up the records of the University and writes that "from Mr. Bacon himself there is little but telegrams about his acceptance of the place on the Corporation and his resignation of it later."²

In the course of the letter, already quoted, President Lowell took occasion to speak at some length of Mr. Bacon and his services as Fellow:

Although he was not on the Board a great many years, they were large and various. His greatest special, tangible services were in

¹Letter of President Lowell to Mrs. Bacon, dated June 3, 1919.

²Letter of President Lowell to James Brown Scott, dated April 1, 1921.



ROBERT BACON, AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE



AMBASSADOR BACON AND BARON D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT

connection with the Engineering School, the School of Business Administration, and above all, the University Press. Before others he saw very clearly the necessity for a university, of the publication of scholarly works that could not have a popular sale. He therefore offered to guarantee for a number of years a certain sum for the expenses of a Harvard University Press, and himself became a member of the Board of Syndics to conduct its operations. This was characteristic of him. When he saw something to be done he not only saw it, but took an active part in it by giving both money and time. . . .

He devoted time without stint to the University; was constantly coming to Cambridge; talking with me, with the professors, and with everybody. Gentle and conciliatory, but very clear in his views, he exerted by his good sense just the kind of influence that a member of the Corporation can beneficently exert; and indeed, it was not merely by giving money and time, but by the spirit that he put into things and by his high sense of public duty that he strengthened the sentiment of a great institution which exists for the public good.

Mr. Bacon gave of his time and thought to Harvard, and many are the items among his papers to show that he gave generously of his money. He shunned publicity in this, as in other matters, to such a degree that few knew the extent of the guarantees which he assumed and of the sums which from time to time he advanced to meet a temporary need of the college or university.

While Mr. Bacon was interested in the university as a whole, he had no desire to create a fund or erect a building which should bear or perpetuate his name. Nevertheless, he founded a Chair in the medical school in honour of a classmate, Dr. Henry Jackson, of Boston.¹ He proposed the beautiful site for the "80 gate," and supplied the money to such an extent that it was well nigh a personal gift. This gift now adorns the college grounds in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the graduation of the Class of 1880, of which Colonel Roosevelt and he were the most distinguished members. Their two

¹Dr. Henry Jackson, referred to in an earlier part of the present volume as Mr. Bacon's college chum and life-long friend, refused to accept the Chair in his honour. The money was therefore given in honour of Doctor Jackson's father, long honourably connected with the University, and the income is used to provide a suitable annual salary for the Curator of the Anatomical Museum and for maintaining its efficiency as an aid to medical and surgical education and research, in such manner as is recommended from time to time by the Faculty of the Harvard Medical School.

names are now appropriately inscribed on tablets at the sides. He was also the inspiration of the Harvard Press, which his generosity made possible.

These are merely samples of a few of his many unknown benefactions. "Do what good Thou canst unknown; and be not vain of what ought rather to be felt, than seen," as Mr. Bacon's spiritual guide and constant companion puts it in *Some Fruits of Solitude*.¹ Mr. Bacon's chief interest, however, was in the human side of the University, especially the teachers and their welfare.

When Bishop Lawrence, then President of the Harvard Alumni, proposed an endowment fund for the University, it was, as Bishop Lawrence has said, Mr. Bacon who suggested that the fund should be for the teachers, not for brick and mortar or even for scholarly or scientific equipment. The statement of the aims and purposes of the proposed endowment fund voiced Mr. Bacon's views. It is in part:

Harvard College needs large endowment for the support of its teaching force. The primacy of Harvard University is due not first to its age, traditions, or able administration, but to its noble line of teachers.

Harvard College is that part of Harvard University which deals with languages, literature, philosophy, history, political science, economics, fine arts, architecture, music, mathematics, and pure science. The College was the first part of the University to be created, and still is the very heart of the University; it is the Alma Mater which receives the sons of old Harvard from their homes and leads them into the noble spirit and high traditions of the College. Upon its teaching depends the thorough work of the Graduate and Professional Schools. That the teachers in Harvard College should be the best in the land; that the older teachers should be free from the cares of a straightened income and anxiety for their families when strength fails; that the younger teachers should see before them reasonable promotion in work and salary; that they should be able to give themselves completely to their work; and that the best men should not be drawn away to other Colleges (as a few have been, and unless there is an Endowment, others will be) by the offer of larger salaries, is essential to the primacy of Harvard and the culture of the sons of Harvard.

¹P. 87.

The Endowment fund was for two million five hundred thousand dollars.¹ The amount was raised, Bishop Lawrence saying of Mr. Bacon's part in it:

Ever since he undertook the raising of a million dollars in New York for Harvard I have had an increasing admiration for his unselfishness, public spirit, and devotion.²

President Lowell once said "One of the striking things" about Mr. Bacon was that "he never spared himself." To illustrate this, he mentions that Mr. Bacon sat up all night and engaged a special train so as not to miss the reception planned for South American delegates who were visiting Harvard in 1916. This is true, but it is not all the truth. Mr. Bacon and a close friend had spent the evening together, and separated, one to take the midnight train from New York to Boston, the other the midnight train to Washington. Perhaps the guest had stayed longer than he should, and although he caught his train, the host missed his. Mr. Bacon had promised to be at Harvard to greet his South American friends. When he reached the railroad station, he felt for his cheque book which he had forgotten in his hurry. He thereupon drove to his house, got a cheque, returned to the station, engaged a locomotive, sat up with the driver, and kept his engagement.

"He was, indeed," as President Lowell says, "an extraor-

¹Among Mr. Bacon's papers was found the following letter from a distinguished lawyer, lover of learning and the fine arts, typical of the man and men of means in these United States.

June 5, 1905
40 Wall Street, New York.

MY DEAR SIR:

I see that an effort is being made to raise a considerable sum for Harvard. I am not a Harvard graduate, but a sort of adopted son through the Law School.

Nevertheless—and although my own College Mother—Princeton—is always dead poor—and we have a hard time to keep the old lady out of the Poor House—still my feeling and debt to Harvard is such that I am unwilling to have such a movement take place without a modest participation on my part—and so I enclose you a cheque for Five Thousand Dollars.

Faithfully yours,
JOHN L. CADWALADER.

ROBERT BACON, ESQ.

²Letter of Bishop Lawrence to Mrs. Bacon, undated, written shortly after Mr. Bacon's death.

dinary combination of well-nigh romantic sentiment with business training and good judgment.”¹

The address which Mr. Bacon had prepared for the occasion and actually delivered was a plea for pan-Americanism and for helpful coöperation. It was in keeping with those which he had delivered as Ambassador in Paris, in South America, and earlier still in Washington. As on these occasions, it was in Spanish.

“Members of the Scientific Congress, Brothers of America,” he began; with “Brothers of the Continent” he ended, and in between he said:

I cannot find words to express the pleasure it gives me to welcome you here in this hall of Harvard University. I shall never forget your kindness to me and the cordiality of your reception when I visited South America as the representative of the Carnegie Endowment, coming to you with a special message from your devoted friend, Mr. Elihu Root. With the courtesy that is proverbial of your polite race, you received me in the halls of your great institutions of learning, some of them older even than Harvard, which is the oldest institution of learning in North America, and with the hospitality for which you are noted you welcomed me at your homes and made me feel that I was not a stranger but a friend.

We of this country have much to learn from you, particularly in politeness and courtesy, but I wish to assure you that although we may not always know how to express it, there is a real and warm welcome for you in our hearts.

It is extremely gratifying to see in your presence here the example of that exchange of visits of representative men, which formed one of the principal subjects dealt with in the instructions which Mr. Root gave me when I visited your country, an exchange of the intellectual opinion which was to embrace also the exchange of professors and students. . . .

The regular and periodic exchange of professors and students, which we hope will be inaugurated, will make general the knowledge of institutions and of the contributions of each nation to the common good; the visits of representative men will tend to create and promote social intercourse and the knowledge of each other, but the relations of nations, considered as nations, depend upon an agreement, understanding, and dissemination of just principles of law and their application to disputes that are bound to arise among members of the same family.

¹President Lowell to James Brown Scott, April, 1, 1921.

It needs no argument that a law to affect all must be made by all, that is to say, that it must be the result of coöperation. The law of nations is not the law of any one nation; it is not made by any one nation. It is not imposed by any one nation; it cannot be changed by any one nation. Each nation is equal in and under the law, with equal rights and subject to the same duties, for rights and duties are correlative terms.

Just as municipal or national law rests upon the sanction of public opinion, so international law rests upon international opinion. . . .

Never before, I believe, were our countries so close together. Never was the necessity more apparent for us to recognize that we are bound together by ties of history and nature. It behooves us to maintain and strengthen this solidarity which, by reason of its twofold origin, unites inseparably the nations of the new continent in the past, in the present, and in the future.

Brothers of the Continent, from the bottom of my heart I welcome you to Harvard.

Mr. Bacon's service as Fellow was broken by a trip to South America, which took part of his vacation in 1913 and three months of the fall from the University. He cabled from Paris, on September 15, 1913, to President Lowell, saying:

I find it necessary in order to carry out Root's plans and wishes for my South American trip to leave next Sunday, via Lisbon direct for Rio. Otherwise must give up going altogether which most unwilling to do unless you feel it all important my being Cambridge October instead of early December. Please cable frankly your opinion and prospects of scientific school.

To which President Lowell cabled laconically as well as frankly:

Go by all means. Nothing more about scientific school.

His service as Fellow was also interrupted by frequent visits to France before our entry into the war. He said in a cable to President Lowell, from Paris, on December 25, 1914:

Merry Xmas to you all, asking your forbearance, believing as I do this war for ideals and principles as much ours as England's or France's, denying as I do the right of President to impose upon me false neutrality or doubtful silence, something impelling me remain

here although so little I can do except sympathize with these bleeding suffering friends, wishing you all A Happy New Year.

Our entry into the war finally led him to cable President Lowell from France:

With resignation please accept my respectful and affectionate greetings to President and Fellows, heartfelt thanks for all their kindly consideration. It is wrench to sever my official connection with Harvard and give up the honour of being their associate.

PART VII

FOR BETTER RELATIONS WITH OUR LATIN-AMERICAN NEIGHBOURS

It is in human nature that injuries as well as benefits received in times of weakness and distress, national as well as personal, make deep and lasting impressions; and those ministers are wise who look into futurity and quench the first sparks of misunderstanding between two nations which, neglected, may in time grow into a flame, all the consequences whereof no human prudence can foresee, which may produce much mischief to both, and cannot possibly produce any good to either.

Letter of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, dated December 22, 1779, to R. BERNSTORF, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Denmark.

CHAPTER XIII

THE VISIT TO SOUTH AMERICA

THROUGHOUT life, Mr. Bacon was interested in Spain and things Spanish. He studied the language in and out of college. He read it fluently and pronounced it correctly. He had a gift for spoken language, being musical by nature, with a sensitive and finely tuned ear accustomed to sounds, and a trained voice. He kept up his Spanish, and had occasion from time to time to practise it. Especially was this true during his service in the Department of State.¹ He did not obtrude his knowledge of Spanish upon the representatives of Latin-American countries. He suggested a word when English or French failed them, and allowed them to drop into Spanish if they so desired. The result can be divined. With the representatives of Central America, Mr. Bacon was very much like a big brother and Father-confessor combined. When he ceased to be Secretary of State, he gave a farewell dinner to the Latin-American representatives at his home in Washington, on Sixteenth Street, at which some outsiders closely associated with Latin America were present—Mr. Elihu Root, by them

¹Under a hurried line, written after Mr. Bacon's death, Ambassador Morgan thus speaks of him,

Rio de Janeiro
Embassy of the United States

MY DEAR MRS. BACON,

I was startled and shocked by the press telegram which appeared the other day and announced your great loss in which all your friends share. How can we spare such a man when he is so greatly needed? Mr. Bacon and Mr. Roosevelt must be grouped together, each contributing in his own sphere and according to his special gifts to the common good. His magnificent services during the war both before and after we entered it topped his public career. I cannot but feel that he like so many civilians, were victims of that stupendous conflagration.

Mr. Bacon was appreciated in South America where his services at the State Department as well as during his South American tour made him well known. The note from the Paraguayan Minister in Rio which I enclose is a proof, if such was needed. Da Gama has asked me to express his condolences to you. We never had so considerate an Under Secretary and all of us in the service are his friends . . .

EDWIN MORGAN.

the most admired of American statesmen, Mr. William Elroy Curtis, first Secretary of the Pan-American Bureau, Mr. John Barrett, then Director General of the Pan-American Union as it is now called, and a few others. Mr. Bacon pleased them mightily by rising at the close of the dinner and taking a gracious and affectionate leave of them in an admirably turned speech in Spanish.

Mr. Bacon was thus ideally qualified for a mission of good will to the Latin-American countries, and he allowed himself to be persuaded to undertake a purely private mission in the interest of peace and better understanding, at the instance and under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

This Institution was created in 1910 by Mr. Andrew Carnegie to advance the cause of international peace. Mr. Bacon's friend, Mr. Root, was and fortunately still is President of this Endowment. Mr. Root was anxious to have an American of distinction pay a visit to Latin America, to explain to his friends the aims and purposes of the new organization and to obtain their coöperation with the Endowment, in its endeavours in behalf of friendly relations and international peace.

In his letter of instructions to Mr. Bacon of July 20, 1913, Mr. Root stated the purpose and nature of the visit in a single sentence:

The object of this mission, which you have already gratified us by promising to undertake, is to secure the interest and sympathy of the leaders of opinion in South America in the various enterprises for the advancement of international peace which the Endowment is seeking to promote, and by means of personal intercourse and explanation to bring about practical coöperation in that work in South America.¹

These several purposes of the Endowment fall naturally into three groups, and they have been apportioned to Divisions of Intercourse and Education, of Economics and History, and of International Law.

Mr. Root, in taking up the reasons which led the Trustees to urge Mr. Bacon to go, wrote:

¹*For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours: A Journey to South America.* By Robert Bacon (Washington, 1915), p. 1.

The methods and details of activity on the part of each of the divisions you will find indicated in a series of monographs, which will be handed to you herewith. From these you will perceive two things: first, that it is the purpose of the trustees, not that the trust organization shall become a missionary seeking to preach the gospel of peace or directly to express its own ideas to the world, but rather to promote and advance in each country and in all countries the organization and activity of national forces in favour of peace. It is not so much to add a new peace organization to those already existing in the world as it is to be a means of giving renewed vigour to all the activities which really tend in a practical way toward preventing war and making peace more secure. Second, that in aid of the work of each of these three divisions an extensive and effective organization has been perfected in Europe as well as in America, including a great number of the most eminent and highly respected statesmen, publicists, and leaders of modern thought.¹

Mr. Root suggests, by way of example, a number of ways in which coöperation might be possible:

(a) The formation of national societies of international law to be affiliated with the American Institute of International Law; (b) the presentation to the different governments of the opportunity to participate in the proposed Academy of International Law at The Hague by providing for the sending on the part of each government of a representative student to that academy, if organized. You will notice that the organization of such an academy to bring together students from the whole world under the leaders of thought in international law each summer depends very largely upon the question whether the governments of the world feel the need of such an institution sufficiently to give it their formal support by sending a representative student. (c) The appointment of national committees for the consideration of contributions to the programme of the next Hague Conference and making arrangements for the intercommunication of such committees among all the American countries. (d) The establishment of national societies for international conciliation to be affiliated with the parent Association for International Conciliation at Paris. (e) To arrange for systematic furnishing of data for the work of the Division of Economics and History in accordance with the programme laid down at Berne by the congress of economists in the summer of 1911.²

¹*For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours*, p. 2.

²*Ibid.*, p. 3.

Mr. Root's letter of instructions was written for a special purpose; but like all of his letters, it is illuminated by the genius of the man and abounds in wisdom born of a large experience and contact with diverse phases of life. The closing lines of the instructions to Mr. Bacon should be read and pondered by persons interested in good causes where the work to do is so manifold:

The trustees of the Endowment are fully aware that progress in the work which they have undertaken must necessarily be slow and that its most substantial results must be far in the future. We are dealing with aptitudes and impulses firmly established in human nature through the development of thousands of years, and the utmost that any one generation can hope to do is to promote the gradual change of standards of conduct. All estimates of such a work and its results must be in terms not of individual human life, but in terms of the long life of nations. Inconspicuous as are the immediate results, however, there can be no nobler object of human effort than to exercise an influence upon the tendencies of the race, so that it shall move, however slowly, in the direction of civilization and humanity and away from senseless brutality.¹

"It is to participate with us," Mr. Root said in conclusion, "in this noble though inconspicuous work that we ask you to invite our friends in South America with the most unreserved and sincere assurances of our high consideration and warm regard."

The trip was a hurried one, but it was carefully planned. The immediate object was achieved, in that the men of light and leading in the countries visited were found ready to coöperate with their friends of the English-speaking Republic in the straight, narrow, and very long path that leads to International Peace. That way was bottomed upon "better relations" between and among the American Republics and all other countries. He put the faith that was in him in the title of his Report to his fellow Trustees² *For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours: A Journey to South America.*"

¹*For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours*, pp. 3-4.

²Mr. Bacon was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace at its first meeting upon his return. He would have been an original member, but at the time of its organization in 1910 he was absent from the United States as Ambassador to France.

Mr. Bacon's report abounds in keen observation and wise reflection. It sketches in a few passages the policy which he believed the United States should pursue toward Latin America. It is some thirty or forty pages in length, and was his longest venture in the field of letters. It is carefully planned, written with great simplicity of language and dignity of thought, sympathetic, and full of interest.

Immediately prior to the trip to South America, Mr. Bacon, his wife and daughter, had visited the Philippines, where his son, Elliot C. Bacon, later a Captain of Artillery in the American Expeditionary Forces in France, was acting as Secretary to Governor General Cameron Forbes of the Philippines. He did not return to the United States, but proceeded to Japan, China, and thence by the Trans-Siberian Railway to Paris. He spent a fortnight in preparation for the journey to South America, sailing for Brazil from Lisbon on September 23rd. In less than three busy months he visited Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Chile, Peru, and Panama, returning to New York by way of New Orleans, covering in all 50,000 miles.

The visit to the South American Republics was the occasion of intense, unremitting activity on the part of those associated with him. There was an overwhelming amount of detail to be mastered in the matter of preparation and but little time could be allotted to the widely separated capitals: four days in Rio de Janeiro, the same length of stay in Buenos Aires, two days in Montevideo, four or five days in Santiago, a little less than a week in Lima. Schedules for trains and steamers had to be kept. There was not a moment for idleness, repose, or sight-seeing. In each capital two or three addresses were to be made; official receptions attended; personal visits to and conferences with leaders of opinion; social engagements planned in advance by the hospitable people to whom Mr. Bacon was going.

In every capital it was necessary to confer with the leading authorities on international law, to form a committee which should be in turn the basis of a National Society of International Law. Selections for this committee required the most careful diplomatic consideration.

Much of the advance preparation was done on the long sea voyage from Lisbon; on the steamer from Rio to Buenos Aires;

on the special car of the President of the Argentine Republic in which the party journeyed across the Pampas to the Andes; on the steamship from Valparaíso to Callao; in hotels. Every minute was fully occupied with work. Mr. Bacon allowed himself no personal relaxation until after the last of the South American countries had been visited. Much of his time was taken up with visits and social affairs, which, however, he turned to his advantage, and he listened when he would have preferred to talk of his mission. He felt constrained to do so, because, as he said to one of his party, after a lengthy conference with a distinguished internationalist in Buenos Aires, "The best way to make a man listen to you is to show a disposition to listen to him."

Mr. Bacon had a deep sense of the importance and responsibility of his mission. He was careful to have it clearly understood that the visit was unofficial and that he came in a private capacity, as the representative of the Carnegie Endowment. The South Americans knew him as their friend, and as far as they were concerned they made the mission official, and they gave to him the full measure of official welcome which they would have accorded a visiting member of a government whom they were anxious to receive.

Mr. Bacon spent a great deal of time and thought in the preparation of his addresses. He was insistent upon expressing fully the purpose of his mission in language which could not be misunderstood. He was careful in the extreme that no ill-considered phrase should offend the sensibilities of these friendly, confiding, sensitive, and, as one of them has said, "not very forgetting people."¹

Mr. Bacon endorsed joyfully the address which Mr. Root

¹The South American had the best authority for his warning, for had not our own Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher of the worldly wise, already written:

"It is in human nature that injuries as well as benefits received in times of weakness and distress, national as well as personal, make deep and lasting impressions; and those ministers are wise who look into futurity and quench the first sparks of misunderstanding between two nations which, neglected, may in time grow into a flame, all the consequences whereof no human prudence can foresee, which may produce much mischief to both, and cannot possibly produce any good to either. [Letter of Benjamin Franklin, dated December 22, 1779, to R. Bernstorff, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Denmark, Wharton, *Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution*, vol. iii, p. 435.]

had delivered at Rio and the address on laying the cornerstone of the Pan-American Building at Washington.

In the first address Mr. Root, speaking in behalf of the United States and surrounded by the twenty-one Americas, solemnly said:

We wish for no victories but those of peace; for no territory except our own; for no sovereignty except sovereignty over ourselves. We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire; and we deem the observance of that respect the chief guaranty of the weak against the oppression of the strong. We neither claim nor desire any rights or privileges or powers that we do not freely concede to every American republic. We wish to increase our prosperity, to expand our trade, to grow in wealth, in wisdom, and in spirit, but our conception of the true way to accomplish this is not to pull down others and profit by their ruin, but to help all friends to a common prosperity and a common growth, that we may become greater and stronger together.

In the second, Mr. Root said at Washington on May 11, 1908, again speaking as Secretary of State in behalf of the United States:

It is too much to expect that there will not be controversies between American nations to whose desire for harmony we now bear witness; but to every controversy will apply the truth that there are no international controversies so serious that they cannot be settled peaceably if both parties really desire peaceable settlement, while there are few causes of dispute so trifling that they cannot be made the occasion of war if either party really desires war. The matters in dispute between nations are nothing; the spirit which deals with them is everything.

Mr. Bacon to the end of his life believed that the peace of the world could only be bottomed on the Root Doctrine and the Root spirit, without which nations should not be expected to submit their differences to the cold and passionless decision of a court of justice.

Mr. Bacon felt that the views of his chief should be brought within the compass of a single phrase, if they were to attract attention, impress the thought, and influence the practice of nations. He often said that the sentence from the cornerstone address should have been cut in letters of gold in the

façade of the Pan-American Building. His other great friend, Mr. Roosevelt, was of the same opinion. The trip to South America offered the opportunity of proclaiming the doctrine and driving it home if he could only put it in a word or two. His Secretary, Mr. Hereford, tells how this was done.

"Mr. Bacon spent much time," he says, "on the steamer from Lisbon to Rio in the effort to define accurately the policy enunciated by Mr. Root, or as Mr. Bacon expressed it, 'The Root Doctrine.' At first this definition took the form of about three typewritten pages. Even then I remember it seemed to me to be remarkably condensed. But Mr. Bacon was not satisfied. He tried again and it took the form of a single page. Patiently he laboured to cut out all of the detailed elaboration and to reduce it to the actual basic essentials—the lowest common denominator. At last he showed me with a smile this truly remarkable phrase of eight words, 'a doctrine of kindly consideration and honourable obligation.'

"I may exaggerate," Mr. Hereford concludes, "but I cannot recall, in any reading that I have done, coming across a phrase that said so much in so few words."

This is the language of kindly consideration; it is not the language of exaggeration, for Mr. Bacon's fine phrase really sums up what is fundamentally necessary in the foreign policy of any nation.

An outstanding feature of Mr. Bacon's trip was that he addressed his message to the people with whom he spoke in their own language or in French, with which most of them were familiar. Very few Americans have ventured to make addresses in South America in any language but English, and Mr. Bacon's course in using a tongue which all his auditors understood appealed to them strongly and pleased them greatly. It was to a large extent responsible for the success of his mission. The ease and grace with which he read his addresses were remarkable. French he spoke admirably and was fresh from Paris, where his fluency in French had been an inestimable asset. Spanish he understood, and spoke when the occasion seemed to require it.

With Portuguese he had hitherto had almost nothing to do. Yet he prepared himself so that his enunciation was distinct and excellent. Mr. Bacon had, however, made up his mind to

speak to his Brazilian friends in their mother-tongue. He had a few days in Lisbon before the steamer would leave port on its western voyage. He haunted the bookshops, he laid in a store of Portuguese newspapers, he procured a Portuguese grammar, a dictionary of the language of Camoens, and he purchased the works of that distinguished gentleman to read on the steamer. He studied the grammar, he thumbed the dictionary, he devoured the newspapers, he clung to Camoens. Within two weeks the miracle was done! Upon his arrival, a reception was given to the party by the American Ambassador at Rio de Janeiro to a small but very select gathering. Appearing for the first time in South America, Mr. Bacon read an address of which the body was in French but the beginning in Portuguese, a language with which he was supposed to be unfamiliar and which is difficult of pronunciation. "I am sure, Gentlemen," Mr. Bacon began, and continued in Portuguese:

that you will pardon me if, instead of speaking in my own language in acknowledgment of your kind expressions of welcome, which have moved me profoundly, I say a few words of thanks in your beautiful tongue, with the assurance that though these words may be poorly expressed, they come from my heart.

I know it must appear presumptuous for me to address you in Portuguese, but I must ask your kind indulgence for two reasons. First of all, I must refer to the very high esteem I have always cherished for the noble Portuguese traditions, which but recently have been refreshed in my mind by my stay in Lisbon, whence I have just arrived. There, at the foot of the statue of the great Camões, I recalled the memory of that distinguished Brazilian, whose eloquent words and writings first developed my sense of appreciation for the beauties of the "Lusiads" and the charm of the "Rimas." I refer to my illustrious and gentle friend, Joaquim Nabuco, sage, poet, and statesman, whom I learned to know and love during an intimacy of four years in Washington and whom I was proud to call a friend.

Another reason that I offer as the inspiration for my addressing you in your beautiful language is that on the eve of my departure from the United States, at the banquet where I was able to greet my esteemed friend, your Ambassador, Mr. Domicio da Gama, I had the great pleasure to find myself seated at the side of your illustrious Minister of Foreign Affairs, His Excellency, Mr. Lauro Müller, who, with that gentleness and charm of manner so natural to your race and country, spoke to us in very good English. My compatriots will never forget

the pleasure that the presence of Doctor Müller produced, nor the distinguished honour conferred upon us by your country when it appointed him to return the visit of our esteemed friend, Elihu Root. For us of the University of Harvard, it was especially gratifying to have him accept our diploma and thus become a member of our Harvard family.

I have the honour of having been sent to Brazil by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, of which Mr. Root is the heart and soul. The message that I bring from him is a message of good will, which, as expressed by that eminent author and jurist, Dr. Ruy Barbosa, truly meets with the "sanction of American opinion," but it is particularly a message of regard and esteem from Elihu Root for his good friends here. This mission affords me greater pride and pleasure than any other entrusted to me during my entire life.

And how can I begin to express my feelings at the first sight of this wonderful city, the magic city of Rio de Janeiro? For, in spite of all that has been said or written about its beauty and its bewitching grandeur, it surpasses my most extravagant dreams. It is incomparable and I envy you the continual pleasure and inspiration, the force and courage that you must derive from it.

Again, Gentlemen, I assure you of my most profound gratitude for the cordial reception and the distinguished honour that you have accorded me.¹

The eyes of his hearers opened wide in astonishment and delight, and he was roundly applauded. The effect was instantaneous and lasting. Two days later, Mr. Ruy Barbosa, introducing Mr. Bacon at a reception at the National Library of Rio de Janeiro, said:

The very first time we heard him, the day before yesterday, at the American Embassy, through the delightful hospitality of Mr. Morgan, the distinguished diplomat whose charm is irresistible, he surprised us with an address, the introduction to which was delivered in our own language fluently and correctly, with but slight trace of a foreign accent, as if he had long been accustomed to express himself in our tongue. With exquisite grace and without effort, inspired only by natural earnestness, he revealed to us those miracles of which courtesy and benevolence are capable in the mind of a son of that race of the United States, that in its type combines the virtues, aptitudes, and talents of all others.²

¹*For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours*, pp. 63-64.

²*Ibid.*, p. 70.

In Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santiago de Chile, and Lima, Mr. Bacon repeated the triumph of Rio de Janeiro and for the same reasons: he addressed each audience in its "beautiful tongue," and the words which he spoke came from the heart. In all these cities and the countries of which they are the capitals, the addresses were published in full in the principal newspapers, where again, for the same reasons, they attracted the widest public attention.

Mr. Bacon spared no pains to make his speeches worthy of the occasion, and he laboured at them often until the very moment of their delivery, going over them with a blue pencil, eliminating here, adding there, and reading them aloud to perfect his pronunciation of difficult or important passages. For him each occasion of public speaking was an ordeal of highly nervous tension, and this tension was increased by the necessity of delivering his remarks in a foreign language. The tension, however, was never apparent to his audiences. The calmness of the speaker and his quiet good humour gave no hint of the nervous energy which had been expended.

One incident of the trip will serve to illustrate how nerve-racking the occasions were, and how complete was Mr. Bacon's control of his temper. It happened in Buenos Aires at the residence of John W. Garrett, the American Minister, where Mr. and Mrs. Bacon and Miss Bacon were guests. The automobile was at the door to take Mr. Bacon to the University where his first and most important address was to be delivered. There were many changes to be made, and he sat with his secretary, going over each word in a feverish desire to reach the end in time. There were constant interruptions: a servant would come to announce the automobile; another person would enter the room on another errand, and so it went on until it seemed impossible that human nerves could stand it. Mr. Bacon's calmness vanished. "I'll knock down the next person who opens that door," he exclaimed. The words were on his lips when the door opened and Mrs. Bacon entered. Mr. Bacon looked up and—smiled. "What is it, Mother?" he asked, so gently that Mrs. Bacon never suspected the storm which had swept the room but a moment before. He seemed to have forgotten the speech, the corrections to be

made, the waiting audience, and to have time and thought only for the woman who stood before him.

In an interview published in the *Evening Post*¹, Mr. Bacon touched the high spots of his trip and gave to the public some of the views which he later elaborated for the fuller report. Almost the opening sentences of the interview are, "It is difficult to exaggerate the manifestations of friendliness for the United States which were exhibited in every country. In spite of misrepresentations and misunderstandings, caused nearly always by our ignorance of the real conditions in South America, we have no truer friends anywhere in the world than in these sister republics of the same continent. They welcome every opportunity to testify their regard for us."

How to maintain this friendliness, how to increase it by enlightening the ignorance which threatens it, to correct the misrepresentations and to remove the misunderstandings; those were the larger purposes which Mr. Bacon had in mind, and the specific objects of his mission were as a means to these ends. In its larger aspects, the Report turns around Mr. Root as the centre and the source of light and inspiration, not only to Mr. Bacon, but to a whole continent. This he states in no uncertain terms in the interview:

The visit to South America made by Mr. Root in 1906, when he was Secretary of State, has had an enduring effect in bringing about a better understanding between the Latin republics and the United States. That visit is vividly remembered and constantly referred to in the speeches and writings of the brilliant representatives of public opinion throughout South America. To it, perhaps, more than to any other single circumstances is to be attributed the present attitude toward us; for Mr. Root, as will be remembered, by his doctrine of sympathy and understanding, of kindly consideration and honorable obligation, was able to allay or eradicate the suspicion and distrust of our motives that had been slowly engendered.²

Everywhere Mr. Bacon noted progress. "Some of these republics," he said, "are advancing so rapidly that each succeeding year will mark an important change. The people have

¹The New York *Evening Post*, December 13, 1913.

²For *Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours*, p. 50

been beset by obstacles greater than those that confronted our forefathers, and but little understood by us here, but, in spite of them, they have forged ahead until the civilization of their larger centres compares favourably with the older civilization of Europe." And they are apparently unspoiled by prosperity. "The rapid material development of their wonderful countries," Mr. Bacon said, "has in no way blunted their lofty idealism, and nowhere can there be found men more willing or more able to work together for a common, humanitarian purpose. All that is suggestive of social progress makes an immediate appeal to their sympathies."¹

Mr. Bacon closed the interview in a way as pleasing to the people whom he had the good fortune to visit as it was typical of his good judgment, tact, and courtesy. "There is," he said, "great and substantial benefit to be derived from an acquaintance with our South American neighbours, of whom too many of us are, unfortunately, profoundly ignorant. The representative men and women of these countries have all the charm and grace and intellectual culture for which the Latin races are famous. Their warm-hearted hospitality is proverbial. Personally, I shall never forget, nor can I adequately express my appreciation of, the kindness and courtesy of their welcome."²

In a few paragraphs of what he calls his preliminary report, Mr. Bacon states the general results of his mission, leaving the details of each of the countries visited for the larger and final account. That even the most casual reader may have these results in summary form, and thus be able to appreciate the success of Mr. Bacon's visit, with the aims and purposes of which they are already familiar, a few paragraphs are given with an omission of a phrase or two:

On every side the invitation to our friends in South America to cordial and sympathetic union with the Trustees in the various enterprises which the Endowment is seeking to promote, met with enthusiastic response.

The proposed exchange of visits of representative men was most heartily approved and might be put into execution without delay . . .

It was my good fortune to be in Lima while the Pan-American

¹*For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours*, p. 52.

²*Ibid.*, pp. 52-53.

Medical Congress was in session, and at the opening meeting of that body of scientists, to hear one of the speakers, Doctor Cabred, refer with appreciation to the work of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. I was deeply impressed by the fact that these men, gathered together from the American republics for a common, humanitarian purpose, well represented the "international mind," and I took the liberty of suggesting to the President of the Congress, Doctor Odriozola, the possibility of selecting from the Congress representatives who might be willing to visit the United States in connection with the exchange of visits proposed by the Endowment.

The way has been prepared for the formation of national societies for conciliation to be affiliated with the Association for International Conciliation in Paris and New York. . . .

Societies of International Law to be affiliated with the American Institute of International Law have either been actually formed or are in process of formation in Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santiago, and Lima.

I had the honour of presenting to the Governments of the countries which I visited the opportunity to participate in the proposed Academy of International Law at The Hague, and of calling their attention to the necessity of appointing national committees for the consideration of contributions to the programme of the next Hague Conference and making arrangements for the intercommunication of such committees among all the American countries.

The representatives of the several Governments with whom I talked were receptive without exception. The proposed Academy of International Law at The Hague made an immediate appeal to their sympathy and interest and they also expressed their appreciation of the importance of the early appointment of national committees to discuss contributions to the programme of the next Hague Peace Conference.

In all the principal addresses I took the opportunity to describe the work of the Division of Economics and History of the Endowment, and to bespeak for it the assistance of our friends in South America in arranging for the systematic furnishing of data in accordance with the programme laid down at Berne. . . .¹

Of the final report of his journey, "For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours," the first part, given over to preliminary observations, will be found most interesting, as Mr. Bacon not only explains the relations of the United

¹*For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours*, pp. 11-12.

States to the other Republics of the American continent, but states the policy which in his opinion the United States should pursue in the future. His fundamental thesis is, that "by history even more than by nature the countries of the North and South American continents are bound closely together."¹ How are they to be kept together? In answer to this question, Mr. Bacon naturally turns to the past and refers in first instance to Henry Clay, who espoused the cause of the Spanish colonies then in arms against the mother country, advocated the recognition of their independence, and predicted the prosperous future into which all have not yet entered, but into which we hope they will all enter in the fullness of time. He passes to Mr. Blaine's proposal for Pan-American Conferences, attributing to President Garfield's statesmanship—"the first of those Pan-American Conferences which are now held regularly."² "History," Napoleon is reported as saying, "is agreed fiction." It may turn out that the idea was original neither with Mr. Blaine nor President Garfield, whose Secretary of State he was, and that some less known but farsighted statesman suggested it. However that may be, the fact is that Mr. Blaine signed the note for the call of such a conference in 1881. The conference he called met in 1889 at Washington, when he was Secretary of State under President Harrison.

Of these conferences, four had met before the World War and a fifth of the series would have convened in Chile approximately in 1915 if that calamity had not occurred. Probably nothing has done more than these conferences, meeting in the course of every few years, to make the American States feel their oneness, even if they do not always act as a unit. One of the reasons Mr. Bacon found admirably stated in general terms by Mr. Roque Saenz Peña, a delegate to the First Pan-American Conference and President of Argentina during Mr. Bacon's visit to that country. In the course of an address to the conference, that distinguished, hardheaded, and practical statesman said:

The truth is that our knowledge of each other is limited. The Republics of the North of this continent have lived without holding

¹*For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours*, p. 13.

²*Ibid.*, p. 14.

communication with those of the South, or of the Center. Absorbed, as they have been, like ours in the organic labor of their institutions, they have failed to cultivate with us closer and more intimate relations.¹

Of the value of Mr. Root's services, Mr. Bacon has this to say, after quoting Dr. Saenz Peña:

While I am confident that this true explanation of our mistakes is accepted by the discerning statesmen of our sister republics, it has been only natural that the apparent and often actual neglect of our opportunities to cultivate a better understanding of our neighbors, our ignorance of their affairs and our seeming national indifference to their progress should have tended to engender on their part sentiments of resentment, distrust and suspicion. Mr. Root's historic visit to South America in 1906 has been responsible, more than any other single factor, for the correction of these impressions of us. Our people at large have not even a faint conception of the great service Mr. Root has done them by his sympathetic attitude and by his repeated utterances of our national policy, but this service is recognized in all parts of South America, where he is regarded with the deepest affection and respect.²

Omitting for the present the specific objects of Mr. Bacon's mission, with which he follows this passage, the latter portion of the preliminary observations takes up and completes his views on the larger problems.

In speaking or in thinking of the Republics of South America we are exceedingly apt to fall into the error of regarding them as a whole. The ten separate states are as distinct as the separate countries of Europe; the peoples constituting them differ in race, habits, and ideals; their governments, though retaining the same basic form, are really often quite dissimilar. We shall never go very far toward improving our relations with the Latin-American Republics, either in the matter of intellectual intercourse or of commerce, until we have made ourselves familiar with the separate nations and by study or actual contact learned to make the necessary distinctions between them. A true understanding of our neighbours can come only with a knowledge of their separate histories, of their heroes, of the epics of valour and

¹*Minutes of the International American Conference, Washington, 1889 (1890), p. 297.*

²*For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours, pp. 14-15.*

perseverance of each Republic and of the races from which they have sprung, native and European.¹

Nevertheless, the peoples of South America are alike in many respects and have certain admirable qualities in common. As Mr. Bacon says:

Although error springs from regarding the South American nations as a whole, certain characteristics are, in greater or less degree, common to all of these peoples. They are hospitable, courteous, sensitive, proud, and intensely patriotic. Whoever goes among them with a disregard of these traits is sure to produce a bad impression upon them. We of northern climes are traditionally more brusque, and brusqueness is foreign and offensive to these descendants of the polite races of the Iberian Peninsula. Their sensitiveness causes them to resent criticism, although they accept most readily suggestions prompted by a sincere friendship but an attitude of superiority, too often assumed by unthinking persons of other nations, can beget only their suspicion, distrust, and contempt.²

Mr. Bacon notes that in every country he visited he "found sentiments of warmest friendship for the United States," and that the occasional opinions to the contrary were "practically negligible in comparison with the earnest desire for the friendliest relations between our countries which one hears expressed by the real leaders of opinion everywhere." Yet Mr. Bacon sounds a note of warning:

It behooves the people of this country, however, to conduct themselves toward their Latin-American neighbours with such consideration and fairness that no cause for suspicion may arise. It has been decreed by our geographical position and historical association that our destinies shall not be separate. Such has been the view of our own statesmen from the time of Monroe and such was the opinion of those early great leaders of South American independence. I believe that this opinion is held by the South American leaders of to-day, not in any sense of political alliance and, certainly, in no degree in a manner to involve the sovereignty of any state concerned, but as a matter of policy necessitated by our proximity to each other, our isolation

¹*For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours*, p. 19.

²*Ibid.*, p. 20.

from other continents and our common ideals of liberty. We must all, I think, admit the force of the argument for our interdependence, but each American nation should be scrupulously careful in respecting the rights and sentiments of the others.¹

How should we Americans of the North act toward the Americans of the South? To this question Mr. Bacon has a ready answer:

For our conduct we cannot do better than to remember and follow the sentiments of John Quincy Adams expressed in a special message to the House of Representatives, explaining his action in appointing delegates to the Conference held in Panama:

"The first and paramount principle upon which it was deemed wise and just to lay the cornerstone of all our future relations with them (our sister American republics) was disinterestedness; the next was cordial good will to them; the third was a claim of fair and equal reciprocity."²

Add to John Quincy Adams' paramount principle Mr. Root's doctrine of sympathy and understanding, of kindly consideration and honourable obligation, and we have, in Mr. Bacon's opinion, a perfect policy "for better relations with our Latin-American neighbours."

In the spring of 1914, after the preparation of his report of his visit to our southern neighbours, Mr. Bacon was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Endowment, under whose auspices³ he made his journey from which he brought back good tidings from the promised land. Indeed, he was so impressed with what he saw that he was bold enough to say, or was farsighted enough to prophesy, "it must strike any one who visits South America that it is the country of the future."⁴

¹*For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours*, pp. 20-21.

²*Ibid.*, p. 21.

³It is due to Mr. Bacon and his interest in "Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours" to note that although he made his long trip to South America under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, he not only refused any compensation, but also personally assumed and paid the expenses of himself and party.

⁴*New York Evening Post*, December 13, 1913, *For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours*, p. 52.

PART VIII

PREPAREDNESS

“Where there is no vision, the people perish.”

CHAPTER XIV

THE FIRST YEARS OF THE WAR

INTERESTED in the promotion of international peace by rules of law and their diffusion through educational processes; interested in the advancement of education at home through the activity of his beloved University, Mr. Bacon might well look forward to a career of congenial usefulness.

Outwardly, the world was at peace—but only outwardly. The peace was the calm before the tempest, which broke in the summer of 1914. At the first rumbling, Mr. Bacon was alarmed and alert. He felt that the Powers which wanted war, or were willing to run the risk of war rather than renounce their policies of expansion at the expense of lesser powers, would take no steps to preserve peace. He felt also that the war could not be localized; that the United States would be drawn into it, and that we should prepare at once, and while there was still time.

On June 28, 1914, the world was startled by the assassination of the heir of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and his morganatic wife at the hands of a Bosnian of Serbian race in the city of Sarajevo, the capital of the Austro-Hungarian province of Bosnia. The Dual Monarchy sought to implicate the then little kingdom of Serbia in the crime. This Serbia denied. There had been for some years strained relations between the two countries, and there was propaganda for a Greater Serbia, which Austria-Hungary regarded as a menace, inasmuch as there were large numbers of Austro-Hungarian subjects of Serbian origin within the bounds of the monarchy.

Austria-Hungary formulated a series of demands against Serbia which were handed to the Serbian Minister of Foreign Affairs at Belgrade on July 23rd, demanding their acceptance within forty-eight hours. Fearing that war might result, the large European Powers, with the exception of Germany, urged Serbia to return a conciliatory reply. This it did, accepting all but one of the ten demands, and as to that, offering arbitra-

tion. The attempts of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia to bring about a peaceful settlement, whether by means of arbitration, mediation, or conference, failed. Austria-Hungary declared the reply unsatisfactory, and on July 28th issued a declaration of war against Serbia. As a matter of precaution Russia mobilized its army; Germany insisted that the mobilization was on the German as well as the Austrian frontier, and demanded that it should cease. Upon the failure of Russia to comply, Germany issued a declaration of war against that mighty Empire on the first of August, 1914. Failing to receive assurance from France that it would remain neutral, Germany declared war against the French Republic two days later. Great Britain demanded of Germany that its armies should not drive through Luxembourg and Belgium, in their eagerness to invade France where most unprepared, inasmuch as those two countries had been neutralized by treaties to which, among other countries, Germany and Great Britain were parties. The refusal of Germany to give assurance (for it was already pushing its armies through both) caused Great Britain to declare war against Germany on August 4th.

Such is a very meagre statement of the facts as they appeared upon the surface and were known to Mr. Bacon at the time. He felt, however, that the Austro-Hungarian and German authorities looked upon Serbia as standing in the way of their expansion in the south and east through the Balkan Peninsula into Asia; that Serbia should be got out of the way if the railroad from Berlin to Bagdad, with its boundless possibilities, was to be built by and under the control of Germany, and if German influence was to prevail in that part of the world. Be that as it may, "the hour has struck"—to use a German expression—and war, soon to be known as the World War, had begun.

Mr. Bacon never doubted that Great Britain would have to go in, as otherwise Germany would absorb Belgium and Holland and establish itself securely in northern France, should it win the war, and thus confront Great Britain in the North Sea and the English Channel, awaiting the day of reckoning with that rival Power. He was fearful that Great Britain might stay out for the present, blind to its own interest. When the news came the night of Tuesday, the fourth, that Great Britain had declared war, he cried, "Thank God, the war can now be

won." And he added immediately, "We must prepare, for we may also have to go in."

Subsequent developments have made it clear that Mr. Bacon was right. The entry of Great Britain made it possible to win the war by giving the Entente a chance against the German war machine, perfected in forty years of peace to crush its enemies before they could bring their armies into the field and mobilize their resources.

Mr. Bacon was also right in urging preparedness on our part, for, he said, a nation which would violate the neutrality of one country when it seemed to be to its advantage would violate the neutral rights of the United States if that should seem to promise victory.

So clearly have events demonstrated his far-sighted wisdom that it is now difficult to appreciate the criticism heaped upon him for advocating these principles. His courage and conviction were too strong, however, to be weakened by abuse.

The outbreak of the World War found Mr. Bacon a free lance, in the sense that he was not in business, from which he had withdrawn in 1903, and he no longer held public office. He was restless at home; he wanted to be in Europe, to see with his own eyes how things were going, and to help where he could.

It was clear as matters stood that the Allies were in need of hospitals, hospital supplies, surgeons, nurses, and hospital equipment. The war had come so suddenly that it took the world by surprise. At least, it so took the Allies and the uninitiated.

Here was a field of work, and in this field Mrs. Bacon toiled at home, raising funds through personal appeal and effort, and Mr. Bacon gave of his time, of his thought, of his money, now in England, now in France, but chiefly to the American Ambulance of Paris, the military branch of the American Hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine.

By August 26, 1914, he was off to Europe on *La France*, and while still on the steamer he writes to Mrs. Bacon, his only correspondent during these last years, pouring out his heart, and uncovering his soul:

My heart is sinking already, and we haven't left the dock. . . . Was it stupid and inconsiderate of me to go!—to be persuaded to

change my mind again this morning, after it was all settled?—I can't feel that it is pure selfishness, because it has no attractions for me, and no pleasure except the getting home again.—The decision was the result of so many cross currents and emotions and doubts that it was and is hard to analyze or quite understand, but the fact is that I am very lonely and unhappy, and have no more confidence in my own judgment—I seem to be conscious of a sort of feverish desire to do something for somebody, with not enough aggressiveness or ability to make it worth while. *Au fond* I seem to be actuated by a real ambition to do something that may indirectly help my children to make moral fibre.—Personally, I seem to exist no more for myself. This is my constant thought. One of my best friends, Judge Gary, tells me that I am not aggressive enough. He is right—perhaps it's a lack of courage of a certain kind, or of self-confidence, perhaps it's weakness, a lack of the preëminent attributes of the masculine animal.—We are all curiously composed of inconsistencies—of unaccountable strength and weakness, seldom understood by others, even our nearest and dearest—Faint Heart that I am, already dreading the voyage and the trip. I have no buoyancy, no enthusiasm, no conviction, but although it seems interminable already it will soon be over and I shall be home again, glad to settle down once more and for all like a tame old cat—out of the fight—out of the current—unfit for leadership.—I can add nothing to my children's moderate inheritance, either material or moral. They must fight the fight themselves and my dream of being sometime somebody to serve as an inspiration, and to awaken a big ambition, is past. I am even inarticulate and cannot explain to them the truth.

There is danger of spoiling the impression of this letter by comment, and yet a few words by way of explanation are needed. Mr. Bacon was regarded as the aggressive, even too aggressive, champion of our duties to the Allies. Fathers and mothers were not slow at that time to criticise him as an advocate of sacrificing *their* sons. They did not realize that his heart was torn no less than theirs, that he was thinking of his own sons, but always from the larger point of view, with infinite tenderness and a constant regard for their spiritual strength and welfare. He did not ask others to do what he himself was not prepared to do; his doubts were as great and his sorrows were as heavy as their own; but his strength, his moral rectitude, were such that he could not compromise. We are indeed, as he said, "curiously composed of incon-



ROBERT BACON AT HOME
Westbury, Long Island

sistencies—of unaccountable strength and weakness seldom understood by others, even our nearest and dearest,” and, he might have added, even by ourselves.

The longing to be worthy of imitation, the “dream of being sometime somebody to serve as an inspiration, and to awaken a big ambition,” which kept Mr. Bacon “as clean as a hound’s tooth,” as his friend Colonel Roosevelt would say, the public did not know; even his friends could hardly surmise. His life is the best answer to his own criticism of himself; it should “sometime” be “an inspiration” to his countrymen, and “awaken a big ambition” in many an American boy.

On the other side, but while still aboard the *La France*, Mr. Bacon wrote to Mrs. Bacon under date of September 1st:

The cliffs of Cornwall are alongside and out of the fog a British cruiser has just appeared and passed close aboard. It has given me a big lump in my throat after the tremendous tension and impatience of the voyage, and now I can hardly wait to hear the real news, for that which we have received on board has been very fragmentary and unsatisfactory. We have not been allowed to use the “wireless” or I should have cabled you many times. Did you think it crazy and selfish of me to go as I did? I hope not . . . after the first shock. It seems as if I could not bear not to come closer to observe this awful world crisis.—There was such a mixture of considerations and motives pulling me hither and yon those last few hours that I can hardly now understand them, . . . but somehow I was impelled to come and look at this dreadful thing from a different point of view, and now what shall I find when I get ashore!

I have been all alone, reading, reading of pan-Germanism and the Balkans, the real pawns which started the conflagration—and of Paris in the year 1910 by Jules Claretie of the Français.¹ The last few days I have seen something of the Frenchmen, officers, and sergeants and privates, who are hurrying back to fight and be killed. It has brought me very close already to all the hideous suffering of it all. Four officers from the Embassy at Tokio, who left Yokohama only twenty-five days ago, a fine young Frenchman named Pierrefeu from the Steel Company in Chicago and his American wife. She was

¹Jules Claretie (1840-1913). Member of the French Academy; Director of the Théâtre Français; historian, essayist and dramatist. Among his many volumes may be mentioned, *La Vie de Paris* (1913), published in 21 volumes in 1914; reprints of articles to the weekly press extending through many years. His interests were broad and his activities covered a large field, including the libretto to Massenet’s opera *La Navarraise*.

a Tudor of Boston, daughter of Bill Tudor, '71, a cousin of Mrs. Garland and the others, who has left her four children in America. . . .

Mr. Bacon landed at Havre, rushed to Paris, and installed himself in the Crillon, where he kept an apartment. What he did in these first hectic days he tells in a letter dated Sunday night, September 6th, from Paris:

This is the first moment I have had to write you a line, although I have been here three days, and three such interesting days.

I am going to stay on for a week or so with Herrick, who is perfectly fine, and needs all the moral support and as many aides as possible for he is not only the one ambassador remaining in Paris but is acting also for Germany, Austria, and partially for the British Embassy. The French people and the Government are all crazy about him and look to him in a large measure to protect property when the Germans come in, as they probably will, but as soon as the situation has declared itself and he can with self-respect and conscientiously turn it over to Sharp he will do so and start for home and I will go with him if I do not go before, as I expect surely to get out of Paris and sail before Oct. 1st as I said I would.

There will be no siege of Paris such as the last. It will all be soon over as far as Paris is concerned, and I dread the awful fate to which it will be destined. Poor Paris!

The people here are really all delighted to see me and touched by my coming, which is reward enough, but I just missed the Government and Hanotaux—whom I especially wanted to see and who has been urging me to come to Bordeaux through his Secretary, Monsieur Jaray, who has been most kind and came to meet us at Havre, and brought us to Paris, Sharp¹ and me, in autos in the most enchanting moonlight night.—So I am going to Bordeaux to-morrow morning returning to-morrow night and Major Logan² is going with me by automobile with two soldiers as mechanics and all the necessary *laisser-*

¹The Honourable William G. Sharp, formerly a member of Congress from Ohio, had been appointed Ambassador to France to succeed Mr. Herrick—also from Ohio. Mr. Herrick was so familiar with the conditions and had the situation so completely in hand; his presence was so pleasing to France and his services so acceptable to the Government which was replacing him for political reasons, that he was asked to remain until Mr. Sharp could become familiar with conditions and the duties of his post. Mr. Herrick did so until December, 1914.

²James A. Logan, Jr., figures prominently in Mr. Bacon's correspondence, and later in his activities in France. He was a Major in the Quartermaster Corps (1912); Lieutenant Colonel (temporary, 1917; permanent, 1918.)

passers to get through the *patrouilles* which are pretty thick beyond Versailles.

To-day there has been fighting out by Coulommiers and yesterday, and I suppose there will be a big battle on that side to-morrow or within a few days unless the Germans have entirely changed their plan of campaign.—They are now between the French army of Paris and the French army of the East or Northeast. The English are doing splendidly.—We have just been talking to a couple of wounded English cavalry boys just in from the front.

The Assistant Secretary of War,¹ General Allen,² and the Major all dined with me at Maxims', which is one of the best places now to dine, closing sharp at 9:30 and always an interesting bunch of soldiers and Parisians, Widor, Flamengue, and many such.—Widor is cordiality itself, and constantly speaks of you and Sister, as does everyone else in fact, Lépine,³ Klotz,⁴ who by the way is on the staff of the Military Governor of Paris with whom I lunched yesterday with Arthur Meyer of the Gaulois and Gros-Claude of the Figaro.—Madame Klotz is remaining in Paris. . . .

Jack Monroe is at the front. All the Murats, father, five sons, and the Princess.—It is all very wonderful, *impressionnant* and *émouvant*.—We are going to have about ten American officers, a detachment of marines in plain clothes and a score of volunteers to work at the Chancellerie and at 5 rue François Premier, looking after Americans, English and much valuable property, *en cas!* . . .

Good-night. . . . I haven't many hours to sleep as I start *de très bonne heure*.—I . . . wish you were here, although I suppose it all seems very wild and foolish from that distance and from the sensational newspaper accounts. Good-bye again. . . . Forgive me if I am giving you a moment's anxiety. When you receive this I may be already starting for home by way of St. Malo and England. I only want to stay a while to help the Ambassador, and the many secours and assistances in this awful hour of trial for France with all my heartfelt sympathy.

¹Henry Breckinridge (1866-). Later Major and Lieutenant-Colonel of Infantry in the American Expeditionary Forces.

²Henry T. Allen, later, Major-General, commanding a Division (September, 1917), and the 8th Army Corps (November, 1918), American Expeditionary Forces; Commander of the American Forces in Germany (1919-1922).

³Louis Jean Lépine (1846-). Among the many political positions which he has held, two may be mentioned: Governor-General of Algeria (1897); Prefect of Police (1893-1897, 1899-1913), Honourary Prefect of Police. Member of the Institute of France.

⁴Louis L. Klotz (1868-). Member of the Chamber of Deputies; Minister of Finance in various Cabinets.

This reference to Mr. Herrick is characteristic. Mr. Herrick's refusal to quit his post did him infinite honour, and was in line with American traditions, for was not our Gouverneur Morris the only representative of a foreign country who remained at his post throughout the Reign of Terror? Elihu B. Washburne, our Minister to France during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, stayed in Paris through the siege, when the French Government took refuge in Bordeaux for the first time, and during the Commune, when Versailles was the favourite resort of the professional diplomat. Mr. Brand Whitlock, our Minister to Belgium, likewise remained at his post in Brussels notwithstanding the transfer of the Belgian Government on October 13, 1914, to Havre and the exodus of his colleagues during the German occupation. It is entirely proper for a government to withdraw from a capital menaced by the enemy as did the French Government on September 3, 1914. It is proper for the diplomats to follow the government to which they are accredited; but neither invading armies nor civil commotions seem to suggest to the American envoy a change of venue.

September 30, 1914.

To-day I am longing more than ever to get home to you. . . . Nothing keeps me but the possibility that Paris is still in danger, and I cannot leave Herrick until all such danger is honestly believed to be passed. As a volunteer at the Embassy it is just as necessary for me to stay as it is for him to remain in Paris, for should the Brutes come, there will be plenty to do for all, and should there be a bombardment, I naturally could not run away. . . . I am glad I came for it has been appreciated, and one or two little things I have been able to do well, but now I want to come home to you, and you may be sure that I shall come if only this dreadful incubus can be pushed away even a little, so that the Russians may come up to relieve the pressure upon Paris.

The situation to-day, according to the *Communiqué*, is good, but I know that it is *not* good, except that every day brings us all nearer the end of this time of terror and horror, and unspeakable, unthinkable brutality against the whole world. . . . How can there be neutrality? This is no war between a few friendly states with which we have no concern. The United States, with Italy, the Scandinavians, Spain, Switzerland, and Roumania should cry out to stop this militar-

ism, which, if it should succeed, will engulf the whole civilized world. This is a great world crisis which far transcends all accepted rules of International Law. The opinion of the *whole world* is one unanimously. One does not stop to enquire too nicely as to who started the conflagration before putting it out. A mad dog is killed without waiting to know what sanction of law there may be for so doing. I am delighted that a day of Prayer has been decreed for Peace, but I should like also to hear that Woodrow Wilson and his advisers could rise above even the tenets which have come down to us through tradition from the time of Grotius, and impose Peace, righteous Peace. We have the *Duty* as well as the *Right* to do so, but no *Neutrality!!* in every line. Eventually toward what? Brutal mediæval militarism on the one hand and all the forces of progress and liberalism and truth on the other. "*Bellum omnis contra omnes*," to paraphrase, to be neutral is to admit the possibility of right on both sides.

It is *incroyable*. No wishy-washy legal neutrality for me, and this instead of being opposed to International Law is of the very essence.—Tell this to Scott and to Root for me, and ask them if I am crazy and hysterical.—This is the time for the imagination of idealists to rise above the trammels of precedent. The world has never seen or thought of such a condition, such a danger as now threatens, not France, not little Belgium, nor even England's commerce, but the great world forces of Truth, which are dimly only to be recognized—toward which humanity is slowly but surely tending. And must we sit by safe in our comfortable commercialism and permit this awful thing! Fancied security—for just as day follows night will come our retribution if we allow it to prevail. . . . I would like to take him¹ out to the trenches where the flower of Anglo-Saxon manhood side by side with the last hope of France lie in defence of our whole Western world, bleeding, bleeding, dying, suffering, wet through day after day, dodging the merciless shells, the messengers of this ruthless militarism. . . . With one word he could take the lead in such a protest that the whole world would cry out for joy and follow his courageous lead. No, they must fight it out, I suppose, for the sake of our commercial neutrality. Ask Root and Scott if I am all wrong. . . .

The battle which Mr. Bacon reports as in progress was the battle of the Marne, which compelled the Germans entirely to change their plan of campaign, saved Paris, and was the beginning of a very long end. It seemed so to the unconquerable French; it seemed so to a world holding its breath; it even

¹This reference is to Woodrow Wilson, at the time President of the United States.

seemed so to keen-eyed observers on the other side of the Rhine, whose judgment was not distorted by the overwhelming victories of the past month.

Mr. Bacon characteristically "forgot" to state in the letter that he got a number of automobiles to take the wounded from the field and that he drove one of them. The missing information is supplied by the manager of the Hôtel de Crillon, where Mr. Bacon stayed when in Paris.

Personally and at his own expense he had succeeded in chartering three automobiles and day and night without ceasing he travelled back and forth between Paris and the front, at that time Meaux and Soissons, to bring back the wounded; he would often return on the step in order to let them have his place in the car. In those days he had the room above mine and sometimes, at two, three, or four o'clock in the morning, I would hear him drawing his bath and would go up immediately to hear the news. Then he would throw himself fully dressed on the bed to wait until daylight so that he might be furnished with packages of first edition papers, a good supply of cigars and tobacco, and some bottles of cognac, for he would say to me, "this is what pleases your dear soldiers the most." Then he would start out again requesting me to say, if one of his friends asked for him, that he had gone out without knowing when he would return.

Mr. Bacon's activity soon shifted from Paris to London, from war to finance. In a letter of December 17th, he writes:

The last boat has gone . . . and I am heartbroken and terribly upset not to come home to you for Christmas, but your cable decided me. I don't think I could have refrained from coming over again to finish up the Hospital matters, which . . . are in a very difficult condition. . . . That is why I went on the Committee, and have been spending tedious hours day after day at Neuilly; but it is all coming out with flying colors, and the little things, the difficulties, the obstacles coming principally from the personal equation will all be forgotten and will sink into insignificance. The work will remain and outlive us all, and the American Hospital work during this awful crisis and what it stands for will never be forgotten, and will always remain one of the bright spots in our international relations. This is my honest conviction and this is why I am making and am asking you . . . to make big sacrifices. You and I have become too much identified with it all to permit me to "lacher" now. The

Whitney Unit¹ at Juilly is coming along all right, and is playing a big part in the development and extension of the whole thing as originally hoped for and planned by Herrick, and now the Transport Units, the Ford Squads and Sections are going to play a still bigger part, and this of late has been my chief interest and is just beginning. I was much pleased to-day to get Elliot's cable saying he had money for ten more Fords. We can use any number just now if we can get just the right kind of volunteer chauffeurs, but it may all change at any minute, as everything does.

The American Hospital and the American Ambulance figure largely in Mr. Bacon's letters; they played a large part in his thought before our entry into the war and after. The American Ambulance was Mrs. Bacon's life during all the years of the war. She was chairman of the American Committee; she adopted, so to speak, the American Ambulance Hospital, which means in French, Military Hospital. By personal letters, each written in her own handwriting, she raised in America the funds for the Ambulance. She made the sacrifices in America which Mr. Bacon made in France, and it is with good reason that the large wing added to the original American Hospital is to-day named by the subscribers as an endowment fund for "Robert Bacon Ward."

The manner in which Mr. Bacon became interested in the project of the American Ambulance Hospital and his subsequent connection with it were typical of the reliance placed upon his sympathy and help by Americans in France as well as by the French Government and people.

The American Ambulance Hospital, or, as it was more generally known, the American Ambulance, was the outgrowth of the little American Hospital just outside the walls of Paris. When Mr. Bacon was Ambassador he was deeply interested in this hospital, which brought so much comfort, greatly needed medical skill and attention to Americans who were ill in France.

When the war came, the American Hospital considered the most practical expression of its sympathy for France would be the formation of an American Military Hospital. The French

¹ The Whitney Unit. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney fully equipped a hospital at Juilly as an auxiliary to the American Ambulance. During the entire period of the war this was managed under her direction and at her personal expense.

Government learned of this intention with deep gratitude and placed at the disposition of the little hospital a large, unfinished, high school building, the Lycée Pasteur, to be converted into a hospital for wounded French soldiers.

This was an undertaking much too great, of course, for the limited personnel and small facilities of the American Hospital at that time. Therefore, the Board of Governors immediately turned their thoughts to Mr. Bacon and sent a cable to this country asking him to undertake the work of raising sufficient funds to carry out the project and to interest American physicians and surgeons.

From that time on Mr. Bacon's zeal in the American Ambulance never flagged. He began with a few of his personal and business friends who made the first donations, raised among themselves a guarantee fund, which was in keeping with the whole spirit of Mr. Bacon and Mr. Bacon's friendships. The donors of this fund, which was kept to the last as a guarantee, declined in the end to receive any part of it back, but contributed the full amount of their subscription to the American Hospital for twenty free beds in his memory.

The first body of doctors to go from this country to serve in the American Ambulance was from Boston, and represented the Harvard University Unit, recruited upon the initiative of Mr. Bacon. Dr. Harvey Cushing was at the head, and he was assisted by a corps of skilled surgeons and specialists.

Growing out of the American Ambulance Hospital, and for a long while connected with it, was the American Ambulance Field Service. The men who drove the ambulances to the front were for the most part volunteers from our universities. They paid their own passage and bought their own uniforms. The ambulances were purchased with money contributed in the United States.

The appeal for the subscribers in the beginning was made under the direction of Mr. Bacon and Mrs. Bacon, who was chairman of the American Committee responsible for raising funds for the Ambulance. Some extent of this work can be gained when it is stated that more than \$2,000,000 was raised by Mrs. Bacon's committee and its branch committees throughout the United States.

In connection with the American Ambulance Field Service

it is interesting to recall that at this time, in the early days of the war, there was a great and reasonable fear on the part of the French people that German sympathizers and spies were coming to France on American passports and in the guise of Americans. This reasonable fear indeed might have stopped the daily work of recruiting for the Ambulance in this country had it not been for Mr. Bacon. In the dilemma, the French military authorities turned to him, and they accepted very gladly and without question his personal assurance that he would be responsible for the loyalty of the men selected in America and sent abroad to drive ambulances. The French Government needed no further assurance than Mr. Bacon's word, and it is a matter of record that of the great number of young men sent over (about five thousand) not one proved disloyal to the cause of the Allies. Their qualifications and their references were carefully examined in this country by Mr. Bacon's representative before the men were sent abroad.

Later, when the Field Ambulance Service grew to such large proportions that the administration of it by the Hospital was difficult, a separate administration was undertaken in this country and in France. The head of the American Field Ambulance Service in France was Mr. A. Piatt Andrew, afterward a Lieutenant-Colonel in the United States Expeditionary Forces.

In the early months of the war, Mr. Andrew, then at Gloucester, Massachusetts, wrote to his friend, Mr. Bacon, and asked his help in obtaining an opportunity to be of service to the Allies on the other side. It was a very characteristic letter, the tenor of which was: I am relying upon you to find me a job where I can be helpful. I do not care what it is as long as I can be of service.

Mr. Bacon gladly endorsed Mr. Andrew's application for service, and sent him to the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris, where, at first, he drove an ambulance.

Not content with helping the Hospital and the Field Service, Mr. Bacon established a sanitary train to carry wounded from the front to the base hospitals, particularly those in the south of France. With a friend, Mr. Alexander Cochran, he paid for the expense and upkeep of this train. It was a wonderful one at that time; a marvel to the French, for it was splen-

didly equipped. Painted upon it was an American flag so that in those days of our neutrality the people of France who saw the train (and they could be counted by the thousands and tens of thousands) as it went on its errand of mercy through France, might know that the sympathy of the American people was with them in this war.

There is an incident connected with the acknowledgment of the fund for the Hospital which is largely overlooked in the record.

In addition to sending funds, Mrs. Bacon's committee sent many supplies. At one time it was a serious problem, because of the scarcity of shipping, how to get these supplies to France. The great need was for coal, and there was doubt whether sufficient coal could be procured to keep the patients of the Ambulance comfortable. Mr. Bacon went about solving the difficulty in his own way, saying nothing except to those most closely associated with him, and engaged shipping brokers to look for a ship. The brokers finally found one for sale which had been built on the Great Lakes. They agreed to buy half of it if Mr. Bacon would buy the other half, and he could then use the ship to transport coal and other necessary supplies to the Hospital in France. Mr. Bacon accepted the proposal, and renamed the Lake steamer *Barnstable*, in memory of that part of Massachusetts where his family had lived for generations.

The *Barnstable* was an old ship, built only for Lake trade. It was a wooden hull steamer, and expensive repairs were necessary. One costly experiment after another was tried. At one time the brokers, chagrined, as they themselves say, at the expense to which Mr. Bacon had been involved by the unfortunate adventure, telephoned him that they were willing to take the steamer off his hands and eliminate all thoughts of sending her to France. Mr. Bacon's reply likewise over the telephone was: "I shipped with you for the whole voyage, and I will stick by the ship."

The *Barnstable* was never made seaworthy for ocean traffic and sometime later she sank at sea before the trans-Atlantic trip was attempted. Because of this failure to relieve the Hospital during the crisis, there was no mention of what Mr. Bacon did in this connection to be found in the record. If it

had succeeded it would have been a noteworthy achievement, but even then he would have permitted only the barest mention of his part in the undertaking. As it did not succeed, no mention was made of the thought, time, effort, and expense which he had devoted to this purpose.

The American Ambulance Hospital which, but for Mr. Bacon's help in the beginning could hardly have existed, became afterward American Military Hospital No. 1, was turned over as such to our Army, a thoroughly equipped, model institution, ready for the care of our wounded when our men arrived in France. The committee in this country, headed by Mrs. Bacon, was able to meet the expenses of the Hospital throughout the war and after the Armistice until the American Ambulance closed its doors.

The American Field Service was able to give their first military experience to many of our young men, who afterward became officers in our Army, and when our Expeditionary Forces arrived in France we were able to turn over to them several hundred equipped ambulance units.¹

To return to Mr. Bacon's letter of December 17th:

What I shall do these next few weeks will depend upon developments of all kinds. I am delighted to be with Davy² and Teddy Grenfell.³ It is all of most intense interest and importance, has saved me from utter despair.—Davy and Willard Straight⁴ (who by the way appears very well and is most useful to Davy) are here, and I am clinging to Davy. I have just this moment decided to go to Paris to-morrow morning, principally on an important errand for him, and I may be back here again in a few days. If I should happen to be in Paris for Xmas, I shall sneak off all alone up to the North and get as near to my friends at the G. H. Q. as they will let me. My heart goes

¹Information supplied by Mr. Hereford.

²Henry P. Davison (1867-1922). From 1907 a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company; chairman of the American Red Cross War Council (1917-1919), becoming in 1919 president of the international organization of all Red Cross bodies called the League of Red Cross Societies.

³Edward C. Grenfell (1876-). Director of the Bank of England; member of the firm of Morgan, Grenfell & Company, London.

⁴Willard D. Straight (1880-1918). In consular and diplomatic service of the United States (1905-1909); Major, Adjutant General's Department, American Expeditionary Forces (1917).

out to them, and if I could get a billet of some sort, I think I should be even tempted to stay there. This is our war . . . and everything is at stake, and I feel more and more every word of that little letter which I wrote you from Paris in September in the dead of night, and which you were inclined to think too emotional or hysterical. It is the solemn truth, and having taken the position that I have, I feel an impelling force urging me to take some active part.—I know that I am right, but I am at a loss to know what do—(Later) To-night I have been dining here with Davy and Teddy and Vivian Smith and Charley Whigham and Willard—all Morgan & Co., and I am starting for Paris early in the morning via Boulogne, where I hope to see some of my nice British soldiers. Boulogne is their base now, you know, and there are British hospitals there. Davy and I have just arranged to spend Xmas together either here or in Paris. We don't know which. . . .

The New Year of 1915 finds Mr. Bacon in London, and on that day he writes to Mrs. Bacon, regretting the "first Xmas apart and a pretty sad and lonely one for me," uncertain as to his return to America, and the line of work to take up in Europe, but certain in his opposition to President Wilson's "friendly protest"¹ to Great Britain, which country, with France, Mr. Bacon contended was fighting America's battle:

Your cable has come and the New Year is beginning, and I am still all up in the air about coming home "permanently" and don't know how to answer your question. I am really glad that I stopped here with Davy for bigger things are doing than anything I ever had to do with before, but nothing should be said even in a whisper, so do not mention it even in general terms.

As I cabled you from Paris I disapprove entirely the President's

¹"The present condition of American foreign trade resulting from frequent seizures and detentions of American cargoes destined to neutral European ports has become so serious as to require a candid statement of the views of this Government in order that the British Government may be fully informed as to the attitude of the United States toward the policy which has been pursued by the British authorities during the present war.

"You will, therefore, communicate the following to His Majesty's principal secretary of state for foreign affairs, but in doing so you will assure him that it is done in the most friendly spirit and in the belief that frankness will better serve the continuance of cordial relations between the two countries than silence, which may be misconstrued into acquiescence in a course of conduct which this Government cannot but consider to be an infringement upon the rights of American citizens." [Telegram of Secretary of State Bryan to Ambassador W. H. Page, Washington, December 26, 1914. *Special Supplement to the American Journal of International Law*, vol. ix (1915), p. 55.]

protest. The feeling about this war and what it means to us and to the world is so far away from mine that I do not seem to speak the same language any more, and I am entirely incapable of understanding the point of view of my countrymen. If I could really serve England or France in even the humblest capacity I should feel it the highest duty that I could perform toward my own country. The work for the wounded, which appeals to me so much, the excuse that that gives me for keeping in touch with the armies would fade into insignificance beside a real opportunity for service, and what could possibly be finer, than to help even a little these great peoples in their death struggle, a struggle that is as much ours as theirs.

I should like to put in an appeal to our people to understand a little—to give a generous thought to the British sailors who have to enforce and interpret these very complex rules of international law . . . when every pound of copper which slips through Scandinavia, Italy, or Holland lengthens just so much the duration of this war. I confess that I sympathize with the British sailor and the man who gave him his orders.

Why won't my countrymen be a little more human and less technical and academic and unsympathetic? England is taking this slap in the face, or rather kick in the stomach, splendidly, intelligently, considerately, with true self-restraint and wisdom, but do you suppose they do not *feel* it—this “friendly protest”? . . .

Four days later, Mr. Bacon wrote again from London, and spoke in very general terms of financial transactions which he had barely mentioned in previous letters. Even to Mrs. Bacon he does not go into details, and he has, as it were, his finger on his lips in warning as he writes:

I am off again to-morrow morning . . . and I guess you think I am pretty restless, but as I cabled you to-day, I am mighty glad I stayed to be with Davy, for big things are going on, and not to be in them when you have the chance would be unworthy. Not a word must be breathed about it, but international finance is going to be perhaps the most important factor of this war. We are meeting all sorts of big people—interesting is not the word adequately to describe it. I have seen Arthur Lee, too, and Sir Alfred Keogh, head of the R.A.M.C., and if Arthur Lee would only take me on to help him “inspect,” I should consider it a great opportunity. And then I must go back to the Ambulance work in Paris, for you and I have assumed too much responsibility for it and its development, to leave it entirely to the tender mercies of others. The Whitney Unit, so-called, must

be opened this week at Juilly, and needs tender care and eternal vigilance. . . . It is going to be a fine hospital in every respect, and if I can only help keep up the motive power to overcome difficulties and discouragements on the part of the doctors, it will come out with flying colors. . . .

I can't tell you who the men are that Davy sees most of, but Saturday I took him to Cliveden¹ to see Nancy² and we met several new ones; Curzon of Kedleston,³ Geoffrey Robinson of the *Times* and others. . . . Friday I went for the night to Hatfield House⁴ which will interest Elliot.—They are just the nicest people in England and the house—well—Mother, you would certainly be crazy about it! I spent the evening in the cellar vault looking at treasures of manuscript letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth, and dozens of others, and in the morning when I looked out, there was the Army of England, 500 or more, drilling on the terrace. It was almost too much for silly, old emotional me, but I am queer as you well know. . . .

After expressing the hope—vain it seemed to him then—that the American people could be taught to be “a little more generous in their interpretations of International Law,” Mr. Bacon closes with the characteristic reflection: “I suppose I am out of joint with our public opinion as it is led by Wilson and Bryan. There again I suppose I ought to keep my mouth shut, but I can't.”

London, January, 1915.

I am off to Paris in the morning . . . and have two minutes before dinner to send this line. Will you send these clippings to my friends, one to Root, one to Scott, and one to Woodrow Wilson, if you can possibly get it to him. These are my sentiments, and my perspective is all right, no obsession or emotion, but a clear vision. I have had an interesting day in Parliament after lunching with Sir Edward Grey, and I am dining to-night with the Lord Chief with whom I had a talk this morning.

¹“Cliveden,” in Taplow, is the name of Viscount Astor's estate.

²Lady Astor.

³The Right Honourable the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston (1859-). A distinguished English statesman. At one time Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (1895-1898); Viceroy and Governor-General of India (1899-1905). Member of the Cabinet since 1915, at present holding the post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

⁴Since 1607, Hatfield House has been the historic home of the Cecil family, of which the Marquess of Salisbury is the head.

Harvey¹ is here and he has reminded me of a long talk he and I had last October, when he didn't at all see it as I did. He now says that he is entirely convinced that I was right, and has told many people so.

It is just a little satisfaction after having been pretty well doubted by most of my friends for a year. If only Woodrow Wilson would see the truth, and rise to his life's opportunity.

And again from London, on a Wednesday in January, he writes:

Just while I am waiting . . . to go out to dine with the Governor.² I will send you a little line. I am off to Paris in the morning, so as to be able to come back here on the 27th, if necessary, to meet the Harvard Unit.³ I have been on the jump these three days and have seen many interesting people at the Foreign Office, War Office and Bank and in the city, and now I am keen for Paris and the Ambulance. . . .

International finance in London, the Ambulance in Paris, the Harvard Unit in London on the 27th filled him with pride. He was, however, depressed at the way things were going in America:

I am boiling with renewed indignation at the flagrant destruction by Germans of munition factories at home, and again the *Ancona*,⁴ but

¹George Harvey (1864-). American Ambassador to Great Britain (1921), formerly editor of the *North American Review* and *Harvey's Weekly*.

²Walter, first Lord Cunliffe (1855-1920). Director of the Bank of England (1895), Deputy Governor (1911), Governor (1913-1918), serving a longer period as Governor than any of his predecessors. During the World War he was associated with all of the financial problems of Great Britain.

³The work of the Harvard University Surgical Unit, whose members are now coming back from Europe on the steamship *Megantic*, is what was to have been expected of an organization made of such fine material and so admirably equipped. Yet even if looked for, the results are worthy of the highest praise.

This unit, made up of 27 medical officers and 103 nurses, was organized in April, 1915, largely through the instrumentality of Robert Bacon, former Ambassador to France, and Sir William Osler. Upon arriving in France the unit was assigned to British General Hospital No. 22, at Camiers. Here it attended 126,000 wounded, together with 26,000 more at casualty clearing stations. The British officers and men wounded in France totalled approximately 1,833,000 so that this single unit attended almost a tenth part of all the British hurt.

All the more notable is this record of service because it was undertaken as a friendly help to Britain before our own country entered the war. [*Boston Post*, January 30, 1919.]

⁴The *Ancona*, on November 7, 1915, was fired upon by a submarine. The facts and the action taken by the Government of the United States are set forth in three paragraphs of Secretary of State Lansing's note of December 6, 1915:

"Reliable information obtained from American and other survivors who were

of course Wilson will do nothing. It is sickening here now that the *note* has arrived. . . . It has made a profound impression, very unpleasant and serious.

Mr. Bacon's next letter is written from Paris under date of February 5, 1915:

I have been so uncertain . . . about what I ought to do, so troubled to think that you feel that I ought to have come home long ago, so pulled by the different commitments here, and by the tremendous interest of being in touch with some of the biggest things that are going on, that I confess I have not known what to say to you. My cables have been so unsatisfactory, I have not been able to make you know. I seem to you to have been carried away and taken off my feet by this war, and by my intense sympathy for England and France. But these last days I have been able to see clearer. I am really going to try to chuck it all. The Hospital matters will be going better soon, and the Relief matters with Hanotaux,—and he will have decided about his trip to the United States, and perhaps Bryce will go and to-day or to-morrow I am going North again to the British G. H. Q. to try and get out of going, as I sort of said I would, to work for a while with the R. A. M. C. and the British Red Cross, both of which are now under one man, one head, Sir Arthur Sloggett, with my little friend General O'Donnell as 2nd in Command, and Arthur Lee a sort of "liaison" between them all, and the big men in England.

You see, there is going to be a great development of the British

passengers on the steamship *Ancona* shows that on November 7th a submarine flying the Austro-Hungarian flag fired a solid shot toward the steamship; that thereupon the *Ancona* attempted to escape, but being overhauled by the submarine she stopped; after that a brief period elapsed and before the crew and passengers were all able to take to the boats the submarine fired a number of shells at the vessel and finally torpedoed and sank her while there were yet many persons on board; and that by gunfire and foundering of the vessel a large number of persons lost their lives or were seriously injured, among whom were citizens of the United States. . . .

"As the good relations of the two countries must rest upon a common regard for law and humanity, the Government of the United States cannot be expected to do otherwise than to demand that the Imperial and Royal Government denounce the sinking of the *Ancona* as an illegal and indefensible act; that the officer who perpetrated the deed be punished; and that reparation by the payment of an indemnity be made for the citizens of the United States who were killed or injured by the attack on the vessel.

"The Government of the United States expects that the Austro-Hungarian Government, appreciating the gravity of the case, will accede to its demand promptly; and it rests this expectation on the belief that the Austro-Hungarian Government will not sanction or defend an act which is condemned by the world as inhumane and barbarous, which is abhorrent to all civilized nations, and which has caused the death of innocent American citizens."



ROBERT BACON IN THE SERVICE OF THE R. A. M. C.



FÈRE EN TARDENOIS

Where Mr. Bacon got his first wound, 1914

Army medical and health service, naturally, as the army more than doubles in numbers, and there will be much to do in the rear.—Well, they have been good enough to say that I might come and learn the whole hospital situation and scheme and perhaps be of some little use. The dream of possibly being of use to some one has appealed to me so strongly, as you can imagine, that I couldn't help responding to the suggestion, but I guess I am an old fool, and the dream is passed, but I must go up and gradually pull out. To-day I am taking up the Governor of the Bank of England, Davy's friend, Lord Cunliffe, and Lloyd George and others are going in other cars, but I think Champoiseau and I will lead the way. I wish I could talk more about it all. I took Teddy Grenfell out to Juilly yesterday, Meaux, Betz, Nanteuil, Senlis. . . . He was tremendously impressed too, with the Ambulance at Neuilly, your Ambulance . . . for no one has done more than you, and to you alone do they owe their continued success.

Two days later Mr. Bacon telegraphed to Mrs. Bacon:

London Feb 7-1915

Came over via north by automobile with Chancellor¹ and Governor.² Staying with Governor. Especial purpose to see Bryce with whom lunching to-day. Returning north to-morrow to see Arthur Lee. Dearest Love.

The next day Mr. Bacon wrote a hurried line, giving an account of his visit with Lord Bryce,

Claridge's Hotel
Brook Street, W. [London]
Feb. 8, 15.

DEAR JAMESIE,

Oh how I wish you, my friend, could be here for a few hours to hear it all from this side "*audi alteram partem*."

I had five hours with Lord Bryce yesterday and it was real intellectual pabulum. You probably think from my telegrams that I am carried away and emotional. I never was so calm and serious in my life.—Much love.

R. B.

¹The Right Honourable Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

²Baron Cunliffe, Governor of the Bank of England,

Late in February, or on March 1, 1915, he writes from London in the old familiar strain:

It is with a heavy heart . . . that I shall see the Juilly party . . . sail away to-day without me, but I believe that I am right in staying on, for the *Lusitania* which . . . I expect to take next Saturday. . . . The prospect of seeing these men this coming week at this critical time when they all want me to stay, and that perhaps I may be able to help a little is too much for me. Bryce I have seen a lot, dined with him the other day, then my lunch with the Prime Minister and Sir Edward [Grey] at Montague House, where they were asked to meet me, and the opportunity to see Lloyd George and the Governor of the Bank of England, who are doing such marvels in international and national finance, and Harcourt and McKenna, and the others, all yearning for our sympathy, while we are protesting against pretty much everything they do in their life and death struggle.

I am interrupted by a telegraph as follows: "If possible come Paris. Fear serious complications Hospital!"

Nor was he to take the next boat: "I can't tell you with what pangs of regret," he writes in a letter of March 5th, from London:

I have had to give up getting home I made such a big effort to leave last week and arrived here Friday with my ticket all taken to sail on the *Philadelphia* and here I have been chafing, champing at the bit from hour to hour, and not a chance to get away until to-day, when it is finally announced that *Adriatic* goes to-morrow, and to-day I have decided not to risk ten days at sea with never a word.

This last phase of the war, which has broken in upon our lives, and upset the even tenor of our ways, is but a momentary and superficial incident in our lives.—We have something big and fine and tender and generous which is worth everything else in the world and will be bigger and finer every day.

How I long to tell you all about the great international world things, which have appealed to me so strongly of late.

This next week is going to be a momentous week in the history of this war—in the tide of affairs of the world perhaps.

Whether or not England and France, the Allies, and the little old U. S. pull apart and thereby affect the destinies of the world is going to develop perhaps.

The American people are very far away and I am going to work hard this week, behind the scenes, never to be known, to help a little in holding them together. This is what I am staying for, another week, another fortnight perhaps.

Sunday, "18th of April in '75.
hardly a man is now alive, &c."

' Still in London . . . having decided at the last moment to wait a few days for answers to my cables. Just now I ought to be in three places at once, London, Paris, and "over yonder" in the North. But keen as I am to get away I must not neglect the things I have begun here so for a few days more hereabout I am. I motored down yesterday P. M. to see G. Robinson at Nancy's and incidentally beat him at tennis "after tea," the first stroke of exercise I have had since July. Returning after dinner at about 11:30 I was stopped twice and my name taken by army patrols who were on the lookout, I suppose, for cars which are said to act as pilots for Zeppelins. I am leaving in about an hour for Headley near Epsom to call upon Lord Cunliffe, the Governor of the Bank, whom I have not yet been able to see, so busy and *surmené* is everyone, and to-morrow I am lunching with . . . to meet the head of the Canadian Red Cross. This is all just while I am waiting for my cables from Root and Lawrence, both of which are most important for me to get before I leave for France. Jack will be back from Paris to-morrow I think, and there are many big things in the air during the next few weeks. Tell Harry Davison I miss him here very much. . . .

Mr. Bacon's letter under date of November 30th is the last which he wrote from Europe in 1915:

I am spending a gloomy week in London . . . and I wonder what you and all your little brood are doing and thinking. . .

I read the telegrams from home about the German activities and the notes of protest which wound England and France to the quick, wounds that will never be forgotten.—The hospital unit from Harvard arrived all right and will go on to France in a few days.

It seems likely that there will not be so many wounded on the Western front during these winter months, so our numbers at Neuilly may fall off. I am not sorry on the whole as we were beginning to try to do just a little more than could be well done especially in the transportation service.

I don't know what they would do without you, for I realize how much harder and harder it is to get the money, and the people in

Paris seem to think that money will drop from Heaven. Then it is almost impossible to keep the supply of drivers of the right sort.

We now have four units with the armies, and the Service in Paris is shorthanded in any emergency. . . .

I should go back on Friday, as I am going to lunch with Sir Edward Grey on Thursday. I spent Sunday with the Cunliffes in the country and Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Grenfell were there.

I am lunching with our Ambassador to-morrow and am meeting a very interesting man to-night at dinner.

After a week or so more in Paris I shall be ready to come home. Not later than the 18th, and I hope the 13th, in order to get home to you for Christmas. . . .

How would you like to go with me to Washington for a week on the 26th! The meeting of our Institute of International Law lasts a week. Root will be there, and Jamesie wants me to be there. We might stay at the Shoreham if we can get good rooms. We haven't many friends in Washington now but if you think well of it, send right away for rooms as there will be a big crowd at that time. You will see from the enclosed clipping that others feel as I do about Wilson's Thanksgiving Proclamation. . . . I wonder if we really care! Not, I am afraid, as long as we can gloat over our prosperity! Oh, I wish I had a voice, to cry out the truth. I will not believe that we would not respond, if we realized the great truth, but Wilson has decreed that we are to let them fight it out over here. Let them fight, let them bleed and bleed and suffer in the battles for our principles, our ideals, for everything that we really stand for or used to stand for. Little France is the *avant-garde*. She will defend us with her life's blood. England will go on, too, and Russia, because they have vital interests at stake; and we are safe, and we will go on and sell our pork, and stand up for our trade rights, and "*insist*" upon our version, and we "*will not suffer*" these greedy nations to curtail for one moment the opportunity for our beef packers to make an unconscionable profit! Why should we! Why should Mr. Armour be prevented from selling his wares to Germany! Wicked France and England to suggest such a thing. Hurrah for our prosperity, and we will reëlect Wilson and we will be let alone in Peace.

I wonder if this is the kind of Peace that Christ would have preached and taught.

But he did get home and he stayed at home long enough to visit the Mexican border, where our troops, among them his sons, Robert and Gaspar, were encamped, and to throw himself body and soul into the campaign for preparedness, to practise

in fact what he preached in word, by going with his son into the training camp at Plattsburg, and to make the run for the Senate on the platform of preparedness. These duties done—for he looked upon them as such—he turned again toward Europe, sailing on the *St. Louis*, from New York, in December, 1916.

"We are not off yet," he said in a letter written aboard the steamer, snowbound in port:

And somehow I am not half as brave as I thought I was. I just hate leaving you, and this is the last time—war or no war. Where I go you go too. I do hope you won't find it an impossible *tour de force* to come on Thursday or Saturday—Finland or Chicago. I felt that I had better go and drop everything in order to get back. . . . But I think the moral effect of going is the main thing. . . . You come too . . . I really think the moment favorable, and the impossible it seems to you, and the more things you have on your back, the more reason for cutting and running. It's the best way and it enables you to take hold again with a fresh start and a new perspective.

This terrible World War! has turned everything upside down, but it's too big in every way to keep away from, or get away from, and we Americans must pay our share in some way, and our inordinate and unconscionable prosperity, and disregard of our obligations and willingness to go on in the old way—no real robust sympathy and compassion in our hearts, and lives, for the agony and tragedy of all the rest of the world—makes me sick, and I want to wear a hair shirt, but I have no courage. I am just as bad as the others—tied to old standards and habits and unable to rise above it all, although my vision of its meaning is as clear as day. The world—*our* world—is not lucky enough to be snuffed out as was Pompeii. We have got to go through a long sickening decadence. Theodore [Roosevelt] is right—I have always known he was about the only one who understands, but he has more courage than I, I think, or rather more prompt intellectual decision and high purpose . . .

We *may* muddle through a few years—a few months—a few decades even, before the crash, but "where there is no vision the people perish," and our national soul is not revealed.

Come away . . . and let's really give up something. The children and grandchildren will be the better for it, although they don't understand it as I do now.—Have I the courage to break away

¹He was one of the first to use the term, now well-nigh universal.

from the old fetters, and brave public opinion and misunderstanding! and try to be a crusader and pioneer—a leader?

He had the courage,¹ and he was a leader. From the Crillon, in Paris, he wrote on January 3, 1917:

I wired you yesterday that I was homesick and afraid that complications at the Ambulance would keep me here a couple of weeks more. If I do not get away on the 13th, I shall miss my big meeting on the 25th in Washington, and I hate to do that. It is so hard to know the relative importance of things! . . . The personal equation and differences of opinion make everything ten times harder than necessary. Meanwhile, the work of the hospital goes on and justifies all the unselfish and thankless tasks which you . . . are accomplishing. . . . Without your courage and indefatigable vigilance the work must have stopped. I hate to think of you having to begin pretty soon to write letters to all the contributors of beds to renew the subscriptions. . . .

Wilson's peace note and the replies are of course the principal subjects of international interest. I confess I am about as much in accord with that gentleman's apparent policy as I have been since the beginning of the war.

By way of further comment he adds, "The boy's funeral at the front was very touching and impressive." This is his last letter from the other side during the period of American neutrality.

The funeral to which Mr. Bacon referred and the incidents connected with it are stated by A. Piatt Andrew:

On Sunday, the 24th of December, 1916, a telegram came to me in Paris from Section One at La Grange aux Bois, telling of the sudden death from pneumonia of one of the boys of the Section, Howard Lines. His father and mother lived in Paris, and I had performed the painful duty of telling them the unexpected and terrible news. I

¹The Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts awarded a bronze medal to Mr. Bacon, then Secretary of State, because on October 11, 1907, he "jumped from the Harvard coaching launch and swam in strong current and cold water, fully clothed, about forty feet to the assistance of two men clinging to a capsized canoe near Cottage Farm Bridge, Charles River." (*Biennial Report of The Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts*, 1907 and 1908, p. 30.)

He refused to accept the medal, on the ground that he had only done what any other man would have done under the circumstances.

was just arranging in the early afternoon to leave for the front to attend the burial, when Mr. Bacon unexpectedly appeared. He had just arrived in Paris, and when I told him where I was going, and suggested that it would mean much to the Section and to the family if he were to accompany me, he instantly agreed to go. We picked up his knapsack on the way, and arrived by motor at La Grange aux Bois long after dusk. We slept that night on stretchers on the floor of a farm house where the Section was quartered, and the next morning, a cold, gray Christmas morning, we followed the little funeral cortège through the forlorn single street of a war-ridden village to the military cemetery on a neighbouring hill. On the way back Mr. Bacon expressed a desire to visit the hospital where Lines had died—a group of rough, temporary wooden barracks used successively for hospital purposes by the troops that followed each other through this sector. With the Médecin Chef we passed through the long line of cots, with their silent poilus pallid in the dim light that came through the linen windows; the floor of rough boards creaked and yielded as we walked; there were no chairs or tables; the operating room was separated from the ward by only a canvas sheet. It was no better or no worse than hundreds of other hospitals at the front, but it was a grim place to suffer in and perhaps to die in, with only forlorn and more or less decrepit soldiers to administer its meagre comforts.

Mr. Bacon was much moved by the scene, perhaps the more so because it was Christmas morning, for I recall his turning to me and remarking, with a kind of pathetic smile, "Merry Christmas, Doc," as if he had suddenly recalled the contrast of that morning with Christmases of happier years.

He asked the surgeon in charge many questions about the possibility of doing something to increase the comfort of the wounded soldiers, and before he left he gave the surgeon a little sum of money with which to buy oranges and cakes, and anything else that they might like to have.

This is the incident as related by Mr. Andrew, and the consequences are likewise from his pen:

Perhaps a fortnight later I passed again through La Grange aux Bois, and stopped for a moment in the same hospital. The Médecin Chef had a message and a gift to send Mr. Bacon. The wounded soldiers, out of appreciation for his tender feeling for them, had carved two canes with appropriate inscriptions which they wanted to send to him, and also they had composed a touching letter of appreciation which each of them had signed.

The letter, which Mr. Bacon carefully preserved among his papers and brought with him, is dated January 8, 1917, and says in part:

The wounded and sick of Ambulance 11-16 beg Mr. Bacon to accept their very respectful sentiments and thank him for his gift.

They, like every one of France, know the sympathy and the inexhaustible generosity of which they have been the object on the part of their friend of the Great Republic. They are and will always remain deeply touched by it.

Accompanying this letter was one to Mr. Bacon from the surgeon in charge, informing him that further to express their gratitude, they were sending their benefactor "two canes carved by one of their number, begun at Verdun during the 'marmitage,' finished in the hospital."

The letters and canes Mr. Andrew left at Mr. Bacon's hotel, on returning to Paris, and within a few hours he received, by special messenger, the following letter from Mr. Bacon:

Thursday, January 11, 1917.

DEAR DOC,

I cannot begin to tell you how touched and pleased I am by the sweet, wonderful feeling of those splendid men. Words fail, of course, and something grips my throat and tears run down my cheeks as I read the simple names and try to realize what it all means. Would to God that our country could know and understand.

Tell them at La Grange something for me, something of the pride I should feel if I were only fighting and suffering with them for their cause which is mine. Theirs will be the triumph and the glory when victory comes, as come it will as surely as day follows night. Tell them that I shall prize their souvenirs beyond everything, and that I shall pass them on to my sons and my grandsons in grateful memory.

Say to the Médecin Chef something of what you, of all others, know that I feel. It will be for me a bright omen for the New Year, which God grant may be a happier one for them and theirs.

Ever yours,

ROBERT BACON.¹

¹In an earlier letter to Mr. Andrew, Mr. Bacon had said: "Poor old France! How she bleeds and suffers, and what a wonderful revelation of a national soul!" Upon this, Mr. Andrew comments: "I know of no one who felt more profoundly the meaning of war, or who longed more ardently to see our country do its part. He spent himself early and late, restlessly and anxiously seeking, now by this means, now by that, to

The value of Mr. Bacon's varied activities in Europe from the outbreak of the war until the entry of the United States will never be fully known. That they were not without appreciation and recognition in well-informed quarters is evident from Lord Cunliffe's letter of December 2, 1915:

Your letter calls for no answer—in one sense—in another it does. For I feel impelled to write and tell you how differently we all feel about you from what you think of yourself. Believe me you are doing a very big bit for the great cause. You make us realize that the best of America is wholeheartedly with us in the fight.

Truth has always been in a minority. But always in the end it has prevailed, and out of the greatest seeming failure in the history of the world has come the most wonderful triumph. Like you I am terribly given to grieving over the things I cannot help or hinder. The other people who won't see eye to eye and refuse to do the things we are so sure are the right things to do. Personally it has been a stumbling block to me all my life, it is so apt to hold one back from doing what one can—not to be able to do all one would. Go on sympathizing—leavening—encouraging. You help more than you know, and I am sure there is many a soldier who blesses you—but don't be unhappy. America is a "live country" and all will yet be well.

CUNLIFFE.

Certainly the most vivid account of what Mr. Bacon really stood for in France during these terrible months cannot be better told than in these words of Colonel S. Lyle Cummins, British Army Medical Service¹:

show sympathy with France, to help those who were the victims of the war, and to spread throughout our country an understanding that the cause of the Allies was the cause of civilization itself, and that we could not without shame remain indifferent and apart. To him the war was indeed a religion, and its battles a crusade."

¹In a letter to Mrs. Bacon inclosing the above appreciation of Mr. Bacon's services to the British during the period of American neutrality, Colonel Cummins said,

January 3rd, 1921.
Royal Army Medical College.
(University of London)
Grosvenor Road,
London, S. W. I.

DEAR MRS. BACON,

I have heard from Mr. Grenfell that a Mr. J. [ames] Brown Scott is writing a sketch of your husband's life and that you would welcome a few lines from me about his doings at G. H. Q. in 1914 and after. It is a great and real pleasure to me to have an opportunity of doing this. My few lines give but a poor impression of all that he

On September 9th or 10th, at Coulommiers, just after the Battle of the Marne, Major General d'Oyly Snow was carried into the town suffering from injuries caused by a fall from his horse and was brought to me for treatment. I found that he was suffering from what seemed to be a fracture of the pelvis, but the case was an obscure one and complete rest, radiographical examination, and skilled and deliberate treatment were obviously necessary. How were these to be obtained at such a moment and how was the injured officer likely to stand a journey of several days to Le Mans in an improvised ambulance train? Full of perplexity as to how to cope with these difficulties, I was just about to arrange for his transfer to the Railway Station when I was told that there was an American Red Cross officer in the town with a motor car fitted up to carry wounded and that he would be willing to help. A big man with the kindest and cheeriest face that one could imagine followed closely on this information and I was introduced to Mr. Robert Bacon. From that moment all my difficulties disappeared. Robert Bacon had a suitable car, he was ready to take the General straight to Paris, and he knew just where to take him: to the American Ambulance at Neuilly-sur-Seine. I only saw him for a moment on that occasion. It did not require much knowledge of psychology to realize that, with this man, General Snow would be in strong and capable hands. We nodded good-bye, the car disappeared in the direction of Paris and the incident closed.

Our next meeting was about ten days later at Fère-en-Tardenois, where I was working as Staff Officer to Colonel (now General) O'Donnell, the Deputy Director of Medical Services at General Headquarters. We were hard put to it to deal adequately with the large numbers of casualties from the fighting on the Aisne and our difficulties were much the greater from the fact that, at that time, we were without any motor ambulance convoys. In the midst of our efforts

did for us or of all that I and others felt about him. He was a splendid example to us all and I cannot tell you how deeply I loved and respected him or how much his friendship meant and still means to me. The news of his death was a crushing blow. I wanted to write to you but somehow I felt at the time that it would be an intrusion upon your grief and bereavement and then, later, it seemed too late. Robert Bacon was and is, for me, the very highest and noblest example of what a man can be. There was a magnetic attraction about him that everyone felt; but, above and beyond this, he seemed to represent the highest and kindest and noblest human ideals. I have by me, as a cherished souvenir, his last present to me, given me the day he left France; his book for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, *For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours*. How I wish that the spirit which animates it were more common amongst our statesmen to-day.

Believe me, now and always,

Very sincerely yours,
 LYLE CUMMINS.

the same big man that had arrived so opportunely at Coulommiers was shown into my office and said, in his quiet way, that he happened to have one or two little cars fitted to carry patients and that he would be glad of our permission to help. Just at that time, there had been a little difficulty with the British Red Cross, our firm ally and support through the subsequent periods of the war. One or two Red Cross officials, not yet acquainted with official routine and animated by an intense desire to help those who were suffering, had gone straight up to the ambulances at Braisne and had removed wounded directly to Red Cross units farther back. This well-meant intervention had caused much difficulty to the branch of the staff concerned with tracing and reporting casualties and, as a result, Red Cross effort in the immediate battle zone was not being encouraged. But here was a man who seemed to understand the official side of things and who, instead of attempting to evade what were often regarded as the restrictions of "red tape," had come straight to General Head Quarters with his cars and was asking for sanction to do anything that we might think useful. I brought him in to see Colonel O'Donnell who took him up and presented him to the Adjutant General, Sir Nevil Macready. Nobody could refuse Robert Bacon anything, as I soon found out; and, besides, our needs of just such help as he could offer were urgent in the extreme. The little town of Braisne close behind the fighting line was full of wounded; the Church at Fère, as well as the Clearing Hospital at the Station, was full also. Bacon was at once given a free hand. He took some of his cars up to Braisne, sent them off full in charge of one of his assistants, and came back to Fère to collect three officers that I specially wanted to have sent straight to Paris. These three officers, brought in wounded the night before, were in urgent need of careful treatment and were lying on mattresses in the aisle of the church, the hospitals being full and ambulance trains all wanted at Braisne. They were Colonel Lowther of the Guards, Captain Amery of the Black Watch, and Major Deshon of the Royal Field Artillery; the two latter old friends of mine whom I had served with in Egypt. Robert Bacon took them, all three, into his car and made them wonderfully comfortable considering the circumstances.

Off they started, and it was with a feeling of real delight that I saw them vanish round a corner of the road and knew that they would be in a comfortable hospital in Paris before nightfall. Next day Bacon was with us again, putting his whole heart and soul into the work and rendering invaluable help in a quiet, unobtrusive, and selfless way that simply won our love and respect from the start. Perhaps an attempt to give a word-picture of him may be out of place, or perhaps even open to the charge of sentimentality, in an account

which is primarily intended to record his work; but I like to think of him in that setting of war and confusion, a big straight man with crisp grayish hair and a brown tanned healthy skin, the very picture of a soldier—and mightily distressed to be in plain clothes at a time when all his ideals had been dashed aside by the German invasion of Belgium and when his whole soul was stirred by the great adventure in which we were engaged. War and confusion there might be around him but there was, at least, no trace of confusion in those clear kind eyes of his. He always seemed to know exactly when and how to help and when to keep out of the way of very busy men and yet be at hand if needed. So far we had met almost daily, but not at all intimately. I had taken the greatest liking to Mr. Bacon, as had everybody else in our little team, but he was still almost a stranger to me. On September 23rd, however, an event occurred which gave me an opportunity of getting to know him better. The long railway journey along the lines of communication and the confusion incident to our change of bases had combined to make the forwarding of medical stores and equipment very slow and difficult. As a result, the field medical units were getting very short of dressings and other necessities at the Front. It was suggested that I should go by car to Paris to purchase and bring up with me in a light lorry all the supplies that I could obtain. Robert Bacon had taken a brother officer of mine, Major Percy Evans, to Paris for the same purpose a few days before and the stores brought to the battle zone on that occasion had been of the greatest service. To my great delight, Mr. Bacon offered to take me with him in his car, the lorry following as best it might, to meet us at Paris on its arrival. I can recall vividly the sense of exhilaration with which I started. From the first day of mobilization to that moment I had been very hard at work and was beginning to feel the strain. Now, in a fine car, driven by a first-rate chauffeur, an old racing hand called, I think, Champoiseau, we were starting off on a run to Paris and leaving the awful problems and anxieties of the Aisne Battle far behind us for the moment. And from the very first my companion fascinated me. He talked of many things; and every word that he said seemed to fit in exactly with what was in my inmost heart. His views about the war, his wise, tolerant, unprejudiced opinions about men and things, his love and sympathy for what was best in British life and work, and, above all, the complete absence of any trace of "side" or "swagger"; all these things became more and more impressed on me as we proceeded on our journey, and by the time we had accomplished our mission and had got back, once more, to Fère-en-Tardenois, I knew that I had had the rare pleasure and privilege of making a friend of the kind that really influences one's life. I know quite surely, too, that Robert

Bacon realized then, and remembered afterward throughout our friendship, that he was an influence and inspiration to me. I can truthfully say that I never spent an hour with him that I did not feel the better for it and, in many days of hard trial and perplexity during the whole war, the mere thought of Robert Bacon and what he would be likely to do or say was an unfailing source of help and support. It is only rarely that one meets a fellow-creature that has this singular effect of strength and inspiration. I do not think I have ever felt it in the same degree as with Bacon; and I do not think it likely that I was alone in this.

Work now increased more and more for us all and Robert Bacon became a sort of unofficial member of our Head Quarters. He spent as much of his time as he could in Braisne and the Advanced Area where he was, by this time, a familiar and welcome figure, always ready to help with transport or in any other way. At this period, we formed the first of the Motor Ambulance Convoys and here came a great opportunity to help of which Bacon took full advantage. He and Doctor Gros organized a highly efficient detachment of American Red Cross cars and drivers which was officially attached to the regular ambulance convoys and worked with them in the most complete harmony, remaining at this arduous and dangerous duty for many months during the most trying part of the war.

With the move from the Aisne to the Northern Area, we lost, for a time, the services and the company of Robert Bacon as he had to go, first to England and then on to America, on business of an even more important kind than that which he had undertaken at the Front.

As an instance of his thoughtful kindness, I may add that, when in London, busy as he was with affairs of the first magnitude, he still found time to go to Ashted in Surrey, where my wife was living, to assure her that all was well with me and that she need have no anxiety. This was quite characteristic of Robert Bacon.

Early in 1915 he reappeared at General Head Quarters and became a member of the little mess in which General O'Donnell, Colonel Thresher, and I were living; and once more he became an active and invaluable helper in all the work that was going forward. He was with us again during the battle of Festubert and, on that occasion, I being at Advanced G. H. Q., he came up and worked with me for several days, describing himself as my "*Officier de Liaison*," a very good name as he and his car were always available to take me or my messages anywhere at any time. He felt all the tragedy of that unhappy battle as a personal suffering. I remember sitting with him in his car at a cross roads close to the line, held up, for the moment, by part of a Highland Division that was moving forward to take its part in the fighting. The men were young lads, fresh out from home and

still full of excitement and gaiety. They marched past us with a fine swing, laughing and joking like a lot of hearty schoolboys. I happened to look up suddenly toward Bacon. His eyes were full of tears. He saw that I had noticed and understood and said simply, "Do you know, I can hardly bear to see these lads going forward like this." He would have liked to go himself but the sight of all that promise going to destruction was too much for him.

Shortly afterward he was obliged, once more, to return to America, and for a long time afterward I saw no more of him though he wrote now and then and sent me a few reports of speeches by Mr. Root and a book by Roosevelt.

I had now been transferred from the Medical Head Quarters to the Gas Directorate where I was working under General Thuillier as his Staff Officer for Anti-Gas Defence. It was in this capacity that I next met Bacon. Some time toward the end of 1916 I heard that he was in Paris. At that phase of the war, the Germans were attempting to persuade their own soldiers that gas warfare had been started by the British and I had by me some documents captured from the enemy and reports of agents proving that this charge was being made. I therefore suggested to General Charteris, the Director of Military Intelligence, that it would be a good thing to invite Robert Bacon to G. H. Q. so that he might see these papers and, as a neutral, be able to give the lie to the charges made, since he had been with us at Head Quarters at the time of the first gas attacks and knew all the facts. General Charteris agreed and, as a result, I had the great pleasure of his company for a couple of nights and was able to take him round some of our gas schools and training centres, leaving him at Amiens on his way to Paris. As usual, he was full of helpful suggestions and made careful notes of all I had to tell him. With the entry of America into the war, a new field of effort arose for one who was by nature a soldier, and when I next saw Robert Bacon, he was as happy as a boy, at last in uniform and taking an important part, as an "*Officier de Liaison*" on the Staff of Sir Douglas Haig, in the war which he had always regarded as a crusade. It is not necessary for me to write about his doings from this time forward as these are part of the history of the war. As a matter of fact, I saw very little of him at that time, as he was no longer able to afford time to interest himself in the work of our Medical Department and I, too, was very busy at a new phase of work, the organization of the Army laboratories in France. But we met now and then when his duties took him to Abbéville or mine took me to Montreuil, and he was always the same kind and understanding friend.

I saw him for the last time on the day when, his duties in France

finally over, he was passing through Paris on his way home to America. I think it was early in March, 1918. I was in Colonel Richard Strong's office at the American Red Cross Head Quarters when he happened to come in and we at once arranged to spend the next half hour, all we could afford of time, together. He came with me in my car to visit one or two shops and offices and then on to the Institute Pasteur where I had some business to transact. There we parted with a long hand-shake and many hopes that we might meet soon again.

I cannot close this account of the doings of Robert Bacon as a Red Cross officer with the British Expeditionary Force without expressing, once more, my love and admiration for the finest human being I have ever met.

S. LYLE CUMMINS,
Colonel, Army Medical Service.

January 2nd, 1921.

CHAPTER XV

PLATTSBURG

TO MR. BACON, the immediate duty of the United States upon the outbreak of the war in August, 1914, was to protest against the violation of treaties to which Germany was a party, and other treaties to which he thought we were also parties. He resented President Wilson's appeal to his countrymen, under date of August 19th, to "be neutral in fact as well as in name during these days that are to try men's souls."¹

"There can be no neutrality of the spirit where right and wrong are concerned," Mr. Bacon answered, who wanted the Government to speak out, and to play its part in the great struggle, although President Wilson did not yet realize that the country would be involved and forced into the war.

The case for and against neutrality has never been better put than by William Penn in "Some Fruits of Solitude" upon which Mr. Bacon nurtured his spirit.

"Neutrality," said that good and great man, "is something else than Indifferency; and yet of kin to it, too. A Judge ought to be Indifferent, and yet he cannot be said to be Neutral. . . . A wise Neuter joins with neither; but uses both, as his honest Interest leads him. A Neuter only has room to be a Peace-maker: For being of neither side, he has the Means of meditating a Reconciliation of both."² So much in favour of neutrality as President Wilson appears to have conceived it.

"And yet, where Right or Religion gives a Call, a Neuter must be a Coward or an Hypocrite. . . . Nor must we always be Neutral where our Neighbours are concerned: For tho' Meddling is a Fault, Helping is a Duty. We have a Call to do good, as often as we have the Power and Occasion." This was Mr. Bacon's conception—a conception which imposed a duty.

¹New York Times, August 19, 1914, p. 4.

²Pages 85-86.

Mr. Bacon described the immediate duty of the United States as he saw it, in a statement to the press on November 4, 1914, on the eve of his departure for France to help the Allies:

Signs are not wanting that the people of this country are unwilling to submit much longer to the injunction laid upon them that our neutrality should impose upon us silence regarding aspects of the European war with which we have a vital concern. There are many men who consider that this nation is shirking its duty by maintaining a policy which may be interpreted as giving tacit assent to acts involving us morally and much more intimately than has yet been expressed. These men believe that we have a high responsibility in upholding the treaties which were signed at the Second Conference at The Hague in 1907 and ratified by the United States and the nations now at war.

One of the conventions of the Second Hague Conference was the Convention respecting the rights and duties of neutral Powers and persons in case of war on land.

Article 1 of that Convention reads: "The territory of neutral Powers is inviolate."

Article 2 of the same Convention prescribes that "Belligerents are forbidden to move troops or convoys of either munitions of war or supplies across the territory of a neutral Power."

It is undeniable and undenied that Belgium, at the beginning of the present European war, was a neutral Power and that her neutrality was violated by Germany. So much is admitted by Germany's official spokesman, the Imperial Chancellor, in his speech in the Reichstag on August 4, who sought to justify the violation—which he spoke of as a wrong—on the ground of desperate necessity.

With the treaties between England, France, and Germany, respecting Belgium neutrality, we have no diplomatic connection, but in the Hague Convention referred to we have a real and intimate concern. That Convention was signed by the delegates from the United States and ratified by the United States Government, and it was signed and ratified by Germany, making it a treaty between Germany and the United States, in which the other ratifying Powers were joined.

In admittedly violating Articles I and II of that Convention, Germany broke a treaty she had solemnly made and entered into with the United States.

Are we to suffer a nation to break a treaty with us, on whatever pretext, without entering, at least, a formal protest? Will any one contend that our neutrality imposes silence upon us under such conditions? Are the Hague conventions to become "scraps of paper"

without a single word of protest from this Government? If the treaties which we made at The Hague are to be so lightly regarded, then why not all our other treaties? As a matter of fact, it is our solemn duty to protest against a violation of pledges formally entered into between this Government and any other Government, and we assume a heavy moral responsibility when we remain silent. In this crisis, particularly, other nations look to us and never, perhaps, has our example had greater force.

To justify a policy of silence by the assertion that "we are fortunate in being safely removed from this danger that threatens European Powers" and to urge that as a reason for us to sit still with hands folded is as weak as it is unwise.¹

As far as the records show, Mr. Bacon was the first American statesman to advocate publicly this protest. The war had already made him a leader. Later, he was joined by others, but it is believed that his was the first commanding voice to be raised openly demanding of our Government the recognition of Belgium's sovereign rights by protesting against the violation of those rights.²

After this, the less than five years of life that remained to him he spent in urging the United States to prepare for the war into which it would inevitably be drawn, in helping the allied cause in every way within his power, and in serving in the

¹New York *Evening Post*, November 4, 1914, p. 16.

²Neutrality may be of prime necessity in order to preserve our own interests, to maintain peace in so much of the world as is not affected by the war, and to conserve our influence for helping toward the re-establishment of general peace when the time comes; for if any outside Power is able at such time to be the medium for bringing peace, it is more likely to be the United States than any other. But we pay the penalty of this action on behalf of peace for ourselves, and possibly for others in the future, by forfeiting our right to do anything on behalf of peace for the Belgians in the present. We have not the smallest responsibility only by refusal to do anything to aid unoffending weak powers which are dragged into the gulf of bloodshed and misery through no fault of their own. Of course it would be folly to jump into the gulf ourselves to no good purpose; and very probably nothing that we could have done would have helped Belgium. We have not the smallest responsibility for what has befallen her, and I am sure that the sympathy of this country for the suffering of the men, women, and children of Belgium is very real. Nevertheless, this sympathy is compatible with full acknowledgment of the unwisdom of our uttering a single word of official protest unless we are prepared to make that protest effective; and only the clearest and most urgent National duty would ever justify us in deviating from our rule of neutrality and non-interference. (Theodore Roosevelt, "The World War: Its Tragedies and Its Lessons," in *The Outlook*, September 23, 1914, pp. 169, 173.)

Army of the United States in France, when we at last found ourselves and entered that war.

Mr. Bacon was the most modest of men. He carried his modesty to the verge of self-suppression. Although he always minimized the importance of the part he played in the campaign for national preparedness, his rôle in the movement was very great. He brought to it the weight accorded the opinion of a successful business man, the prestige of a former Secretary of State, and an Ambassador to France. Devotion to America, American principles, the preservation of the nation and the national spirit caused him to shoulder a rifle at a training camp, teaching patriotism by example. And what to him was an infinitely more difficult thing to do, he mounted the platform that he might by word of mouth rouse his countrymen to the impending danger which he foresaw. "Where there is no vision," he was never tired of saying, "the people perish." And he made it the serious business of his life that the American people should not perish.

It is too much to claim that Mr. Bacon originated this movement. It would be invidious to insist that he led it. But it was he who more clearly and persistently than any other in the early days of the European war sounded the note of alarm. In modern fashion he played the rôle of one of his heroes, Paul Revere. In season, and out of season, through interviews with the Press, speeches from the platform, as member and officer of societies of national defense and as candidate for the nomination of United States Senator from the State of New York, he steadfastly and heroically carried the warning throughout the nation.

In an interview published in the *New York Times*, August 12, 1915, while attending the military training camp at Plattsburg, Mr. Bacon expressed very simply his own attitude. He said:

I have not talked for publication since last November, and I am here as a protest, if you wish to call it such, against the state of unpreparedness in this country. I hope that the idea embodied in this camp will make a striking impression on the country. I fear that the idea of unpreparedness has not struck home yet as it should, or else I think we would have had some needed legislation.

Lord Roberts time and again warned England of her unprepared-

ness and just before he died he said: "The day has come." I have been in Europe for about a year and have learned how Europe looks on the United States. I do not believe in waiting for trouble. We should take a stand. By this I do not mean to go to war or join with the Allies. We couldn't, but we should take some position since neutrality is impossible. We cannot accept the assurances of nations whose own people say they will not be bound by any treaties if emergencies of war arise.¹

Two months later Mr. Bacon took advantage of the American loan to the Allies to make a statement which was published in the *New York Times*² and other papers on October 3, 1915: "This loan affords every American citizen . . . the opportunity to show in a practical way sympathy for England and France in the fight which they are making for truth and democracy. It enables every man and woman to enroll himself or herself on the side of the right." "This call," he continued, "should go 'through every Middlesex village and farm' in such a manner that the response will be the response of the nation. We cannot fully appreciate what such an answer will mean to our friends in their hour of trial, what it will mean to them morally, and the encouragement it will give to them as they continue the struggle for ideals which have been our own ever since we became a nation."

It is easy to see that Mr. Bacon's heart was enlisted in the call. There was nothing lukewarm or cold in his makeup. When he stood for the right, he stood for it body and soul; when he denounced wrong, he denounced it body and soul; and when he spoke of sacrifice and the service of others, his face flushed and his voice choked with emotion. A loan to the Allies was not merely a matter of dollars and cents; it was a message of sympathy as well. He recalled the early days in the history of our country, when the people of France heard our call, sent sympathy, and made the great sacrifice. He recalled Yorktown and all that Yorktown represented:

We shall soon celebrate the anniversary of Yorktown. It is well to reflect now upon all that we fought for and won there for the world, for our brothers of England no less than for our own country which

¹*New York Times*, August 12, 1915, p. 5.

²P. 2.

had revolted from the despotisms of Kings. That was another world crisis, and we won only through the aid of Frenchmen—Rochambeau, Lafayette, de Grasse—and with French treasure. These men came to us in our struggle through no motive of ambition or adventure, but because they cherished the ideals of liberty. France loaned us money even when the loan threatened to strain her credit, sending us her millions without thought of repayment.

Mr. Bacon then expressed the idea with him ever present, that our future, like that of the Allied nations then in the throes of war, depended upon the outcome. "We still apparently fail," he said, "to grasp the fact that we must bear our share in the world's suffering and sacrifice. We do not, as a nation, realize that on the outcome of this war will depend whether we, too, must substitute new standards of conduct for those which we have inherited through the years; that we must give up everything we now stand for in the name of liberty."

Mr. Bacon shuddered at the sacrifices, suffered with the suffering, but never doubted that in the end "right would make might." Materialism could not be beaten by more materialism; it could only be overcome by the power of the spirit. France, especially, had found its soul, and we must find ours. In one paragraph he states the problem, in another he shows the solution, and in a third he points the moral.

First the problem:

Men questioned at the beginning of this war what France and England and Russia could oppose to that scientific, mechanical, intellectual military organization which had been developed to a higher degree of efficiency than any other power of the kind the world had known. It was appreciated that this monstrous thing could not be met and defeated with its own weapons; that there must be something bigger and higher which could only come from the spirit of the nations. There was a question in the minds of men whether the national soul of France had endured.

Next the response:

The answer came promptly. This scientific, soulless war machine [is] already defeated in its aims and ambitions. In spite of the superficial appearance of degenerated standards and ideals, the soul of the French nation had been growing steadily stronger and greater through

the decades and France was saved not so much by her arms or the numbers of her men as by the spirit of her people.

And finally he takes his stand against President Wilson's conception of neutrality, which he thought wrong:

I believe that long ago we should have planted ourselves squarely and unequivocally on the side of the right. We have been hedged about by many technicalities which have made our people hesitate to show their sympathy in a practical way for the nations which are fighting our battle.

By force of circumstances, by our isolation in the past, and by our later abnormal growth and prosperity we may appear to the world to have degenerated in our moral fibre, but the ideals of our country are always the same if only the truth can be brought home to the national consciousness.

Mr. Bacon made a distinction between "official" neutrality and "spiritual" or "personal" neutrality. He always proclaimed that he was not neutral in spirit or thought or sympathy, and he never considered opposition to the President's order of "official" neutrality as violated by the expression of his views on the spiritual and moral questions which he felt to be involved in the war. He did not regard a protest to Germany in regard to Belgium as inconsistent with official neutrality, but rather as upholding it.

It is impossible to measure the influence which this interview had on the American public. That it brought comfort to Englishmen at the front is evident from a passage in a letter under date of October 23, 1915, from an English officer with whom Mr. Bacon had served for a time in the British Medical Corps:¹

It was a great pleasure to read your cutting from the N. Y. *Times* of the 3rd and to pass it round the mess. You can imagine "O'D." picking it up and reading the imposing headline "Bacon Champions Loan"—with his "Well, I'm——, so that's what my Liaison Officer is up to!"² and "Jim" with his rather bilious view of America cheering

¹Col. S. Lyle Cummins to Mr. Bacon.

²In a letter of December, 25, 1916, to Mr. Bacon Colonel Cummins gives a subsequent detail and remark of Major General Sir Thomas O'Donnell,

"I have not heard from Genl. O'D for a long time but when last I had a letter he abused Mesopotamia roundly and said that 'the Garden of Eden' was overrated. But he added that it was probably better when Eve was about!"

up visibly on reading your remarks. Of course we all knew what "Bacon" was up to and how much we owe to you for what you're doing, and it was very jolly to picture you standing up and saying it all; it's so easy to visualize and hear, instead of merely reading a speech when one knows the man who made it.

There was the reference to de Grasse, Lafayette, and Rochambeau . . . which made the speech all the better to pass round the table. I think that was the passage I liked best; America that had the spirit of liberty too strong in her to accept despotism from her own flesh and blood has a big German population that ought to, and I believe will, show the same power of ignoring racial origins when it is a question of right against wrong.

A month later he returned to the charge, in an interview in the *New York Sun* of November 5th, on the eve of his departure for Europe, for in these trying years Mr. Bacon made many a hurried trip to Europe, helping the cause which we all know now was our cause from the first shot fired:

The various activities which have been formed for national service of all *kings*, especially preparedness, I believe to be of great use, and I am impressed with the importance at this time of coördinating all the efforts that are being made to awaken the national consciousness.

If this nation is to endure as one of the respected members of the society of nations and is to become one of the leaders of international opinion, there must be a national realization of our international obligations, of the honourable obligations of international conduct. Such a conviction can come only from a national soul free from the domination of selfish material interests. A large aggregation of people with varying and conflicting ideals, lacking cohesion, does not constitute a nation. It is essential that the people should have common impulses, common ideals.¹

Hitherto Mr. Bacon spoke in general terms. His meaning was clear. He did not go into details. He had been time and again in Europe; he had been at the battle-front; he had driven an automobile at the Marne—"five glorious days bringing in wounded"—and he knew what the war was; he knew what it meant and he did not need to be told what it was all about. From the other side, and just before starting home, he gave,

¹*New York Sun*, November 5, 1915, p. 4. Published in part in the *New York Times*, November 5, 1915, p. 22.

in London, an interview to the *New York Times* correspondent, which was cabled to the United States and published in the *Times* of December 19, 1915:

It may be taken for an accepted fact that the Allies will not give up this struggle without crushing insolent Prussianism. The whole spirit of the English and French nations is admirable. It is the spirit that means victory in the end no matter how far off it may be. . . . The Allies are now getting so much equipment, men, and munitions that not the remotest chance exists of their being compelled to give up the struggle until their aim is accomplished. But the whole world is concerned in this fight and not merely the Allies. The whole world is menaced by the domineering Prussianism that none ever dreamed existed. Germany has thrown off the mask that hid her baneful hypocrisy for so long and stands before the world as menace to very liberty itself.¹

The *New York Times* correspondent had evidently asked "if America must come into war, if necessary, to crush this despotic militarism." To this Mr. Bacon replied that "the whole world must combine to isolate Prussianism, whether it is done by force of arms or other means." The correspondent had also apparently asked Mr. Bacon's opinion of President Wilson's policy. Mr. Bacon remembered that he was in a foreign country, and finely answered: "What I have to say about the Government's policy in this war I will say at home." And he did. Of the many addresses, the one he delivered on March 4, 1916, in St. Louis, at the Convention of the National Security League, may be taken as a sample:

No international policy which is not based on a respect for the law of nations can possibly endure. . . . Responsibility for the enforcement of these rules must rest, not with any one nation, but with each and all.

Mr. Bacon followed this statement with an analysis of conditions and consequences:

In the conduct of this world war there has been such repeated and open disregard of the principles which civilization had agreed should

¹*New York Times*, December 19, 1915, p. 5.

govern the relations of peoples that disappointed statesmen, particularly statesmen of Europe, have been heard to say that international law has ceased to exist. It is, perhaps, only natural that an apparent triumph of force in defiance of the rights of others should shake faith in the power of law to control the conduct of nations, but I firmly believe that, when this war is over, international law will make a greater advance than it has ever made before in its short history, and that not only will its recognition become general, but that nations will rely upon it as the only sure foundation upon which their permanent relations can rest. If this be not so, then the world will have passed into a state of chaos where no man dare look upon the future, for we have either to depend upon the rule of law to regulate our international conduct and secure our international rights, or submit to the rule of might which shall leave the weaker nations at the mercy of the needs and desires of the more powerful. There is no middle course. In the critical situation which civilization is now called upon to face there can be **no** compromise.

Under these conditions Mr. Bacon felt that the nations would be justified in taking collective military action if necessary. He did not, however, underrate the compelling power of public opinion. "Against an attempt to dominate the earth by force, there can be opposed but one greater power," he said, "the supreme power of collective international opinion, which shall ostracize the nation that would hold itself outside the law." America had lost the opportunity to take a firm stand at the beginning of the war and "to express the collective opinion of the nations regarding the sanctity of international law and to place ourselves unequivocally on the side of the right." He expressed the consequence of our inaction: "Indifference to one's rights or a timidity in defending them invites a disregard on the part of others. Violation has followed violation in appalling succession. . . ." Mr. Bacon felt that the isolation of geographical situation no longer existed. "With the annexation of Hawaii, and with the addition of territory after the war with Spain, we found our boundaries suddenly extended, so that the insular character of our country was gone. The progress of science has destroyed for ever the security supposedly afforded by two oceans."

This change of conditions would justify a change of policy adopted with reference to facts and conditions no longer existing:

The policy of our fathers to refrain from entangling European alliances was unquestionably wise, but the world has lately grown very small, and the nations have been brought very near to each other and have become, to a great extent, interdependent. We have been forced by the inevitable progress of affairs into the society of nations, and we cannot escape our duties and our obligations.

Mr. Bacon comes now to the heart of the problem, appealing to the highest qualities of mind and soul of those whom he would reach and persuade:

But this country will never assume its rightful place in the society of nations until the *national* consciousness has been aroused. In order to be a leader in international opinion, it is necessary that we have a truly *national* opinion, which shall realize and respect the honourable obligations of international conduct. Such an opinion can spring only from a national soul freed from the domination of selfish, material interests. The ringing statement of Senator Lodge that American lives are worth more than American dollars is splendid. Let us go further now and assert that worth more even than American lives are American ideals and American honour.

He was not unmindful that many looked upon the presence of foreigners among us as a danger and a menace. "Has the influence of large numbers among us who have not been assimilated into the national life, grown so great that we no longer have an *American* spirit? . . . I, for one, believe in the National Soul; I believe that there *is* an American spirit, that there will be an American opinion, which will manifest itself in no weak, inactive, negative, neutral way, when once the public consciousness is aroused."

Mr. Bacon was not deceived; he saw facts as they were, and he felt, as a man of spirit, the spirit in others, and that it was already taking visible form and shape:

There is something new astir throughout the nation. It is the awakening of the public consciousness. . . .

The nation is responding. Public opinion, for which we have waited so long, is beginning to express itself in no uncertain terms. There is an awakening throughout the land. The call for Americans to save America is sounding from house to house and from city

to city like that call which "on the 18th of April in '75" spread "through every Middlesex village and farm," and I believe the answer will be as strong and clear as it was then, and that our men and women will prepare themselves for "*national service*."

Longfellow's stirring lines of *Paul Revere's Ride* he constantly quoted in the distressing years of our neutrality, and he would doubtless have been pleased to be called an "alarmist" in the sense of Paul Revere.

It is one thing to preach preparedness; it is often quite a different thing to practise it. Mr. Bacon did both and more. He urged it from the platform, he trained at Plattsburg, he served in France.

At the outbreak of the World War, and indeed before it, far-seeing Americans felt that we might be drawn into it, and they urged that steps be taken to prepare for that contingency. The navy was imposing, the officers, trained in the Naval Academy, were efficient and experienced. The case was different with the army. It was small and not much beyond the proportions of a police force. Its officers were indeed excellent, whether they had graduated from the Military Academy or had entered the service from civil life, they had mastered the requirements of their profession. But in numbers they were barely sufficient for a small army—for a great one such as might be needed in case of modern war on a large scale and participating in the World War, they could not be said to form a sufficient nucleus around which to build. It was no easy matter to train the enlisted men of the army; it was difficult and time-consuming to train officers.

Major-General Leonard Wood was an outspoken advocate of military preparedness and of training camps. "The students' military training camps," he has recently said,¹ "were small affairs during the first two years, 1913 and 1914, and attracted comparatively little attention. The movement was hardly under way before interest began to develop very rapidly in the universities, in some of the technical schools, and in the high schools. From these it spread to the thousands of alumni

¹"Robert Bacon and Preparedness," *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, vol. 28 (September, 1919), pp. 82-85.

scattered throughout the country, eventually permeating the entire people."

We are so accustomed to think of the Plattsburg Camp of 1915 as the first of its kind, that we forget that camps had previously been held at Gettysburg, Monterey, Fort Ethan Allen, and a few other places, "where," again to quote General Wood, "the seeds of the nation-wide preparedness movement were first sown."

The Plattsburg Camp appealed to the imagination of the American people. It was the largest and most imposing; its recruits were drawn from the best of the nation, whose support would give respectability to any cause. The arrangements for the summer of 1915 extended throughout the previous winter, and, as was to be expected, "Robert Bacon was," as General Wood says, "one of the strong and dominant influences in bringing large numbers of the most desirable type of men into the camps for training. His standing and example were far-reaching influences in turning public attention to the camps. He enlisted as a private and went through the various grades and eventually, in the following summer, gained an officer's commission. His sons and hundreds of his friends followed him into the training camps."

It would be invidious for a layman to single out a few from the many, but General Wood is not a layman, and speaks with an authority possessed by none other when he says:

With Mr. Bacon were other men of his type—for example, George Wharton Pepper,¹ H. L. Stimson,² John Purroy Mitchel³—types of the best of our people.

Mr. Bacon's interest was not centred in any one camp. It extended to the movement, and all camps formed to train men for an emergency which he felt and indeed knew to be near at hand. "He was especially active," General Wood testifies, "in the winter of 1915-16, and took a very prominent part in

¹Then a leading lawyer of Philadelphia and now (1922) United States Senator from Pennsylvania.

²Secretary of War in President Taft's administration, Colonel in the American Expeditionary Forces.

³The Mayor of New York City.

the training camps of the latter year. He was one of the potent forces in bringing to the camp some thousands of business men and men from various walks of life, who had the necessary physical and mental qualifications."

His standing in the community, his work, the respect which the people in general held for him, all served to give great weight to his advice and example. His name will go down as the first of our more prominent citizens who endorsed the movement by personal participation in the camps, and who preached the doctrine of preparedness from the house-tops, who saw that our safety lay not in words but in deeds; that we must prepare, so that we might be not only willing but promptly useful in a world crisis.

"The soundness of his views," the General further says—and who would question it to-day?—"was thoroughly confirmed by the developments of the World War", and, "had his advice been heeded, the country would have been in a position to make its voice heard and its wishes respected as soon as they were expressed."

And General Wood has summed up the statements he has made elsewhere and at various times:

What I want especially to emphasize is his great work in the movement for preparedness in building up the Plattsburg Camps, out of which came a large proportion of the only officers who were available when war overtook us.¹

General Wood has spoken of Mr. George Wharton Pepper as a man of Mr. Bacon's type. Mr. Pepper has thus spoken of Plattsburg and of Mr. Bacon in connection with it:

The first day of the Plattsburg Camp in August, 1915, was a day of excited bewilderment for the rookie. I was aware of the presence of multitudes of men, but it was only toward nightfall that I even began to individualize them. . . . At sunset there came a brief pause in the day's occupation and I had my chance to scrutinize my new comrades. There were several men in the Company whom I had previously known. Them, of course, I noted immediately. But the first stranger whom I separated from the crowd was a well-built man of

¹Letter of General Wood to Mrs. Robert Bacon, dated Fort Sheridan, Illinois, October 26, 1920.

middle age and good height, with clearly cut features, a bronzed skin, short, crisp curly hair, kindly eyes, and the easy bearing of a man who had touched life at many points. "This man," I said to myself, "has *distinction*." I do not now recall the incident of meeting him and exchanging greetings. But my first sight of him left with me a memory-picture which I shall always retain. There stands Robert Bacon, against the background of his tent, with the sunset glow upon him.

His previous intelligent and earnest efforts in support of General Wood's Campaign for National Preparedness were already well known to all of us who had had a part in that movement. He put the same spirit into our work in the Camp as had characterized his efforts to arouse the country. In the discharge of all military duties he displayed the qualities that mark the soldier . . . Bacon . . . helped to inspire his comrades with unity of purpose and zeal for the cause. He was awarded the chevrons of a sergeant and was made a platoon leader. Nowadays we can talk to generals without trembling. But in those days and in that camp a platoon leader seemed to the rookie like a Marshal of France.¹

Upon his promotion, Mr. Bacon received a letter from his friend Ambassador Jusserand, which amused him not a little. It was addressed, "Hon. Sergeant Robert Bacon," and began:

MY DEAR SERGEANT,

Sept. 1, 1915.

First my congratulations on your promotion; you beat most of my nephews at the front, who, with one exception, are only corporals. But you were ever meant to be the one who did things among the rank and file of the Tennis Cabinet of glorious memory.

Surely Mr. Pepper may be pardoned for speaking of a sergeant in the same breath with a marshal of France when an ambassador of France congratulated Mr. Bacon upon his sergeancy.

In a letter to Mrs. Bacon of September 2, 1915, Mr. Bacon gives a glimpse of camp life

Y. M. C. A. TENT
Camp of Instruction
of Regular Troops
Plattsburg, N. Y.

Thursday.

Well . . . we are breaking camp early to-morrow morning and are starting on an 8 days hike through the country toward the Adiron-

¹Mr. Pepper to Mr. Scott, April 12, 1921.

dacks. I am still pegging along and am now the oldest man left, as the other old "has beens" have dropped out. Bob has made his lieutenantcy and I am much pleased. I have been given command of a platoon which is the same work as Bob has although I am but a sergeant. Two platoons in each company are commanded by lieutenants and two by sergeants. I was killed in the engagement of yesterday . . .

I am looking forward to the "hike." I need not take my rifle being platoon leader but I think I will do so all [the] same. . . .

I expect to leave here not later than Monday the 6th. . . .

Mr. Bacon did like all the rest, and did it well. So well, indeed, that Captain McCoy, then on the Mexican border and destined soon to be with Mr. Bacon in France, sent him a line under date of September 20, 1915, "to give you the little praise that is so precious to a soldier. My young cousin, Frank Ross, was one of the lieutenant instructors and in writing me at length of the camps says, 'Mr. Bacon was the outstanding soldier of the lot.'"

The spirit in which he performed the duties that came to him from day to day is illustrated by an amusing incident which General Wood thus relates:

One day at Plattsburg I saw a rather small regular soldier struggling along with a heavy locker. He saw Bacon coming his way, and called out, "Come over here, you look like a husky fellow, give me a hand." Bacon went over, shouldered the locker and carried it over to the man's camp.

A First Sergeant of Regulars, who happened to know who Bacon was, called the soldier over and asked him whether he knew who had been helping him. The soldier had no idea who he was. "Well," said the Sergeant, "he used to be Ambassador to France." This meant nothing to the soldier. The Sergeant, desiring to be very impressive, said, "He used to be Secretary of State when Mr. Roosevelt was President and was the head man of the Cabinet." The soldier, knowing nothing of these things, said: "Well, I don't know who he is; I just know that he is a damn good fellow."¹

But Plattsburg was "merely an incident," as Mr. Pepper says, "in the life of this patriot, albeit an important incident. It was an opportunity to testify silently to his convictions. He grasped the opportunity and held it in a manly grip.

¹General Wood to Mrs. Bacon, October 26, 1920.

There are many of us whose affectionate regard for him was born there on the shores of Lake Champlain. That regard outlives the period of Robert Bacon's enlistment for earthly service. We are proud to have such a friend among the Immortals."¹

Lieutenant Colonel Gordon Johnston joins Mr. Bacon and Mr. Pepper in his reminiscences of Plattsburg, and, after recounting that he met Mr. Bacon for the first time there when he "modestly enrolled himself as a private and assumed his duties in the most unobtrusive manner," goes on to say that "by reason of his soldierly conduct and appearance, he was made Sergeant and then Colour Sergeant, of his battalion, which honour he shared with George Wharton Pepper of Philadelphia."

On the march the colours were kept in a tent occupied by Captain Dorey and myself, and one of my most vivid impressions of the Camp is of these Colour Sergeants coming for the colours at "first call." They laid their hats on the ground outside and apologized profusely for disturbing two very junior army officers.

The colours unfurled to the exact note of the bugle each morning, absolutely without fail. I do not believe the colours of the United States were ever carried by any finer specimens of American manhood.

Colonel Johnston met Mr. Bacon a little later in another camp:

My next contact with Colonel Bacon was at Fort Oglethorpe Training Camp in Georgia.

We had had a rather hard time organizing this camp and appealed to Robert Bacon for assistance. When it became known throughout the South that a former Ambassador and cabinet officer was coming to serve as a private in this camp, it had the most marvellous effect. He did come and entered upon his duty as a private in the same whole-hearted manner as at Plattsburg. He was an inspiration and a splendid example to all the men who attended this camp, and his influence on them is a permanent and lasting one.²

¹Mr. Pepper to Mr. Scott, April 12, 1921.

²Colonel Johnston to Mrs. Bacon, October 15, 1920.

Colonel Johnston mentions a further incident in his reminiscences of Mr. Bacon, and it is so characteristic that it is added in the note as it relates to a later period:

"The last time I saw him was near Bar-sur-Aube in France, when by merest acci-

Mr. Bacon made the same impression on officers and men. This is finely expressed in an incident which is contained in a letter to Mrs. Bacon, written after Mr. Bacon's death by one of his own comrades at a training camp:

In the spring of 1916 it was my good fortune to be a tent-mate of Mr. Bacon at training camp at Chickamauga Park. The contact with him for that brief period, unintimate though it was, has served me as an inspiration at many needed times since. That I hold his memory in the highest esteem is but what thousands do, that that memory in the past had been of help to me, and that in the future that same gleam of nobility will beckon as brightly for me, is something I want you to know, and something I want to thank you for.

The last time I saw Mr. Bacon he was bearing the colors of the Training Regiment, the Flag was streaming before him and the sunset gleamed golden on the Flag and on his head. I will always think of him as leading—with the colors before him and the sunlight upon his head.¹

That Mr. Bacon would serve in the war was evident to others as well as to himself. He could not advocate preparedness, urge others to go, and stay at home. His ambition was to serve in the line, but age and physical condition prevented its realization. As General Wood says, "When the Great War came, he immediately requested active duty. His eagerness for active service overseas was almost pathetic. He was willing to go in any capacity. He came to me repeatedly [General Wood was then stationed in New York] to talk over the situation, and to discuss possible fields of activity and means of entry into the service."² Doubtless other Americans and not a few foreigners could tell like tales.

Lord Lee of Fareham is one of these; but Mr. Bacon's application made to him as Colonel Lee, was in the days of American

dent I heard there had been a smash-up on the road and drove hurriedly to the point. My surprise and grief at finding Colonel Bacon rather badly damaged at the side of the road was very great. He was severely bruised on the face and head and terribly shaken up, but greeted me with the same very cheerful smile and in spite of all remonstrance refused to be diverted for very much-needed attention to himself until he had discharged his mission at Chaumont."

¹Mr. Edward Clark to Mrs. Bacon, in a letter dated "Habana, June 21, 1919."

²*Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, vol. 28 (1919, September), pp. 82, 84.

neutrality, in the form of a telegram from Paris under date of December 28, 1914:

If you would be willing to accept me as an orderly in some of your work should consider it great privilege to do anything to be of service—secretary running errands or driving a car—truly believe could be useful and would be more pleased and grateful than can express if you would give me this chance to enlist.

Mr. Bacon was associated with Colonel Roosevelt in the project of raising and equipping four divisions of picked men with regular officers in the higher commands, which Congress later authorized the President to accept in the Selective Service Act of May 21, 1917. President Wilson declined to avail himself of this authorization.

Fearing that this might be so, Colonel Roosevelt had already advised Mr. Bacon to go ahead on his own account, saying, in a letter of July 7, 1916:

DEAR BOB,

On thinking it over it seems to me that you had better file your request to raise a regiment with the Secretary of War. If war came, I would certainly wish you in my division; but it would not be possible to say in advance in just what position I could use you; and moreover the Administration would be apt to try either not to employ me at the front or not to give me a free hand. . . .

Always yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The regiment was not raised.¹ Mr. Bacon had, however, taken steps to equip a regiment or division, if raised, and or-

¹On August 30, 1915, from The Army and Navy Club, Washington, a former Major of the United States Army wrote Mr. Bacon a letter, from which a few extracts are quoted, as having more than a passing interest.

"One of America's ambassadors who had passed many years in the capitals of Europe, once said to me in speaking of our unprepared condition: 'Some day we will get a slap in the face that we will be unable to resent.'"

"After I had seen for myself the great military machine in Europe that he had become familiar with, I was more than ever impressed by that remark.

"America has been asleep, as we all know quite well, and this movement at Plattsburg is about the first indication of its awakening. . . .

"When I started target practice, years ago, at one of our largest universities where I commanded some 800 cadets, I found few who could hit 'the side of a barn.' The

dered a number of Lewis guns. He took them when they were ready, and they were put to good use in Plattsburg and other training camps. Part of the story is told in the following letter of July 31, 1917, from Lieutenant Colonel Paul A. Wolf, Commanding Plattsburg Barracks, written to "Major" Bacon, then in France:

I cannot express to you too strongly my appreciation of your action in loaning the 8 Lewis machine guns to us for instructional purposes. This war has developed into a war of machine guns and heavy artillery and it seems a strange turn of fate that in preparing these young men to be officers in the national army it will be impossible for us to give them the proper machine gun and heavy artillery instruction.

By great good luck, we were able to get the First New York Field Artillery here so we can use their material and through your kindness we were able to get these 8 Lewis guns for a short period of instruction. Of course we should like to have used them for the entire camp, but realize other camps have equal claim on them.

The rest of the story is quickly told; the guns were used and were rendered unserviceable until certain replacements of worn parts had been made. Money could not be procured from the Government for this purpose, they were therefore repaired at Mr. Bacon's expense. They were further used, and among others, by Mr. Bacon's son, Captain Elliot C. Bacon, at Camp Upton, of the 77th Division, before his command sailed for France.

practice was at that time voluntary, of necessity, but the lads soon became enthusiastic about it as a sport.

"The object of this letter is to suggest that the men of your regiment get together before disbandment and form a rifle club, the object of which shall be to excite interest throughout the country in rifle practice. . . .

"If we should at any time be suddenly forced into war, as Europe was last year, it would be pitifully late to begin to teach our volunteers how to use effectively the arms issued to them. The conditions are not now such as obtained at Lexington, but one would judge from articles one sees in print that most of our fellow countrymen actually believe that all we need do to insure the welfare of the nation in case of war, is to call out a million or so of untrained men and put arms in their hands—and yet we claim to be an intelligent nation. . . ."

Very truly yours,
W. P. VAN NESS.
(Major U. S. A., Retired)

CHAPTER XVI

CANDIDACY FOR THE SENATE

THUS far Mr. Bacon had urged preparedness in his individual capacity. Wherever he went he spoke of it, and made converts. He felt that much more should be done, by others if possible, by himself if nobody "worthier" could be found.

Mr. Bacon had worked through the National Security League, of which he was the president. Of Mr. Bacon's connection with this great and influential body, organized to prepare America for the war while there was yet time, Mr. S. Stanwood Menken, its organizer, writes:

He gave a good deal of money toward building up the organization, and considerable time, much of which was devoted to conferences . . . as to different steps we should take. He was indefatigable, these conferences taking place at all hours of the day and night and under conditions which greatly varied.

Mr. Bacon had one hobby and that was the unification of all societies devoted to preparedness. . . . He travelled about the country, going to Chicago, St. Louis, etc. . . . While he was doing this work he was also helping the Universal Training League.¹

Public meetings are always a source of anxiety until they are over, and sometimes even then accidents happen that are tragic for the moment. Mr. Menken recounts one of which Mr. Bacon was the unfortunate hero—or victim.

Among the many painful incidents of his work, there was one amusing one which I recall. It was connected with the holding by the National Security League of two important meetings simultaneously—one in Carnegie Hall and the other at the New Theatre of this city. Mr. Bacon assumed the responsibility for the Carnegie meeting, at which Mr. Choate spoke and at which meeting there was

¹Mr. Menken to Mr. Scott in a letter dated New York, April 29, 1920.

booked as one of the chief orators a labour leader representing the American Federation of Labour.

There was a tremendous crowd at both meetings and the pressure of pulling them off simultaneously was extreme, inasmuch as we had to use certain of the speakers at both halls. Mr. Bacon very graciously invited the labour leader and his wife to be Mrs. Bacon's guests in the central box. The labour leader's speech was printed as evidence of labour's support of preparedness. The speaker waited, but through some oversight Mr. Bacon forgot all about him, with the result that as the meeting adjourned a bomb exploded and we found that he had not been called. I was at his side and undertook to retrieve the situation, as far as possible, by reading the speech amid the disappearing crowd and fading lights.

The next day, fortified with my affidavit that I had read the speech but having the echo of the labour leader's denouncement that it was evident that Mr. Bacon and the National Security League did not want the support of organized labour in the preparedness movement, Mr. Bacon sent to the headquarters of the American Federation of Labour in this city and actually spent five hours, exhausting his diplomatic skill in prevailing upon the gentlemen there to accept his apology in the varied forms in which he tendered it. I often wonder whether history will ever record the obligation of America to men such as Augustus P. Gardiner,¹ Joseph H. Choate, Theodore Roosevelt, and Robert Bacon, who made possible our efforts for preparedness notwithstanding the lack of leadership of our chief executive and legislators in Washington. . . .²

These men were all Republicans; the tribute to them is from a political opponent, for Mr. Menken is a Democrat.

In the summer of 1916 Mr. Bacon visited the troops in camp on the Mexican border because of the disturbed condition in that distracted and badly treated country. Two of his sons were serving as officers, Robert in the contingent from New York; Gasper in that of Massachusetts. Upon his return to New York he made a statement to the Press, urging universal

¹Augustus P. Gardiner (1865-1918). Member of Congress from Massachusetts (1902-1917), a prominent advocate of preparedness during the period of American neutrality. Colonel on Staff; commissioned Major of Infantry. Died of pneumonia at Camp Wheeler, January 14, 1918.

²"Some day I should like you to know the fulness of his rich offering on the altar of service to country as I saw it, and also of the many wondrous things he did to aid the Security League: all with a single purpose to do for the Nation." Extract of letter from Mr. S. Stanwood Menken to Mrs. Bacon.

service. In this he defined in general terms the meaning which he attached to preparedness, and incidentally mentioned the vast extent of ground he had covered in his advocacy of this great cause:

I am more than ever convinced that there is but one satisfactory solution for military preparedness of the nation, in fact, for the maintenance and endurance of the nation itself in a high place in the affairs of the world, and this is: Universal service—the spirit of service and sacrifice for the nation. Unless we learn to speak in terms of a nation, and subordinate our local and material ambitions; unless the nation, in claiming its international rights, learns to appreciate its duties and international obligations, the nation cannot endure as one of the respected members of the society of nations.

There has been a great change in sentiment and opinion about universal service. Everywhere that I have been—in New England, the Middle States, the Mississippi Valley, the South, and the great Southwest as far as Arizona—I have found but one opinion: that universal service for the nation, whether it be enrollment for the military or for broader work of industrial efficiency for national purpose, is the only democratic principle of national life, and only by such service can we obtain justice and equality for all citizens of the great community. These are the undoubted facts, which have been emphasized by the lessons of this great world war, and which are proved beyond a question to the mind of any one who is brought in close contact with the army now encamped along our border, both regulars and militia.¹

No one appeared to be willing to go before the people of New York on a platform which approved the stand of the Allies, which bespoke for them moral and material support; which insisted upon preparedness for the time, when near at hand, as Mr. Bacon thought, mock neutrality should be flung aside and America, radiant and soul redeemed, should send its young manhood to save the Old World which had discovered the New. Therefore Mr. Bacon announced his candidacy on August 23, 1916, for nomination as United States Senator from New York at the approaching primaries. He felt that the Honourable William M. Calder, then a member of the House of Representatives and candidate for the Senatorship,

¹The New York Times, July 29, 1916, p. 3.

did not stand unequivocally for the principles of preparedness, and as principles, not the man, were the main thing, Mr. Bacon threw his modesty to the winds and "in his humble person"—to quote his own words—"appealed to the people of New York to approve those principles and to have them carried to Washington by a man who so believed in them that he would live for them in America and die for them if need be in France." The cause was the thing, and nothing should be done that could injure it. "I could not become political or seem to do so." Therefore, Mr. Bacon resigned the presidency of the League in a letter to Mr. Menken.¹

In resigning Mr. Bacon said:

During the last year and a half the National Security League has conducted successfully a national campaign of education for preparedness. You, as a Democrat, and I, as a Republican, have been of one mind that this issue vitally affects all the people, and we have kept the great work of the League free from any thought of partisan political bias.

After stating that he had become a candidate at the Republican primaries for the Senatorship and that his candidacy might "not be construed as affecting in any way the non-partisan character of the league," he offered his resignation, which under the circumstances was properly accepted. But he was anxious that his severance of official relations should not be looked upon as desertion of the cause. "In awakening the spirit of sacrifice and service for their country in the souls of our citizens, the League has done, and I am sure will continue to do, work that is wholly admirable." And with this commendation on his lips, he pledged himself anew to the great cause. "With that work my sympathy will not be dismissed because I am no longer officially connected with the League, and I wish to assure the thousands of members throughout the country who are pledged to the cause that I shall always consider it a privilege to help in any way I can."

Mr. Bacon entered the campaign with the thought uppermost in his mind of making the issue of preparedness paramount. Indeed, it is not too much to say that such was his

¹Printed in part in the *Albany Knickerbocker Press*, September 11, 1916, p. 1.

sole motive. Mr. Calder had been actively a candidate for two years or more and had received pledges of support from nearly every influential Republican organization. It was therefore a foregone conclusion, with the organized voters pledged to Mr. Calder, that Mr. Bacon's nomination was most unlikely. Personal victory or defeat was immaterial; his decision was based solely upon the public good which his candidacy might do in emphasizing the need of national preparedness for war.

The fact that he might poll an extremely small vote and thereby discredit in the popular mind the cause which he advocated made him delay his decision. He sought the advice of Mr. Root, Colonel Roosevelt, and other friends, and he returned from interviews with them in an unsettled frame of mind, for, of course, both Mr. Root and Colonel Roosevelt were too experienced not to appreciate fully the advantage it gave to Mr. Calder to have the party organizations working for him in the primary.

Mr. Calder had been non-committal on the subject of preparedness and showed, in Mr. Bacon's opinion, such a disposition to avoid or side-step this issue that Mr. Bacon felt it his duty to go into the campaign appealing to the unorganized, unpledged Republican voters for support.

His decision was not taken until the last moment. He had postponed as long as possible. The primary law requires that the petition of a candidate be filed a certain number of weeks before primary day. Mr. Bacon waited until there was just time to get his petition to Albany, and to file it in the office of the Secretary of State.

There was a dramatic, even amusing, final quarter of an hour before he announced his intention. The incident is typical of Mr. Bacon's remoteness from the self-interest of the practical politician.

The scene was at Mr. Bacon's home, 1 Park Avenue, at night. Mr. Bacon, Mr. Job E. Hedges, Mr. William Barnes, and one or two others had gathered to learn Mr. Bacon's decision. Mr. Hedges, an eminent lawyer of New York City who had himself been Republican candidate for Governor of New York, was Mr. Bacon's political adviser. During the campaign this acquaintance ripened into an intimate friendship,

Mr. Bacon placing complete reliance upon the wise and disinterested advice of his friend.

Mr. Barnes dominated the Republican political situation at Albany. He was a forceful, aggressive, and powerful political leader at that time, out of harmony and touch with other leaders of the Republican "machine" in the State. Almost as soon as Mr. Bacon's name was mentioned as a possible candidate Mr. Barnes volunteered his support. This was probably the first close personal association in Mr. Bacon's experience with one who was generally described as a political "boss." It should be stated in this connection that Mr. Barnes won Mr. Bacon's admiration not only for the capacity which he displayed for organizing in the primary campaign, but even more for his constant and faithful adherence to the standard of public good, upon which Mr. Bacon had put his candidacy. On the evening in question, as the hour grew late, Mr. Barnes, facing Mr. Bacon, said: "The time has come when we must have your decision. We cannot wait any longer."

It was a moment which Mr. Bacon would gladly have postponed, but he was fully aware that he had already waited too long. He looked for a moment at Mr. Hedges, and then said quietly to Mr. Barnes: "I shall give you my decision in ten minutes, but if you will pardon me saying so, I prefer to make my decision when you are not in the room."

Probably no one more than Mr. Barnes appreciated the simplicity, the naïve sincerity of such a confession. In making up his mind, Mr. Bacon wanted to be beyond the presence of a dominating and strong-willed politician whom he knew but slightly and whose advice might be influenced by personal motives. Mr. Barnes controlled Mr. Bacon's sole organized party support at that time, yet he had no hesitation in jeopardizing that help to be sure he was right. Mr. Barnes rose, smiled slightly, and said: "I shall go to my house." "And I shall telephone you in ten minutes," Mr. Bacon answered.

Alone with his friend Hedges, the decision was taken, and Mr. Barnes learned over the telephone that Mr. Bacon had decided to become a candidate.

Immediately following Mr. Bacon's decision, all appearance of procrastination disappeared, and there began at once,

under his personal inspiration, the most aggressive, active campaign New York had ever known in a senatorial primary. Speeches were delivered in many parts of the state, interviews were freely granted, all honourable means were taken to spread wide the principles for which Mr. Bacon stood.

He did not avoid issues, but his mind was fixed on one thing—the peril to this country spiritually and materially in pretending indifference to the great battle for right waged in France by the Allies, and in failing to get ready here in order to meet the danger which so clearly threatened us. In it all Mr. Bacon never wavered.

It is difficult at this time to appreciate the courage it required of a political candidate to speak openly, unreservedly, on the questions of loyalty, neutrality, international duty, and national preparedness. We now wonder how the people could have been of two minds on these matters, but it is only necessary to recall that a few weeks later President Wilson was re-elected on the popular cry, "He kept us out of war," to realize the divided opinion of the people in regard to our obligations and interests at home and abroad.

Mr. Joseph H. Choate, full of years and rich in wisdom, stood sponsor for Mr. Bacon as the chairman of his committee. Mr. Job E. Hedges, whom Mr. Bacon had unsuccessfully urged to make the fight in his stead, offered his services as manager of the campaign. Mr. Elihu Root, friend and associate, confessed his faith in Mr. Bacon and his candidacy. Mr. David Jayne Hill, who had been Ambassador in Berlin when Mr. Bacon was Ambassador in Paris, pledged his services, and Mr. Roosevelt advised the good people of New York to vote for him. They would have chosen him as the Republican candidate had Mr. Bacon had a few more days to meet them, to lay his programme before them and to justify the cause for which he asked their support. As it was, he did not lose a district in which he spoke.

Mr. Bacon lost, but his cause had won. The people were ready to respond to the call of duty and of sacrifice if only the voice were clear and the tone sincere.

What was the platform which Mr. Bacon stated in announcing his candidacy on August 23rd, and for which more than 140,000 of his countrymen of the Republican Party in the

State of New York gave their approval on September 19, 1916? It was, of course, in accord with the national platform of the Republican Party, whose candidate for the Presidency was Charles Evans Hughes of New York.

"The Chicago platform proclaims the formal tenets of our party faith. To them, and to the party nominees, we are bound in loyalty and effort." This is the sole reference to it in Mr. Bacon's statement. His platform was personal, and it was a single word—*America*.¹

We are an intensely personal people—America first, America prepared, America sympathetic with the weak and wrongly oppressed, America intrepid and fearless before wrongful encroachment by the strong—is the America of my vision and the goal of my efforts.

This America cannot be wrought alone by law. It requires a national spirit, commanding service, imposing sacrifice, ungrudging and unrestrained. It demands an Americanism so intense as to fuse race, birth, and social condition into a common inspiration and faith, disloyalty to which is dishonour and disgrace.

What was the duty of this America, strong and sympathetic, fused and indivisible? "In this convulsion of the world we have a part to play." What is this part and how shall we prepare for it? Mr. Bacon's answer is that of a Secretary of State, of an Ambassador, as well as a patriot:

In the immediate future and throughout the coming years, we shall be confronted with problems for which this nation is wholly unprepared. The issues which to-day are vital to this nation have not as yet received the serious attention nor awakened the serious interest of our people.

For generations, we have lived in isolation and safety, and we are only beginning to be conscious of our rights, duties, and dangers as a member of the society of nations.

The rights and duties make up what is international law: the expression of the simple rules of conduct which should govern any community of individuals. It is necessary that people should know these rules. There should be widespread popular knowledge of the laws which govern our foreign relations, just as every man knows the laws which govern his relations with his neighbour, to whose observ-

¹The *Albany Knickerbocker Press*, September 11, 1916, p. 3. Printed in part in the *New York Sun*, August 23, 1916, p. 4.

ance he is compelled by the very force of public opinion embodied in the policeman or the sheriff. No national administration will be able thoroughly to interpret the will of the people unless the people know the rules which should govern international conduct. It is the lack of knowledge of these things which has brought about the serious—almost fatal—mistake of our foreign policy.

The trained and instructed will of the people: "This should be the touchstone of our foreign policy." But what are these rules of conduct which the people should know and which should govern international conduct?

We must insist that the large powers shall treat a small nation as the United States has treated Cuba and we must aim to establish the rule that every nation, like every human being living under the American Constitution which vitalizes the language of the Declaration of Independence, has the right to life, the right to liberty, the right to the pursuit of happiness, and that every nation, like every individual in America, must be respected and protected in the enjoyment of these rights.

History is, it is said, philosophy teaching by example. Here was a foreign policy based upon a concrete example. How was this informed will of the people to be specifically applied in the convulsion of the world? "First of all, we cannot tolerate, without protest, violation of treaties to which we as a nation are a party. We should not make treaties, to the letter of which we are not prepared to stand." This was a note of caution, applicable then, now, always. He illustrates these two principles, which are really one with a high-minded people, by the case of Belgium:

The rights of the smaller nations should be as sacred to us as the rights of a child among strong men: and to protect these rights in words, while refusing to protest them in the concrete, is to work disaster to our own soul. This is the essence of the law of nations.

But there are protests and protests. Protests of the pocket-book, we have indeed had, but a dearth of protests for the higher things.

If there have been violations of our trade rights as neutrals, it is our right to protest, it is our duty to protest. A nation sinks low when its protests are directed against acts which interfere with commercial and material prosperity alone, and when at the same time it fails to protect the honour and lives of its citizens and the ideals and principles of its civilization.

The Mexican policy of President Wilson has been doomed to failure from the beginning, and the attitude of the United States toward South America does not satisfy the peoples of those countries, because it is bottomed on dollars and not on ideals:

With the policy—or lack of policy—in regard to Mexico, I have totally disagreed for three years. The destruction of life and property, the outrages and anarchy which have resulted were inevitable in the eyes of every student of Mexican conditions and history. It was inevitable from the moment that the administration, contrary to the opinion and advice of other great powers, intervened and prevented the continuity of government in Mexico without providing the moral and physical support which was absolutely necessary if any other course were to be followed.

What of preparedness? Mr. Bacon has saved this subject nearest his heart for this last word to the electorate:

I am convinced that there is only one satisfactory solution of the military preparedness of the nation—in fact, for the maintenance of the nation itself in a high place in the affairs of the world. This is universal service, the spirit of service and sacrifice for the nation. Unless we learn to think in terms of a nation, and subordinate our local and material ambitions; unless the nation, in claiming its international rights, learns to appreciate its duties and international obligations, the nation cannot endure.

To maintain intact and unimpaired the nation, with its rights and duties as proclaimed by the Declaration of Independence, with the system of government devised by the framers of the Constitution, we must adopt the method of the founders.

I place my faith in the wisdom of the Fathers of this country, as expressed in the Act of Congress of May 8, 1792, which imposed obligatory military training and service upon the nation; and I believe that Congress should immediately reenact the principle of that law

which reads as follows: "Every able-bodied male citizen of the respective states, resident therein, who is of the age of eighteen years, and under the age of forty-five years, shall be enrolled in the Militia."

I place my faith in the wisdom of Washington, who said that "A free people ought not only be armed, but disciplined."

I place my faith in the wisdom of Jefferson, who said that "the country could never be safe until military instruction was made a regular part of collegiate instruction, and that every citizen be made a soldier."

This policy is not only right, just, and necessary, but it is in accordance with the true spirit of democracy and of equality.

With this kind of a platform it is easy to understand why Mr. Root addressed Mr. Joseph H. Choate¹ a letter from his summer home in Clinton, New York, under date of August 18, 1916, saying in its opening sentences:

I think you are rendering still another public service in acting upon Mr. Robert Bacon's committee for his nomination as United States Senator in the Republican primaries. Not only is Mr. Bacon a citizen of the highest type, high-minded, generous, and public-spirited, but he has special qualifications. He was long Assistant Secretary of State, then for a short time Secretary of State, then for a number of years Ambassador to France. He filled all of those positions with distinction and success. He has both theoretical and practical familiarity with international history, the foreign policies of the United States, and the business of diplomacy.

He has a wide acquaintance with the public men in the foreign offices of other nations and has the knowledge necessary to estimate the weight of their words and to forecast their probable actions. He has special relations of friendship and personal regard with the leading statesmen in all the principal South American countries and has personal familiarity with the conditions in those countries and their feelings toward the United States. His service in the United States Senate would be of immense value to Mr. Hughes in the conduct of the foreign affairs of the United States.

Although the Senate is the constitutional adviser of the President in regard to foreign affairs, there are comparatively few Senators who have really studied the subject or acquired practical familiarity with

¹Joseph H. Choate (1832-1917). Leader of the American Bar and of the New York Bar; Ambassador to Great Britain (1899-1905); Chairman of the American Delegation to the Second Hague Peace Conference of 1907. During the last twenty years of his life he was in an eminent degree the first citizen of America.

it. Increased strength in that direction is much needed. If the people of the State of New York can put into the Senate a man of the highest character who understands the business of foreign affairs they will have rendered a very great service to the President who is about to be elected and to the people of the United States. They can do that by electing Mr. Bacon.

The letter to Mr. Choate was inclosed in a personal one to Mr. Bacon, which speaks for itself and shows the affection of the elder for the younger man:

DEAR BOB:

I got your telegram, and I wish you luck. My guess is that you will have a good vote—not a majority, but respectable—and it will really introduce you into political life. I think that it is probably no injustice to the friends of Hughes¹ who were anxious not to have a contest to say that they were probably affected by an unconscious desire to avoid anything which might shake their control of party machinery. . . .

I am inclosing a letter to Choate as chairman of your committee. I have tried to make it so that it will do the most good, not as a general recommendation to be filed with Saint Peter but to state the principal irrefutable reason why you should be preferred to Calder and put it in brief and pointed form so that it will stand a chance to be carried by the newspapers and to be read. If you have any improvement or change to suggest, send it back and I shall do it over.

On the same day Mr. David Jayne Hill wrote a warm letter of approval, giving even more briefly than that of Mr. Root the reasons why New York should be represented in the Senate of these United States by Mr. Bacon:

I have been greatly pleased to learn that you have accepted the invitation of your friends to be a candidate for the Republican nomination for the United States Senate in the coming primaries.

Your presence in that body would do honour to the State of New York and be of real service to the American people. Your knowledge of public affairs, acquired in the course of a large experience in responsible office, and especially the results of your intimate acquaintance with foreign relations should be of immense value to the country

¹Charles Evans Hughes (1862-). Defeated for the Presidency in 1916, he was appointed Secretary of State by President Harding, taking office on March 4, 1921.

at a time when our position in the world is as uncertain as it now is and confronted by so many delicate international problems which the nation will certainly have to solve.

Permit me, therefore, to express to you my great interest in the success of your candidacy, to which I am glad to have the privilege of pledging such support as I am able to give.

A further word of support may be added from the very head and front of the Republican Party, the advice of Theodore Roosevelt to the voters of New York unfortunately only given on the eve of the election:¹

Mr. Bacon has come out squarely for universal military service, and Mr. Calder against it. This raises what I regard as a vital issue of principle, an issue which accordingly as it is now decided one way or the other may mean within a very few years whether the next generation of Americans is to walk with heads held high before the world, or with heads bent by crushing disgrace and disaster. I have studiously refrained from taking any part in the primary campaign, but when this issue is raised with such clearness and emphasis, it is impossible for me, holding the convictions I do, not to support Mr. Bacon.

I suppose that it is too late for my support to be of use to him; but when this vital issue is raised in good faith, and is one real issue between the two candidates, I am bound by every consideration of patriotism and public duty to support Mr. Bacon. This issue relates to the most important plank in the platforms of the two candidates, and puts them in sharp and thoroughgoing opposition on a matter literally vital to the welfare of the Republic.

Mr. Bacon's platform and the reasons which forced him to enter the primaries have been given in considerable detail and in the form of extracts from his appeal to the voters, that his views may be given in his own language and not blurred by paraphrase or summary. A few paragraphs would have sufficed if Mr. Bacon's candidacy had been one of persons, not principles: if it had not been in a presidential year, and if it had not been in New York, which was and is looked upon as a pivotal State. The interest in the contest which Mr. Bacon was waging was larger than the man; interest in it transcended the State: it was national. It was the one election in which a candidate

¹The New York *Times*, September 19, 1916, p. 6.



U. S. Official

ROBERT BACON AT PLATTSBURG



ROBERT BACON AT PLATTSBURG

In 1915, when the former Secretary of State became Private Bacon

voiced his sympathy for the Allies, insisted that their cause was our cause, that President Wilson's policy of neutrality was a policy of indecision and mistake, that the war was at our doors, and that we must prepare and that without delay, for the war which was thrust upon us and into which we must sooner or later enter, not merely to help the Allies, but to preserve America and American ideals.

Mr. Bacon heartened the multitudes in other States of the Union who inclined to his views but who had never heard them expounded from the platform. Mr. Bacon's example encouraged them to speak out. It showed the politicians that there was a strong tendency toward action, instead of inaction, as it was clear from the notices of Mr. Bacon's candidacy in the press and the editorials after his tremendous vote in the primaries (the largest with the exception of Mr. Calder's ever given in a primary), that ten days or two weeks more would have won him the election.

The *New York Times* of September 21, 1916,¹ had an editorial on the aftermath of the election which put the case clearly and drew the moral from the facts. It is headed "The Popular Side." It begins by stating that neither the Democratic nor the Republican nominee for the Senatorship should "ignore the lesson of Robert Bacon's phenomenal run." What Mr. Bacon did was a thing which before he accomplished it would have been called impossible. After stating that Mr. Calder had been a candidate for the nomination in 1914, that failure then only spurred him to redoubled effort in the two years intervening, that he had control of the organization and would apparently receive the nomination by a unanimous vote, the editorial adds that "then, only about a week before the time for filing nominations expired, Mr. Bacon entered the field . . . Yet this last-minute candidate polled an immense vote and nearly defeated him; and if the contest had been on even terms there is no question that Bacon would have been victorious, as he was nearly victorious in spite of Calder's long lead."

How did it happen? What was the reason? The *Times* answers: "He made that run, he got that vote, he frightened the organization nearly out of its wits, simply by letting every-

¹P. 10.

body know where he stood, and thus he demonstrated that his view of the issues was the popular one. . . . 'I am an avowed unneutral' declared Bacon at the outset; he repelled the German vote where Calder merely did not invite it; he even ran as the friend of France The votes against Calder were cast for a man who fairly shrieked his sympathy with the Allies, his detestation of the man who brought on the war, his belief in straightout Americanism as a foreign policy, and who even advocated compulsory military service."

"The moral is," continues the *Times*, "that 'pussyfooting' does not pay, that it does not attract votes, that . . . it is not only patriotic to repel the hyphen vote and speak out flatly for Americanism; it is also profitable in the matter of votes."

One passage from a paper published outside of New York may be taken as an example of the effect of Mr. Bacon's platform and campaign on the States at large. The *Baltimore Sunday News*, of October 8, 1916,¹ had an editorial entitled "Not Afraid of a Change of Policy," in the course of which it said:

. . . Mr. Bacon was an eleventh-hour candidate for the Senate, entering the field against a man who had the backing of the regular organization, who had been a candidate before and who had spent the past two years building his fences. Mr. Bacon had the additional handicap of being a man who was closely allied to "Big Business" and against whom prejudice could be easily aroused in those who dislike the "silk-stocking" fellow. Nevertheless, his vigorous demand for upholding the national honour, his earnest support of universal military training, and his emphatic denunciation of the Wilson Administration's course with Germany and Mexico were popular enough with the electorate to gain for him a vote that simply astonished New York.

It was not considered possible that a candidate could accomplish so much in the short space of a three-weeks campaign. Mr. Calder won by a scant margin, which would have disappeared entirely, it was generally believed, had the election been held a fortnight later.

The editorial concluded that "if New York is any criterion of public sentiment" it indicated "a change of national policy

¹P. 16.

. . . with no fear . . . that a return to the traditional belief that American citizens have rights that should be respected means war with anybody, unless it is a just war that only a craven nation would shirk."

Opposition to President Wilson's policy of "watchful waiting" in Mexico, as it was generally called at the time, and dissatisfaction with the failure to put the country on a war footing if it should be found essential to American interests to enter the war, were bringing the wings of the Republican Party together. It was necessary that it should present a united front if the Democratic Party was to be beaten. In working together and thinking of the things we have in common, differences are often overlooked if they are not forgotten. Mr. Bacon felt that the success of preparedness required the sacrifice of personal prejudice and indeed of convictions. He therefore strove to bring about a meeting of Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Root, who had parted company in the unsuccessful campaign of 1912, in preparation for a successful campaign of 1916.

These two great leaders agreed, Colonel Roosevelt saying it would give him great pleasure "to consult as to the vital needs of this nation at this time in the matter of preparedness. It is appalling," he added, "to realize our impotence to-day in the face of any serious menace."¹

This was on March 28, 1916, and shortly thereafter Colonel Roosevelt, Mr. Root, Senator Lodge, and General Wood sat down to luncheon with Mr. Bacon at his house in New York. It was the first time that ex-President Roosevelt and his Secretary of State, Elihu Root, had met since their estrangement. "I would leave less heavy in my heart," Mr. Bryce had said on leaving the United States as Ambassador, "were Roosevelt and Root working together. Their estrangement is a national calamity."²

Their meeting made for preparedness and their reconciliation was not the least service which Mr. Bacon rendered to the cause.

Preparedness for this moment, when it should arrive (and Mr. Bacon knew it could not be long delayed), formed but a

¹Letter of Colonel Roosevelt dated March 28, 1916, to Mr. Bacon.

²*Boston Transcript*, April 1, 1916, Part 3, p. 3.

part, although a very large part, of his activity, from the fateful week of August, 1914, to the week of April, 1917, when the United States cut its neutral moorings and as a belligerent put boldly to sea to join the Allies "somewhere in France."

Although his devotion to the Allies was boundless, Mr. Bacon's first and only allegiance was to America. But in serving the Allies, he felt he was serving America, for he knew they were maintaining the cause of America, although many loyal Americans did not know it. Indeed, his motives and his activities were alike misunderstood and assailed. One instance—the most notable among many—may be given, as it shows that Mr. Bacon was no respecter of persons when personal truth and international right were involved.

In the summer and fall of 1916 President Wilson was conducting his campaign for reelection to the Presidency on the plea that he had kept the country out of war, to which Colonel Roosevelt wittily, and somewhat sharply, replied, after we had entered the war in 1917: "Keep us out of war! I am the only man he has kept out of war," alluding to the refusal of President Wilson to give him a commission in the army then forming for service overseas.

After Mr. Bacon's failure to secure the nomination for Senator in the Republican primaries, although he received 144,366 in a total vote of 297,739, Mr. Wilson made a statement to the press, in which he spoke of Mr. Bacon as "a man whose avowed position in respect of international affairs was unneutral, and whose intention was to promote the interests of one side in the present war in Europe."¹ The effect of Mr. Bacon's platform and the enormous vote was not lost upon President Wilson, who further said that "if the Republican Party should succeed, one very large branch of it would insist upon . . . a reversal from peace to war."

This criticism was made only a few months before President Wilson himself, discarding the peace slogan, appeared before the Congress of the United States on April 2, 1917, and advocated the declaration by Congress of a state of war by the United States against Germany, which Congress did on the memorable day of April 6, 1917.

¹New York Times, October 8, 1916, p. 1.

PART IX

MILITARY SERVICE

“Somewhere in France.”

CHAPTER XVII

POST COMMANDANT AT CHAUMONT

ON JANUARY 19, 1917, Dr. Alfred Zimmermann, then Imperial German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, sent a note to the German Ambassador in Washington, and directed him to transmit it to the German Minister in Mexico. In this note Doctor Zimmermann stated that Germany intended on February 1st to begin unrestricted submarine warfare, and that if the United States could not be kept neutral, Germany would propose to Mexico an alliance that the two countries would thereupon make war together, and peace together, and that in addition to financial support, Mexico was to reconquer its lost territory in New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona. It was further proposed that the President of Mexico, upon his own initiative, was to suggest to Japan when war with the United States had become a certainty, that Japan should adhere to the plan, and that the President of Mexico should offer to mediate between Japan and Germany. The note ended with the statement that the employment of ruthless submarine warfare promised to compel England to make peace within a few months.

President Wilson was informed by the German Ambassador on January 31st, before the contents of this note had become known to the Government of the United States, that *on the morrow*, the 1st of February, Germany would begin unrestricted submarine warfare, and that neutral vessels might be destroyed, if found in the neighbourhood of the British Isles, as it was impossible for the commanders of submarines to distinguish between enemy and neutral vessels! President Wilson directed Secretary of State Lansing to hand the German Ambassador his passports, and, appearing before Congress on the 3rd of February, outlined what he thought the United States should do under these changed conditions. Unrestricted submarine warfare went into effect, and American lives were lost and American property destroyed. Thereafter the Zim-

mermann note came to light, and was given to the press on the 1st of March, 1917. A month later President Wilson appeared before a joint session of the two Houses of Congress on April 2, 1917, and asked for a declaration of war. Congress complied with this request in the following Resolution, signed by the President on April 6, 1917:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government which has thus been thrust upon the United States is hereby formally declared; and that the President be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war against the Imperial German Government; and to bring the conflict to a successful termination all of the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States.

It is useless to discuss whether we should have gone in immediately after the *Lusitania* outrage of May 7, 1915; it is futile to conjecture what would have happened to Russia, the Allies, and the world if we had gone in earlier; it is enough that we do go in and that we were not too late.

Immediately upon the declaration of war, Mr. Bacon cabled to some of his friends in England and in France. In reply he received from them letters showing that they appreciated to the full the importance of the American declaration and its inevitable consequences. To M. Hanotaux he cabled:

GABRIEL HANOTAUX, 21 rue Cassette, Paris. April 10th, 1917.

Profondément ému des événements de ces derniers jours je m'incline pieusement devant l'entrée de ma patrie dans cette guerre sacrée. Salut à la France, salut aux âmes nobles, purs et sans peur, des français qui m'ont été l'inspiration la plus élevée, la plus profonde de ma vie et qui m'ont consacré depuis les jours merveilleux de la Marne à la cause de France. Enfin et encore une fois Alliés à la vie, à la mort. Gardez pour moi je vous prie quelques pensées. Que je puisse revenir en France prochainement avec le drapeau américain c'est mon rêve le plus précieux.¹

ROBERT BACON.

¹*Translation:*

Profoundly stirred by the events of the past (few) days, I piously bow before the entering of my country into this holy war. Hail to France, hail to the noble, pure,

In a cablegram of April 7th, to the Right Honourable Herbert Asquith, then a Member of Parliament, and formerly Prime Minister, Mr. Bacon said:

My heart is very full and I cannot express the depths of my feeling of national pride and satisfaction in this solemn hour that my country has placed itself squarely on the side of the right. Accept my greetings and kindest personal regards and thanks for your noble sentiments. With kind regards to Mrs. Asquith.

At the same time he sent a more personal telegram to the Right Honourable David Lloyd George, then Prime Minister of Great Britain, having succeeded Mr. Asquith, and the most prominent man of that country in public life:

Permit me, Sir, to express my deep and humble appreciation of the noble sentiments of your speech of yesterday. You may remember how keenly I have felt and understand the pride and satisfaction of this solemn hour and what it means to me that Americans may now again hold their heads high before the world. Accept my hearty thanks and kindest personal regards.

To a cablegram of a similar tenor to Lord Bryce, Mr. Bacon received a reply under date of April 19th—the anniversary of Lexington and Concord:

Thank you very much for your cablegram. It did us good. We knew how you would be feeling, but we liked to be told. It is like a new light in the sky to know that the American people are now standing side by side in a battle for all that is best in the world, Honour, Justice, Humanity. We shall win.

Your people are taking off their coats for the work. Best send over some troops here, even if only a few thousand at first. Let the Germans see them, and realize what it is that has brought honest, peace-loving men across the ocean as they never thought they would have cause to do. This would surely tell on the German mind, inexplicable thing as it is. They must see they can't win. They must feel there is something wrong with their Government when it has brought the wrathful indignation of all the civilized world upon them.

and fearless spirit of the French people, who have been the greatest, the most profound inspiration of my life, and who from the wonderful days of the Marne have consecrated me to the cause of France. At last, once more, Allies in life and in death. Keep me in your thoughts, I beg of you. That I may soon return to France with the American flag is my fondest dream.

You will probably be over soon, here or in France. . . . Meanwhile, tell our common friends when you see them how we rejoice in this partnership in trying to serve and save the future of mankind. Our best regards to Mrs. Bacon.

And one of Mr. Bacon's warmest friends, with whom he had been associated in France, at British Headquarters, in the early days of American neutrality, wrote to him from British General Headquarters, under date of April 28, 1917:

MY DEAR MR. BACON:

It was a great pleasure to get your letter by the hand of Doctor Strong, whose name has long been known to me in connection with tropical medicine. . . .

I have often thought of you since America came into the war and I have felt sure that this event must have given you the very greatest pleasure, after all your hard work for the Allies. It is wonderful how the entry of America has fortified the general opinion over here. I think that the trend of opinion was becoming a little pessimistic, especially amongst the French who have had such terrible losses and on whom the ictus of the war has been so horribly severe. And events in Russia were beginning to diminish optimism a good deal. But now the feeling has changed and we "look West" towards a new source of fortitude and a fresh pool of energy and resources. I wonder whether you will soon be over here again. . . . At this moment, I am back in the town where we all lived together in Thresher's mess in 1915. It is like old times being back here, but it emphasizes too much the stationary nature of this war to be back in a place sacred to the memory of 1914!

The action of the President met with Mr. Bacon's unbounded and outspoken approval. He hoped it was not too late. In moments of discouragement he feared that it was; in more than one letter from the other side, he says that just as Queen Mary said "Calais" would be found engraved on her heart, so "too late" would be found engraved on his. For more than two years and a half he had urged preparedness and preached the gospel of sacrifice. He had gone to the Plattsburg Training Camp as an example to his countrymen. He must practise the gospel he preached, and nobody could offer his services earlier and oftener than he. Because of his experience in hospital work and his familiarity with the medical field service

of the French and British armies, he telegraphed his friend, Major General Gorgas, Surgeon-General of the Army, in the hope that he might be commissioned in the Medical Reserve Corps and sent to France. General Gorgas gladly availed himself of the offer and recommended Mr. Bacon for a Major's commission in the Reserve Corps, the highest grade to which initial appointments could be made from civil life. The recommendation was not approved. Mr. Bacon then bethought himself of the Quartermaster Corps, in which he believed he might be useful, because of his large business experience. He was exceedingly anxious to go with General Pershing and his Staff, soon to start for France. All indirect approaches failed. He went to Washington and determined to beard the lions in their dens. General Pershing, whom Mr. Bacon knew personally and who showed himself to be a true and loyal friend in the war, said he would be glad to have Mr. Bacon on his Staff if General Bliss, Chief of Staff, would ask his opinion; General Bliss, as fine and loyal a man and friend as ever donned a uniform, told Mr. Bacon that he would be glad to recommend his appointment if General Pershing should suggest it. Not much progress was made in this way, and time was pressing. Mr. Bacon therefore went directly to Mr. Newton D. Baker, then Secretary of War, to offer his services in person and to request a detail to General Pershing's Staff, which he had reason to believe would be agreeable to that officer. Mr. Frederic D. Keppel, then a personal assistant to Mr. Baker, and later on Assistant Secretary of War, stepped into the Secretary's office and came out with the word that the Secretary would lay the matter before the Chief of Staff and let him know the decision at noon. Mr. Bacon returned at that hour, to be informed that the Secretary had not yet got in touch with the Chief of Staff; but Mr. Keppel, who acted as intermediary—the two principals in this matter not being allowed to see one another—stated that a final decision would be given at 12.30.

Mr. Bacon presented himself at that hour in the Secretary's antechamber. Mr. Keppel got the Secretary's ear, the door opened, Secretary Baker appeared for a moment with papers in hand, said the magic word "yes," and Mr. Bacon was a Major and a member of the advance guard of the American Expeditionary Forces. He received his commission in the

afternoon and his orders in the evening. Thereafter, he found a notary public, took the oath of office, and left Washington on the midnight train, Saturday, for New York. A day later, on the morning of Monday, May 28, 1917, he passed the Statue of Liberty on the *Baltic* en route for France, with General Pershing and his Staff. The days of final service and sacrifice had begun.

His first letter to Mrs. Bacon was from the *Baltic*, on his way to the other side of the Atlantic from which all further letters were dispatched:

On board R. M. S. *Baltic*
May 28, 1917, Monday—

Just on board at 4:30 and although it's against the rules I hope you will get this. . . . I think I must be doing right and that you will be reconciled. . . . I know how lonely you will be and how sore at heart but you must look forward to coming over before long. Send to Billy Phillips for your passport and give the real reason that you must go on business of the American Ambulance and come soon. . . .¹

P. S. . . . Not a word about our sailing! !

The former Ambassador was returning to France in an official capacity—a Major of the United States Army on General Pershing's Staff. It was a wrench to the family, it was a loss to Harvard, of which Mr. Bacon was a Fellow. But family and college understood. "You have appreciated conditions," Mrs. Bacon wrote in her letter of June 14th, "so keenly for the last three years that now that your wish is fulfilled, I can well imagine what gratification this is to you." And in a note to Mrs. Bacon, of June 2nd, President Lowell of Harvard wrote and truly said:

I should think Bob would be delighted to serve as Major on General Pershing's Staff. He can be immensely useful to the force in France for he understands the French people, and as Ambassador was greatly admired by them, and he must feel that he is really serving the country in a military capacity.

¹Mr. Bacon's friend, William Phillips (1878-), was then Assistant Secretary of State; Minister to The Netherlands and Luxembourg (1920-1922); Under-Secretary of State (1922-).

There is, of course, no need of his resigning from the Corporation, and everyone would regret very much if he did so.

He may be gone a year or two, or perhaps less. Let us hope less.

Major Bacon's next letter was written three days before landing,

On board R.M.S. *Baltic*
June 5th, 1917.

I am afraid that long before this you have been worrying a little, and we shall not be in for another three days—not less than 10 days in all, and perhaps more. It has been a perfect voyage and this is a great old boat, steady as a rock, but is not fast. But the days have passed quickly, there have been so many things to do—meeting and getting to know 20 or 30 men, lectures every day at three o'clock on military subjects and, what do you think! teaching French twice a day for an hour or two each time—ten o'clock and four o'clock.

The interpreters, among whom are Winty Chanler and Willie Eustis, each have a class of three or four, and I have six—Colonel Harbord, Chief of Staff, Col. Palmer, Major Nolan, Col. Brewster, Captain Collins, and Lieut. Bonar, who by the way has asked to join another class as we are too far advanced! I talk French to them, and we study phrases and vocabulary, and chiefly pronunciation as they all know a little. What do you think of that!

It has all been very amusing and interesting and I am crazy about all these officers, and they are most kind and cordial to me, and expect me to be really of use to them in all sorts of ways. The General has been most cordial and encourages me to think that I may be of service on his Staff. I can hardly wait to get ashore although my heart aches to think that you may be worrying and grieving . . . especially if it is true that New York has been closed on account of three sailing vessels having been sunk, as reported by wireless, but we shall be in London safe and sound in three days.

This is the culmination of these last two years and ten months, and it is wonderful to think that after all I shall take part in this great struggle for the good of mankind—for the good of our own souls, in a way that you must approve. I hardly dare to think of arriving in England and France with the flag, and I know that I shall break down and cry like a child if any one says a kind word to me. I can't make this an interesting letter, . . . as I cannot tell you what we have done and are doing, and so it will be in France I am afraid,—“Somewhere in France”—A.E.F. which stands for American Expeditionary Force.—My address will be Major Robert Bacon, G.H.Q.—A.E.F.—France, or Morgan, Harjes, who will forward to me, as I expect to be

very little in Paris, after I have helped the Ambulance at Neuilly all I can, and for the sake of the future of the American Ambulance at Neuilly and the hospital at Juilly and the Field Service and all the rest of it, I am mighty glad to be of this party,—I know I can be of more use in this way than any other. Major, or rather Colonel, Ireland is one of the very best, and I am crazy about him. . . .

I shall try my best to make you pleased and proud of me.

Admiration is often mutual. It certainly was in this case, if General Ireland's letter, written on October 15, 1918, after months of association, is to be trusted,

15 October, 1918.

MY DEAR COLONEL BACON:

It is out of the question for me to leave Europe without writing you a good-bye letter.

You have meant so much to me ever since we sailed for France in May of 1917, and you have been so helpful in so many ways to the Medical Department that I just want to give you my expressions of appreciation before leaving.

They have, for some reason or other, appointed me Surgeon-General of the Army. I am going back to take charge of the office and get the run of things over there and then come back here for further duty. In the meantime, I hope you will keep me in mind, for I should like to feel that I really have a place awaiting me among good friends.

I know of no American who has suffered in sympathy during this war so much as you have, and I know of no American who has done more good than you have.

The Lord bless you and your work.

Always sincerely yours,

M. W. IRELAND,
Major-General, U.S.A.

Major Bacon's first letter from the Continent was written at a time when three family birthdays were celebrated:

73 rue de Varennes
Paris, July 2d, 1917.

My heart is full of longing for you to-day . . . and I am sending off a birthday cable to you all—a sad birthday time, I know too well.¹ Courage! . . . and try to think of me as believing

¹Mr. Bacon, as already stated, just missed the glorious 4th, being a day late. They had better luck with their children, for two were born on the 4th.

this to be the greatest, most solemn duty that I have ever performed, seemingly small and unimportant, but to me a sacred thing to take some part, as I could not have done at home, in this great wonderful saving and making of nations, for, if we had not come in we should have gone down, down in humiliation and shame, and our National Soul would have been lost. So I believe with all my heart, and, believing, I am impelled to make the sacrifice, and, what is far more important, to ask you to make the sacrifice of letting me go as I have gone . . . Here I had to stop and to-day is Saturday, the 7th, and I have had such a busy, exciting, and troublesome week that I have not had a moment. American Ambulance and Field Service, especially the former, have kept me awake many nights, but to-day, thank Heaven, I am beginning to see daylight, although there is still a hard row to hoe. I must not talk about it until it is settled, but some day I will pour my heart out and tell you what it has all meant to me. The Fourth was wonderful, the functions at the Invalides, and Picpus [where Lafayette is buried] described to you by the papers, and the march through the streets were beyond exaggeration. The tears have been very near the surface for me as you will readily understand, knowing what an old fool I am. I cannot begin to tell you how deeply I feel it all. My official family are the finest lot of fellows in the world, and I am proud to be along. I wish I could tell you all about it, and them, and what I do, and where I live (which I dare say you know), the most ideal place in all Paris. Tell O. M. that no words can express our gratitude and appreciation.¹

These were busy days for the Commanding General and his Staff; they were especially so for Major Bacon, as it was for him "a homecoming," and he was the one member of the Expeditionary Forces to whom French was as a native tongue. It was, indeed, a great day for the Allies; American and British troops, which had never been seen together since old Colonial days, marched the streets of London in company, and France, war-worn but grim and determined, saw with bated breath and grateful eyes the advance guard of that American Army whose coming meant victory. Never was man more happily inspired in thought and expression than General Pershing, when he said on the memorable Fourth of July, 1917, one hundred and forty years after Lafayette's landing in America, "*Lafayette, nous voici.*"

¹The reference is to Mr. Ogden Mills, whose house Mr. Bacon secured for General Pershing during the brief sojourn in Paris.

A touching incident will perhaps make the meaning of it all to France clearer than any amount of description. The *Poilus* are said to believe that in some mysterious way their armies were led by Jeanne d'Arc. A French officer, recovering from his wounds in a hospital, was mentioning certain instances of this belief which had come to his knowledge. His nurse, an American woman, ventured to ask him if he accepted these stories, and if he himself believed in the voices of the Maid. While hesitating as to the reply which he should make, American bugles rang out in the distance, and, smiling, he turned to his questioner and said, "*Voici les voix qui ont sauvées la France.*"¹

The things of which Major Bacon wanted most to speak, he hardly dared mention, but he could write of the Hospital, which hung round his neck like a millstone. Mrs. Bacon was involved as well as he and it figures largely in his letters until it was settled to the satisfaction of all. It was, however, only one of the many things which he did, and it was only one of the many worries, albeit a very personal one. It was also an official duty, as a board of officers had been appointed to settle the status of the Hospital, of which Colonel Ireland was president and Mr. Bacon a member.² Major Bacon's letter of July 17th is full of the Hospital:

Never have I had a more difficult and trying job than the settlement of the American Ambulance question. For 30 days it has occupied almost all my time, *jour et nuit*, for it has bothered me so that I have not slept and many a night the dawn at 3 or 4 o'clock has found

¹The expression "*Nous les aurons!*" which came to the front during the World War, is of ancient and honourable lineage. It was used by Jeanne d'Arc at the battle of Patay. See Pierre Champion's *Procès de Condamnation de Jeanne d'Arc*, vol. ii (1921), p. cix.

². . . to consider in detail the best method of coördinating in Europe the American Red Cross and the other relief activities operating here from the United States, also the relations of the various relief organizations to one another, and to the military service; this not only to secure the avoidance of duplication of work, but to meet the wishes of the French authorities actively engaged in the war, who desire that all such work shall be centralized under a single control in order to secure the maximum of efficiency with the minimum of friction. A suggestion for the delimitation of the work of the Red Cross and allied activities and of the relative importance of the various forms of distress now calling for such agencies should be submitted.

20. The Board will submit a working plan by which the foregoing may be accomplished. Benjamin Alvard, *Adjutant General*, to Colonel M. W. Ireland, *Letter of Instructions*, dated Paris, June 20, 1917.



U. S. Official

MILITARY DRILL, PLATTSBURG.



To Colonel Bacon
 Chief of the Home Guard
 in grateful remembrance of his help during
 a year of many difficulties.
 D. Haig. Jm.
 2 Mar 1918

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

me wakeful and restless and full of exaggerated fears. Never have I cared more to settle a thing correctly, wisely, and with harmony, and every day you have appeared to me, and your intense interest, your loyal devotion of the past 35 months has loomed larger and larger, and I have suffered from the fear of a possible blow to you if things did not come out right. I repeat that never have I cared more for anything and now after these 30 days of uncertainty and fear, abject fear, everything has been settled satisfactorily, and on Sunday next the transfer will be made, and the work will be continued for France under the management, direction, control, and maintenance of the Army and the Red Cross. It is impossible for me to describe the different phases and steps which have led up to the settlement.

It would take me hours of personal explanation, which cannot be made in the written word. All I can say is, thank God it is over, and creditably and honorably over.

The proud record of the A[merican] A[mbulance], the monument of sympathy, the symbol of your devotion and of the generous givers at home, and of the workers here, can never be diminished. Nothing can ever detract from the achievement of unselfish, untiring, spontaneous personal self-sacrifice of yourself and the other workers for the cause under the old volunteer régime of the past 35 months, and now the absolutely necessary change has come, and the work will go on for France *au secours aux blessés français*, and the flag will come down on Sunday, and the new flag will go up—all honor to them both.

I cannot begin to tell you under the eye of the Censor what it all means to me; how my heart has been torn, how it has represented for me all the hope, all the anguish of these 35 months of humiliation. Well, it is nearly over now, and I can give more thought and attention to the great big things that are confronting us all, and of which I must not speak.

Did I tell you that Gicquel and I are keeping house? Me actually keeping house! The garden is perfectly lovely, but my friend Colonel Alvord says that he is so afraid of the Censor that he has described it 16 times to his wife, having nothing else to say. That is about my case, and there is so much that I want to say to you from my heart. The other work of which you speak has lost nearly all interest for me, and must settle itself, as it will now that it has been firmly taken in hand by higher powers.

Grayson Murphy is fine, and Jim Perkins and Alex, and they are all busy as busy on the biggest and finest job in the world.

Tell Davy that I congratulate him for his wisdom and courage in taking hold of it. The marvellous success of his campaign is one of the wonders and the possibilities for good and for real service beyond all dreams. Tell Mrs. Davy too how pleased I am for her, and how

splendid I think it is—and now your own dear self and little family. I am delighted to hear better news of little Hope. Tell Sister to write me, and forgive my not telling her that awful hectic day that I sailed away. Tell me all you possibly can of the boys, even if you cable it, and of your life in Woods Hole and Westbury. I am thrilled about what you tell me of Davy and the Red Cross.¹ You are too wonderful—Cable me often and spare no expense. . . .

In a letter of July 3rd to Major Bacon, Mrs. Bacon had said:

I hear on all sides how jubilant you are to be abroad, and to take part in the preparations for the awful days ahead. I only wish I was as active as you. . . .

and in acknowledging two letters which had just been received on July 7th, she added,

I knew you were happy abroad, even before I was told of ——'s letter, in which he said he had never seen any one more jubilant, for had I not read all this on your face before you left? I can appreciate what your thoughts have been for the past three years, and how ashamed you have been that we have not taken part in this struggle sooner, so I know what satisfaction it gives you to see us deep now in war, and doing our duty. . . .

[Paris] July 24th, '17.

I am just back from a three days' trip in the country, several hundred miles on duty, and it was a delightful change and respite from Paris, and the unhappy Ambulance situation, about which I found your cable on my return.² The most difficult problem I ever had anything to do with, and the most complicated by the personal equation. But now the change has been made and I have every confidence that the work will go on for France just as before, and you can send

¹The reference Mr. Bacon makes is to the Red Cross work in which Grayson Murphy, James H. Perkins, and Dr. Alexander Lambert, were engaged.

²A Board had been appointed, of which Major McCoy, later Brigadier-General, Mr. Bacon, later Colonel, and Lieutenant Colonel de Chambrun were members, to decide upon headquarters for the American Army. The Board visited and recommended Chaumont. The recommendation was adopted.

Comte de Chambrun (1872-) was a Lieutenant Colonel in the French Army, attached to American headquarters. With Captain de Marenches he has written an interesting and valuable work entitled *L'Armée Américaine dans le Conflit Européen* (Paris, 1919).

just as many endowed beds as come to you, the Red Cross standing behind to provide the necessary maintenance and the Army paying salaries and rations of professional personnel—doctors, nurses, and enlisted men, the civilian employees being paid by the Red Cross. The work continues under French military regulations and control as before, our reserve officers and nurses being loaned to France for *Secours aux blessés français*, till the end of the war, the old volunteer basis, with its proud record of achievement and sympathy remaining undiminished, untarnished through the years, symbol of your never-failing devotion and wonderful energy and courage. . . .¹

It is six o'clock in the morning, and I have been thinking all night of your letters, and your life, and the boys. The impression that you have that I am jubilant is far from the truth. Do you not understand how the dread of the future hangs over me, too! Do you suppose for a moment that I do not feel it just as keenly, that it is not for me the most solemn and dreadful thing to contemplate! You cannot think that I have a light heart, and do not realize the awful possibilities. Of course I am glad that the Nation is to be saved by the very blood and tears that it must shed. The Nation's soul was nearly lost, and could we have held up our heads if we had stayed out from fear, and to profit by the agony of the rest of the world, and if that is so, can we the people, the citizens of the Nation, not do our part even with our lives if necessary? *Noblesse oblige*, as it has ever been, and the flower of the land must pay its great sacrifice. What use now to complain of our fatuous unwillingness to prepare, of our blood guiltiness? How can we escape, any of us! . . . Of course I am proud in my old age to be asked to play even a very small part, to make my own personal sacrifice, but I am constantly shaken with the deepest emotion which I cannot conceal. Never a day passes without a great sob in my heart, and a longing to be something more to you in this time of trial. I have made my bed, I am afraid . . . and I must try to show a brave face to the world, but my heart is full of remorse that I have not been, cannot be more of a comfort and support to you, dear brave soul, in this crisis. . . .

¹A letter from Mr. Bacon, written on Sunday, July 28th, 6:30 A. M. deals, wholly with the transfer of the American Hospital to the military authorities, and placing it under military control. In the course of this letter he says:

"It has spoiled everything for me for six weeks . . . and I have not had a decent night's sleep since it began . . . I do hope you will go on as your cables suggest, receiving beds and ambulances for the Paris Service and keeping up your wonderful personal influence in the work for France, by keeping alive the moral support at home of the new management, which will work out all right, you can be sure. *No change* has been made except for the better."

Mrs. Bacon did.

Before the next letter a cable had come from Mrs. Bacon, clearing up the misunderstanding, and Major Bacon himself had received a detail which expressed appreciation of him and his work. His letter of August 5th is therefore not only cheerful, but ends with a touch of pleasantry.

It is so hard to write . . . when you have to stop every minute to wonder whether you ought to say the things you want to say. I am dying to tell you everything that I do and with whom I am working, but I must mention no names of officers and as mine is a life of very personal relations there is nothing left to say. I was so pleased to get your last cable that you and Davy were *complètement d'accord*, and that you and your committee are going right ahead. I had to cable you again to be careful to make a full statement to your contributors so that there can be no misunderstanding. There are no wounded coming to Paris now, so work at Neuilly is very light, but everything is straightening out I think and Major Peed and Jim Hutchinson are working well together.

I hope that there will be plenty of letters written to the donors of your beds. . . . It has been a difficult, and for me a sad and uncomfortable and trying time, but I feel sure that it is all for the best and was inevitable.

The work will go on as before, and the administration and service better than ever. This you can assure everybody with perfect truth and safety. . . .

I am doing my best to keep up everyone's courage. Murphy and Perkins are fine, and are doing great work. You may all be proud of the new Red Cross. It will do wonders for the French, and will be appreciated more and more.

I have a new job, and am very pleased and proud to be asked to do something definite. I have a desk in the office of the best and most important of the higher officers, and the work of organization and instruction is going ahead very fast. The whole problem is so colossal in its proportion, that it is fascinating, and, of course, of vital importance.

So far I have not had a moment to myself since we arrived, and have not accepted a single invitation, although I have had a good many. We dine almost always at home and Gicquel and I run the mess as I told you. Mrs. Sharp, who is very nice and really able, is to be the head of all the affiliated Red Cross Women's Committees. . . .

Isn't it fine about Bob's being chosen first? Tell him I was terribly proud of him, and am telling all my intimate soldier friends, and

G.¹ too and Ett¹ and the girls and the babes. . . . Tell Sister¹ I loved her letter, as I always do. I wish she would write often if she can find the time. Grand-dada is not much of a "boom-boom" boy, but he knows it is his duty to try to play a small part in this awful crisis.

Aug. 13th, '17.

. . . How I want to pour out my heart to you and tell you all my hopes and fears, and all the details of my life here and all about the Army, and the officers, and to discuss the war and France and England and Russia and above all *America*, and unless I can do all that I cannot tell you what is in my mind and heart. I cannot tell you how pleased and relieved I was to get your cable and to feel that you understood and were reconciled to Ambulance change. Everything is settling down and now all we need is wounded. I told you all this in my last letter but it has been so on my mind that you won't mind my saying it again. . . .

It is all so big and wonderful, and I long so to be of use and play a part. It is pathetic, and if you could listen to my longing to do something really worth while, you would pity me—but it is too late! I am very humble and would be satisfied with Oh! so little, and I shall wait as patiently as I can.

I am much excited to hear the news of the boys to-day—they must have finished their exams and I am in an awful nip to hear the result. I can't think that they will turn Ett down, as he fears. He would make a better officer than 9-10ths of them. I can't bear to think of them as officers and yet if they hadn't gone would you and I have been satisfied? . . . This war is changing everything for everybody, as I have felt from the first that it would. It is reaching down to the very depths of our lives, nationally and individually, and we in America do not yet know it, and are still living in a fool's paradise, and a few of our 100 millions must pay the price and by our sacrifice pay that the nation shall live. It is unjust, but it always will be so, as it always has been. As for me again, what should I have done! What would you have had me do! What could I have done, had I accepted the fact that I am an old man unfit for any real service it

¹Robert Low Bacon, the eldest son, had just passed first in the training camp and been commissioned a Major of Artillery. In the election of November 3, 1922, he was chosen a Republican member of the House of Representatives from the first Congressional District of the State of New York. "G" refers to Major Bacon's second son, Gaspar Griswold, Captain, and later Major of Artillery, in the National Army. "Ett" is his youngest son, Elliott Cowdin, a Captain of Artillery, National Army, recommended for promotion as Major, in France. "Sister" is his daughter, Mrs. George Whitney. "Virginia" (V.) is Robert L. Bacon's wife. "Priscilla" (P.) is Gaspar's wife, and "Hope" (Little Hope) is Elliott's wife.

appears! All the men of my age at home have jobs, business, politics, Red Cross of some kind. I had no work of any kind and I simply had to jump at any chance, and I must say that they have all been kind and considerate and indulgent. All the French people have tried to treat me as an Ambassador, you know them, but I will not have it, and am trying my best to be just a number with no identity except my shoulder straps. They wonder and think it queer and imagine some hidden motive and meaning, knowing full well that I am not good enough for a soldier. . . .

On August 21st, Major Bacon writes from "A little typical hotel somewhere in France." The typical hotel was the Hôtel de France; the place was Chaumont.¹ General, then Major, McCoy tells how Chaumont was chosen:

Later on in July, the Commander-in-Chief appointed him [Major Bacon], Colonel De Chambrun, and myself on a board to make a survey of Lorraine, and report upon the best place for the American General Headquarters. It was a very congenial board, and we not only were able to work very effectively, but with the most sympathetic assistance of the French High Command, and of Maréchal Pétain and General de Castelnau. General de Castelnau commanded the group of armies into which the American Forces were to be inserted, so that his acquaintance with the General came very apropos. We visited the General and he showed us every courtesy and gave us his potent assistance. Based upon our report, General Pershing decided upon Chaumont, and on September first, General Headquarters was removed from Paris to that place.²

August 21st, 1917.

"A little typical hotel somewhere in France."

I have very few spare moments. . . . New French people of every class—many conversations with soldiers, landladies, officials,

¹Mr. George Whitney, Mr. Bacon's son-in-law, visited him at Chaumont during this period of feverish activity. A few lines from a personal note which he wrote to Mr. Bacon upon leaving France for the United States are of interest in this connection:

"I should think that the results which you accomplished by your own individual efforts must be a great satisfaction to you, for the work you have done and are doing is of the greatest importance although of course it is not showy, and I feel confident that as things shake down a little you will be enormously helpful in some other capacity which may prove less detailed and so more congenial."

²Letter to Mrs. Bacon dated October 15, 1920.

functionaries, and all in my best French which by the way is sometimes good, but generally very unsatisfactory—you know the kind! An aeroplane is humming over my head as I look out my back window into the court of the hotel, where there are automobiles . . . and some chestnut trees.

I thought of you a great deal to-day . . . in a nice old garden with espaliers covered with fruit, and flowers—phlox and all those things that I know so much about and reminded me of you, and a nice little old lady, the only resident, who told me a pathetic story of why everything was not kept up, why many of her palms and orangiers and lauriers and all the other things just like yours were dying or dead, because there was not coal enough last year to heat the serres, and a terrace that looks out over a wonderful valley, and I felt the foolish choke in my voice as I talked to her, and tried to sympathize. Well, I've taken her house for a certain officer. . . .¹

I have been here twice before, and this time for six days, and I am in command of the small but growing contingent. I wish I could describe the old church and the nice old crooked streets. . . . Your telegram about the boys and Bob's being a Major fairly delighted me. I am very proud of him, and of the others, too. Nobody knows, but you and I, what a satisfaction it is to have old Dobbo² come out so well, and little G. and our baby boy, and I read with dread, and a mixture of deep emotion and faith and hope that 2,000 officers are already ordered to France. . . .

Sunday Morning
Sept. 10th, 1917.

The church bells are ringing me awake and to work, and I have only a few minutes before I must shave and get my coffee, and hurry away for another busy, busy day—another just like the past twenty-five days, in this nice old town “out there” in France—just a few minutes to begin a little letter to you . . . only to tell you that I love you and am thinking of you and home every day in spite of the fact that from six o'clock until the small hours I am engrossed in a job which I must not describe, but which comprises pretty much all the

¹Mr. Bacon did not add that this was his home as well as that of General Pershing. General McCoy does,

“We hoped to have Colonel Bacon live with us, but were deprived of that by the Commander-in-Chief's insistence upon his remaining with him, but our more informal and merry mess never passed a day without his dropping in, either for a meal or after dinner in the evening, and very quickly he was at home, not only with ourselves, but with Winty Chanler, Willie Eustis, Dick Peters, Willard Straight, Peter Bowditch, and many others of his old and dear friends who stopped by or with us.”

²A nickname for the oldest son.

human activities that you can think of, and even in my old age I am a little proud at having been complimented and congratulated by a certain officer for having done it well, inconspicuous and humble though it has been.

My big window looks out of the top story of what they call the château—two great big windows in a sort of corner tower where from a bed, the posts of which are fifteen feet high, I look out at the stars due west and think every night that over there you are . . . working your heart out for everybody but yourself—weary in body and mind but with a courage finer, bigger than any one of us and than any one else in the world.

If your boys and girls and your grandchildren ever really come to know and appreciate all this it will be for them a priceless inheritance. Bless your dear heart!

If you get this letter it will be probably in about a month—about the *10th of October*—and I want you to remember that I am thinking of you on that day, for I may not be able to send a cable. Gicquel, my only comfort, has come in to wake me and start me off for another day, so I must postpone my little talk with you. My friends of this household are starting off to ride, but alas I have no horse, and for me there is not even that little exhilaration and relaxation.

Nearly a week has gone by since I began this scrawl . . . and to-day is Thursday, I believe, the 13th. I know it is the 13th because it is the General's birthday, which I did not know till twenty minutes before dinner and just had time to tell Gicquel to pick some flowers in the neglected old garden and to rush off to the hotel to get a bottle of champagne to drink his health, the first time we have had wine of any kind on the table, so you see we are not high livers. Well, to-day has been a red letter day in a way for me . . . for I have been given a real job with all I can possibly swing to, for every minute of the day, and which taxes every ounce of energy and capacity that I can muster to make good, and I find that I care just as much to do it well, and not to make mistakes as ever I have cared in my life, and you know . . . that with all my faults, I have always tried hard to do the thing that I had to do, and that I have cared a great deal, often too much. But perhaps it is better to be absorbed, as you say, for I have been very homesick of late and have longed to be with you, and share my hopes and fears and all the time I find myself asking what you would think, for I care more for that than anything or everything else in the world.

Don't forget me on the 10th "and I will pledge with mine. . . ." The winter ahead seems long and drear, and everything seems unreal. The news of poor Russia is very sad to-day, coming as it does the very day of the arrival of your clippings with Root's brave words of faith

and hope,¹ which I have been sharing even up to the last days, and even now with new revolution rending her asunder, I have a sort of belief that the new spirit of the Russian people will conquer in time to save them from the awful fate of Prussian domination.

It is not possible that this monstrous thing will be permitted to succeed! We must all pay a tremendous price no doubt, and some of us must sacrifice all that we hold most dear, but the world will emerge a better, finer world, and will shake off the shackles of hate and lust and senseless passion, which the unspeakable boche has tried to fasten upon it. It cannot be possible either that these fiends will not be made to suffer for the pain and agony and humiliating degradation which they have willfully brought upon mankind. I confess that I cannot speak or think of them with anything but loathing.

I must stop now to-night to change my murderous thoughts. A mail came to-day, but nothing from you . . . and I know it is unreasonable but I was as peevish as anything—I look forward so to your dear letters.

I had a nice one from Sister from Bar Harbor with good news of herself and the babes (they must be pretty cunning), and a letter from Nelly² at Barnstable. Tell her I was delighted that she had been there and wish she would go there all the time. The old place ought to be provided for the next few generations as I have often said to you, for if anything happens to me, who will care enough to keep it going just for sentiment. . . .

I *must* go to bed now or I shall lose my beauty sleep.

I feast upon every detail you can find time to send me of your life, and of the boys' soldier life and prospects. Tell Bob I received his cable, but did not know how to answer. He will know best what to do, and God bless him. . . .

¹Mr. Root, as Ambassador Extraordinary, headed "the American Mission to Russia to express the deep friendship of the American people for the people of Russia, and to discuss the best and most practical means of coöperation between the two peoples in carrying the present struggle for the freedom of all peoples to a successful consummation."

Upon his return from Russia, Mr. Root delivered an address, "Faith in Russia," on August 15, 1917, in New York City, before the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. Almost the last words of this address were,

"Ah! If we love freedom, if we are true children of our fathers, and cherish their ideals, confidence and hope will go out from us to those brave Russians who are fighting our battles as they are fighting their own; and we will uphold the hands of our Government and encourage the spirit of our people to do our duty beyond measure, to help them in their great and noble work." *The United States and the War; The Mission to Russia; Political Addresses*, by Elihu Root, collected and edited by Robert Bacon and James Brown Scott (1918), pp. 161, 167.

²Mr. Bacon's cousin, Miss Ellen Bacon.

Six days later, September 16th, he began a letter,

I seem to have a few minutes before dinner . . . for the first time since I came here 34 days ago. Usually I get home, if you call it "home," just in time to eat without time for washing my hands. It has been a lovely, still September day, such as you may be having at home, and everyone except me has had less to do and almost everyone has been to ride or walk. I really miss the horses to-day, but I have sent to Paris to buy one if it is a possible thing, which I doubt, and I don't know who will take care of it, if I get one. I haven't much faith in orderlies.

I want so much to tell you in detail of my new job. My duties and responsibilities are almost more than I can count. I mustn't even tell you what it is, but do you remember my telling you about an English officer, a friend of mine with whom I messed when I was attached to the British Army, not Colonel Cummins who was a medico but a Colonel Thresher? Well, I have been given his command here in this nameless place although my proposition is far more complicated than his. Bob will remember I think what it is called. I want very much to go to Paris for a day, but I cannot leave at present for an hour. I need more clothes for the winter, having had two coats taken, my mistake, not *by* mistake, and it takes at least a month now to get things from England. I am very homesick for you . . . but I try hard to think it is all for the best, and that it was really my duty, although my conscience often wonders, as it is apt to do, and my heart aches when I think of you tugging away alone. All my friends here have left wives and families at home, but somehow I feel sometimes that the case of real soldiers is different. Not one of them works harder than I, however, or tries harder to do his duty, or cares more about doing it well.

General Pershing, in Special Orders No. 95, detailed Major Robert Bacon as Post Commandant of Chaumont, and put under his command all troops at the Headquarters; detailing assistants to the Commandant, and a company of Marines of the Marine Corps for provost and other guard details as the Commandant should require.

What were the duties of the Commandant and his assistants, which Major Bacon struggled so bravely, but so inadequately, because of the Censor, to inform his devoted wife? He was not the only officer puzzled, as is evident from an illuminating letter of Colonel Thresher, to whom Major Bacon refers to a fellow-officer,

DEAR COL. WAGSTAFF,

Your letter was forwarded to me here where I am on a few days' leave. I return to France on 25th. I'm afraid there is no "text book" on the duties of a Camp Commandant, which are like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "extensive and peculiar."

Roughly speaking, he is in the position of Commanding Officer of all troops except officers, at G. H. Q.—clerks, servants, grooms, chauffeurs, fatigue men, etc. My command now numbers 1400, exclusive of units attached such as, Signals, Wireless, Infantry guard, A.A. batteries. He is responsible for the discipline, pay, and all interior economy of these troops. He also arranges billets, messes, and office accommodation for all G. H. Q. The A. P. M. is a policeman pure and simple: he arrests offenders who are brought before the Camp Comdt. for disposal. On my return to G. H. Q. I will ask the P. M. to send you the A. P. M.'s handbook. I shall be delighted to answer any other questions.

My greetings to Bacon.

Yours sincerely,
J. H. THRESHER.¹

Camp Comdt. is also Censor at G. H. Q.

¹The many and varied duties of Post Commandant are thus enumerated by the Adjutant General at General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces in France.

1 "EXTRACT COPY" "Headquarters American Expeditionary Forces.
France, September 13, 1917.

From: Adjutant General.

To: Commandant, Headquarters, A. E. F.

Subject: Duties of the Commandant and his Assistants.

1. In connection with paragraphs 6, 7, and 8, S. O., No. 95, current series, these headquarters, detailing a Commandant and Assistants at these headquarters, the Commander-in-Chief directs me to inform you that the duties of Commandant include the following:

- (a) The installation, distribution, furnishing, heating, lighting, telephone, and messenger service for the various offices, quarters and barracks.
- (b) Day and night guard over offices, quarters and barracks, including a roster under such instructions as will cause an Officer of the Day to be on duty at all times at these headquarters, and be responsible that no unauthorized persons enter the headquarters enclosure.
- (c) Lodging and billeting of all officers, troops and authorized visitors to Headquarters A. E. F.
- (d) All matters pertaining to discipline, pay, sanitation, and police of troops stationed at these headquarters.
- (e) Service of automobiles, motor trucks, motorcycles, and bicycles, including the obtaining and issuing of passes for authorized trips from these Headquarters A.E.F.
- (f) Responsibility for order and service of security at Hq. A.E.F., especially precautions and defense against fire and aerial attack.
- (g) Adjusting of wages and prices in accordance with French regulations.

2. Inasmuch as the town of Chaumont is under French control, measures re

The gigantic task of preparing Chaumont to receive twenty thousand American troops devolved upon Major Bacon. Chaumont was a town set on a hill and without adequate facilities for such an unprecedented influx of men. It was composed of some fifteen thousand inhabitants. The little city did not appear to receive the proposition with enthusiasm, and the threatened lack of coöperation on their part might have seriously hampered the work. His unfailing tact stood Major Bacon in good stead, and almost from the first he had the Mayor and the town working with him in perfect accord. In person he made his contacts with the people, going from house to house to arrange for quarters. He took over the hotel, and rented in his own name two houses—one to use for an officers' club, the other to entertain visitors. These, however, were minor details in the tremendous task of arranging to care for the troops. For a military engineer it would have been no mean feat; it was a veritable triumph for a man recently from civilian life to accomplish it within two weeks, without instructions other than to have the camp ready, and with no assistants other than men commandeered from a neighbouring camp. It was his good fortune to be known to the officers of the Boston Cadets, who were stationed near by, and he was thus able to get engineers and men to do the actual work. Barracks were constructed, systems of sewerage and drainage were installed, water supply and shower baths put in, a recreation hut prepared, workshops, garages, and the like, essential for the running of an army camp, were built. Furniture had to be procured, supplies distributed, and men and officers arriving unheralded in carloads taken care of.

The Mayor of Chaumont still speaks with admiration of the way in which Major Bacon accomplished what seemed to him impossible. He was astonished at the way in which a former Ambassador to France not only directed the work, but set to work himself, literally with pick and shovel. But of the achievements and of the obstacles Mr. Bacon could say nothing in his letters.

garding methods to be taken in case of bombing attack, extinguishing of lights, etc., should be adopted only after consultation by the Commandant with the French authorities at Chaumont.

(signed) BENJ. ALVORD."

Major Bacon was interrupted and did not get a chance with his pen until two days later, September 18th:

It is now Tuesday night, and I must say a word . . . before I go to my restless bed. You have been in my mind all the time, and I have felt very, very far away and I have longed to be at home with you and to pour my heart out to you and have you understand I am deep, deep in this local soldier's life, and nothing but saying to myself all the time that I must go on with it, and play the game and lie on the bed which I have made, keeps my courage from oozing out altogether, and to-day your letter came, long overdue, and when you said that life seemed now all so changed and different and unhappy, it found an instant echo in my heart. . . . It will be 34 years now in a few weeks, and if after this dreadful nightmare, this awful trial and period of suffering and sacrifice you and I shall be spared for 10 more years together let us consecrate them now to all the dreams and hopes, to the ideals and faith of our youth, the simple, beautiful, homely things, which you and I have inherited, and we will try to pass on to our grandchildren, bless their hearts. The little blue-eyed curly haired girl must be pretty cunning. You say she is plump and round. Do you remember our own baby girl? The most beautiful thing that I ever saw! or am I dreaming? It could not have been more than 27 years ago!

I am tempted to send you a copy of Special Order No.—, and of a letter of the A. G. defining my duties, and responsibilities, which are, to say the least arduous, although, as I said before, humble and inconspicuous.

I was honored on Saturday by being invited to the first formal luncheon given to the C. in C. A French General with characteristic amiability said pleasant things about me, thanked the C. in C. for having given me my present job, which brought me into personal contact with him and told the guests of my appointment, whereupon another distinguished French General, whom I admire and respect tremendously, and who you will remember Hanotaux and I called upon at Château Thierry said "*le pauvre, le pauvre*,"¹ realizing that it would be indeed a thankless job.

I am discouraged about my French, as I am always at a loss for

¹The Marquis Edouard de Castelnau (1851-). In August and September, 1914, his repulse of Prince Rupprecht's VI Army on the heights of the Grand Couronné not only saved Nancy, but paved the way for the overwhelming victory of the Marne.

In 1916, he was derailed to Verdun, when it was in danger of falling before the German attack, and his part "in steadying and inspiring the historic French resistance cannot easily be exaggerated. After a few days' work, he was able to hand over the

construction and correct expression, although of course I am much better than I used to be when you knew me. I do wish you were here. . . . You who have so long known and loved France, and of all others have done more and made greater sacrifices. Some day you and I will be together again in France, poor, tired, bleeding, suffering France. Oh, the pity of it all! Will France ever be the same again? There is no laughter, no happy face, no cheery smile to conceal the anguish, but plenty of brave, grim determination, and the sort of pride and resignation which one might have seen in Charleston, South Carolina.

Have I said this before to you? Perhaps, for I am constantly reminded of Miss Pringle by the gentle women of this place, whose dignity and fortitude and simplicity touch me to the quick, and bring tears running down my cheeks, as they offer me their rooms and their hospitality for our officers, and tell me gratefully and gracefully of their appreciation and thanks to us all, and to Amérique, who has come to help them and save them. Can you not feel the pathos, the constant emotion of it? Old fool that I am, the tears are running down my cheeks at this minute. And this is the atmosphere in which I am living. No amount of worry and engrossing attention to detail from morning till night seems to lessen the emotion of my every day. I hope I can hold out!—I am standing it finely so far, and with no let-up or exercise and very little sleep. Everyone else has a bad cold and is run down, and sneezing and coughing and I am in daily fear of catching the infection. You know how susceptible I am to that kind of streptococcus, and to-day for the first time I confess I am a little tired.

I wish I could hear more of the boys. Do send me all the details you can glean. I know how hard it is to screw much out of them.

I was quite touched when the nice old French General of whom I spoke asked me if I had good news of my boys. I had told him two months ago that they were in the Army.

The letter of September 19th begins with a confession:

Wednesday, Sept. 19th, '17.

I boasted too much last night . . . for to-day I have taken the infection as I feared from some of the many who have been

defence, systematized, reinforced, and confident, to Pétain." *Encyclopædia Britannica* (12th edition, vol. xxx), pp. 587-588.

His third great service to France and to the world, the offensive in Lorraine to entrap the German Army and compel its surrender, was prevented by the signing of the Armistice on November 11, 1918.

coughing and sneezing in my face, and now I am in for it, for at least two or three weeks, and I am afraid my poor old ears will suffer in the end, as anything the matter with my membranes always affects my ears. . . .

To-day I picked some flowers in the gardens, asters mostly, of many colors, and took them in the General's name (he is still away) to Fox Conner,¹ who was operated on this morning for intestinal adhesions, and stoppage, just in time, by Peek of the Roosevelt unit, which is here by the way, assisted by, whom do you suppose but Bob's old friend Finney of Baltimore, who was called in from his unit, which is about 40 miles away. So you see we have good surgical friends at hand, and medical, too, for Russell and James are both here, too, with other medicos, and sixty perfectly good New York nurses, all of whom are helping take care of French wounded, who are coming in every few days. Fox Conner is a fine fellow and soldier, one of the best, and I am delighted that he is coming through all right.

I am dying to hear where it is that the girls V. and P. are going to live in the South, and all your news from Yaphank. I see by the enclosed clipping of Northcliffe's fine article that Yaphank is already beginning to blossom like the rose and I suppose the mosquitoes will be gone before long. . . . Tell me all about it, and about your other things, and about the campaign for Mayor. Can Mitchel possibly get it? And what does Root say about the present phase of Russian Revolution. For my part I still have faith. And is there no chance of T. R.'s coming, after all? I suppose Leonard Wood can never come until Gen. Pershing is made a Lieut.-General, which ought to be at once. . . .

"Still in the same place" is the heading of his letter of September 24th:

The only thing I look forward to with any pleasure . . . is talking to you, and if I could only put down all the nice things and the sad things that I think, you would be glad to hear them, I know, and to feel them with me, and to sympathize, but *hélas*, I have not the pen of a ready writer as you know only too well and to your sorrow . . . Having felt the awful truth and portent of this war more deeply perhaps than any one else that I know, for three long years—I mean Americans, of course, I am conscious of a different sort of feeling now from that of most of my friends. I cannot express it, or explain it well, so I will not try—but here I am. . . .

¹Fox Conner (1874-). Graduated from West Point (1898); Lieutenant Colonel; Colonel; Brigadier-General, A.E.F., on General Pershing's Staff.

Friday, the 28th (Sept.).

I had to stop the other day, and every day since I have wanted to talk to you, and for some reason there has been no letter from you, although big mails have come from America. I wonder if it is not better now to direct letters straight to me A. E. F., France, rather than send them to Morgan, Harjes?—

Saturday, 29th.

It is almost too cold to-night in my big room in the top of the house, and the fire, which I started in spite of the high price of wood, has gone out, but I must have a little word with you . . . before I get ready for another day. I am a little disappointed because Félix is leaving me for home. I do not blame him for having a touch of "cold feet" and an uncontrollable desire to go home. I feel the same way myself, but good old Félix cannot stand the gaff, while I have made my bed and must lie on it. I like to think that the idea of *noblesse oblige* has something to do with it. The way of the next six months seems hard and long, and then what! . . .

I love to think that you often long to have me back, and to rededicate our lives together to the remaining years of kindly and loving consideration. I shall think of you in ten days as saying "Darby dear, on our wedding day," and I shall drink your dear health.

I am still pegging away, working as hard as I know how, and no one ever tried harder. The pace is beginning to tell a little, but I believe that I have got the best of my cold. The weather has been simply perfect, the most wonderful September days and nights, and I have been tempted even to ride for half an hour after breakfast every day for four days! What do you think of that, and I really think it has done me good, and has loosened a little my hold on the handlebars, as Root might say.

I have ridden a different Army nag every day, but it has been the first little indulgence that I have known since the war. The war has changed everything for me. I am dimly conscious now that the old incentive and ambition of life—the good and legitimate ones I mean—the building always for the family, for the future, have all taken on a new meaning, and I find myself suddenly at the end of my life—at the end, at least, of the constructive, useful period—cut off and adrift in this maelstrom of world convulsion with you . . . left stranded and suffering alone on the shore of doubt and uncertainty. Oh for 10 years more of life and love and companionship with you to gladden your heart, and to look back with you through the years, and to smile with you, dearest, even through the tears which we may find together, blessed tears, if they but hold us tight together. Still more blessed

smiles of faith and sympathetic understanding if they re-awaken the sunshine of our lives in the fading years. I long for them all. . . . You ask me what of myself and if I am thin and worn? I think I am probably, and I am afraid you would think me very old. I will try to have a photograph taken for you by the official photographer of the Signal Corps, who makes ghastly caricatures but pretty true to life. I wish I could find time to write to the children. My heart is full of them and I have much to say, but every short moment that I can find, I must write to you, although I end by saying nothing, so afraid am I to hint even at things that caution and fashion forbid. I may not speak of a thing that I do, and know it must be very unsatisfactory to you and to the boys and girls. Do give them my deepest love.

In his letter of Sunday night, September 30th, he opens with a statement that he has never been so long without a letter from home, and the threat that,

If it doesn't come to-morrow I shall cable again, for I must have news of you. I think of you now at Yaphank for to-morrow is the 1st of October, and the boys must all be in their respective camps, unless by some unexpected chance of war they may have already started for this side. I do not know what to expect, although you said they were going to be instructors somewhere. There are a lot of young fellows gathering in France, after all sorts of positions and commissions, and I can't quite make up my mind just what I think is best for our boys. On the whole I think they are better off working out their own line with the new Army at home, and with their little families within reach than to be exiled over here even with the opportunity of studying and learning, within sound of the guns, as the two Roosevelt boys are doing.

The long months of training ahead must be hard to face, but I can't help feeling, as I know you do, that the longer their separation from home is put off, the better. You and I can say this to ourselves strongly as I feel that our Army must get in and do its part, as soon as possible now that the nation is at war. You surely wonder what I am doing. I cannot tell you, but no *bonne à tout faire* ever had more things to do, or worked any harder than I have for the last six weeks with every prospect of its being harder and harder, unless my job is given to some better man because I cannot make good. It is a God-send to have every minute taken up, but, as I told you, I have ridden a little these last mornings—an Army horse after breakfast, rather than before, as some of my friends do, although in this way I do not get to my desk before nine o'clock—pretty late and lazy, you will say

—but the sunshine has been so fine that it has been worth it, and I am sure that Murphy will be sorry he didn't come, and now Félix is going to leave, and William and Gicquel, and Marie the cook are my only standbys. I don't know what I should do if either one should leave me as Félix has done—but I can't blame him.

You ought to know Marie, the cook, a real treasure, who works in this big house, helping the *femme de ménage* in every possible way, and seeming to have my interests really at heart, and doing her best for all the rest—seven in all now, as one Major has gone away. But tell me of the boys and Sister and the little fellows. You must all be thinking of nothing but the Army, which I am sure is very much in evidence. I wish I could look in on you. What is the feeling about our part in the war? I see to-day that Mr. House¹ is going to study peace! Would to God that he or any one else might bring about a just and lasting one! That is not possible until the world has imposed its terms by force upon the dastardly power of the Huns. Aren't the English splendid, and the wonderful French, and the poor, distracted Russians!

Tell Root again that I share his note of Faith, if I read him right, in the new spirit of Russia. The throes of childbirth of a great new nation, and she may still be sick unto death, and succumb as most men think, but *I* do not believe it, and I am more confident than ever that after this dreadful winter, which is ahead of us, the force that America is going to throw into the balance is going positively to turn the scale and assist the winning of the war. If that be so, I am resigned to pay the awful price, even if it breaks my heart and yours, darling. No! after writing it, I deny it. I am *not* resigned. I resent it. I hate it. I cry out against it and against those who have brought us to the brink and saved our souls. . . .

I read three papers every day and try to keep in touch with what is going on at home, the *Herald*, *Daily Mail*, and *Chicago Tribune*, and I must say that the great change that has come over the nation is marvellous and satisfactory. How many, many times have I spoken of the dreadful price we must pay—of the slaughter and suffering and sacrifice which is going to be caused by our fatuous unwillingness to

¹The reference is to Edward Mandell House (1858-), generally known as Colonel House. After the outbreak of the World War in 1914 he "visited the belligerent countries as the President's personal representative, conferring with the leading diplomats informally and advising American ambassadors of the President's attitude on various questions." [*Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. xxxi (12th edition, 1922), p. 395]. After the entrance of the United States into the war, he represented his country at the Inter-Allied Conference in Paris, November, 1917, and also in the Supreme War Council at Versailles. A year later, he acted for the United States in negotiating the Armistice and was a member of President Wilson's Peace Commission.

see the truth and prepare, and now the fact that some of us saw it clearly and understood it, and cried out in the wilderness is forgotten, and who will care. . . .

I never write to any one but you—not even the children, and this I regret more than I can tell you, and you must tell them for me how many, many thoughts and deepest love and keenest interest I feel all through these dreadful days and weeks and months for them, and in everything that affects them. How I should like to be with them and live their lives and share their hopes and fears! I know much of their innermost hearts and of their ambitions, and of their sometime doubts. Tell them this . . . and that this old fellow's heart is still young for them, and will give everything in the world to help and serve them, and that he craves their love and understanding. Could they write me, do you think, the things of themselves that I long to hear! . . .

On "the morning after," October 1st, he had a delightful surprise:

Just a minute more because it is raining and my horse did not come, but as I looked out the window I rubbed my eyes for there was an American Ambulance section going by to the front, and my heart was in my mouth, in a minute. I rushed out to stop them for a second, and it was No. 93, as the boy said—the old American Ambulance, now the U. S. S., and I gave a big gulp and still realized that I am *émotionné même ému*. . . .

The boy who drove the ambulance just now recognized me and said that he had worked for me last year with "Christy" up in the Bronx, so I wanted to kiss him.

Yesterday a Congressman named Parker of New York State, not Wayne Parker, who also was here, said to me (I did not remember him) "Bacon, I want to apologize to you," which rather surprised me, but he said that he and three other Congressmen of the State did more than any one else to defeat my nomination and now he was sorry and wanted to apologize.

It may amuse Job Hedges if you see him confidentially, although it is a little late. I don't want to quote Mr. Parker generally for all that water has gone over the dam.

I am off now to my busy day. It is lucky for me that they are all busy, as I could not bear it if I had time to think. . . .

The next days were full to overflowing and did not give him the few minutes for a line to Mrs. Bacon, not even for a cable.

7th Oct.

It is Sunday again and I have half an hour before dinner . . . and I have wanted so to see you, to talk to you these last days, and to ask you if you still love me, and think of me kindly and not critically, as I perhaps deserve for going away to this awful war, and leaving you to fight it out alone. Somehow I don't think you would have had me not go if I could, in spite of my old age, and consequent uselessness as a soldier. What could I have done if I had remained at home! . . . Do you think I could have made good at home in this war after all that I have said, all that I have criticized, these last three years? You see . . . I am trying to justify myself in your eyes. I care for nothing else. If only I could feel that you know that I am doing right, that I did my duty as I saw it, and as many people think, I should be ten times less unhappy, ten times less dissatisfied, ten times more effective in everything I do.

I do try hard! I am so afraid all the time that my poor efforts are not considered successful that I am in a constant state of apprehension and doubt. Is it because I am losing my judgment, or is it the exaggeration of life-long qualities that you know so well? I know in my heart that I am doing well, as well as any one could do—the little things, the exacting continuous round of unimportant things that I have to do from five when the Angelus finds me awake until bed time, with never a let-up. I know that I do it well, but I am not a soldier, and I long for a word, a sign and look of encouragement—for some evidence that all my world thinks highly of me. You know what an old fool I have always been . . . and now I am worse than ever, not in lack of confidence in myself and what I can do, but in craving for esteem and good opinion of everyone. I long for it, and you are the only one in the world to whom I can say it or who understands. *Do* you understand how weak I am and do you think the less of me! This all sounds sort of morbid but it isn't, and my courage will hold out with only an occasional word of approval from you. . . . The 10th is at hand and brings back sweet memories of 34 years of never-failing, true love and patient, kindly forbearance on your part, dear, blessed Heart. No man was ever more blessed, and now I have gone away in the hour of trial and have left you to fight it out alone! If you feel that it was my duty to stay, and that the call that took me away was mistaken, then I ought not to have come. Of course the boys' sacrifice and the price that their little wives and families are paying is in many ways the same, and there will be a million or more of others, but you will say that all are of conscriptable age, and their duty is manifest, hard as it is, but old Bacon is too

old, and of no use at the front, that is the answer, and it is nothing but selfish vanity that induces him to go. . . .

I am just up from dinner where we had a bottle of champagne, one bottle only for 10 men, which was all we had in the house to celebrate a great appointment, which came by cable to-day from Washington.¹ You will be able to guess, and also the promotion of two brigadier-generals of the family. To-day has been a holiday for me, the first for two months, and I was glad to get out into the country from this crowded place, where my job is to put square pegs into round holes, and to add several quarts of water to a pail already brimful.

It is storming to-night and winter is almost here by the feeling, but we are trying out our chauffage central—the only such luxury in the place. I lunched with a general to-day, who has many boys coming in the Army. I am most anxious to know what our boys will probably do, where and how long they will train, and what they want to do if there is any possible way I can help them know how to do it. Would any of them like to come over on a Staff position if it were possible? Tell them to study French hard every minute they have to spare. All my friends here are taking French lessons at great expense and trouble and regret more than anything else that they cannot speak or understand it. The superior officers are the ones who study hardest. I hope Professor Sabine of Harvard will call upon you. He is a splendid man and will tell you of a glimpse he had of me the other day. It is a perfectly hopeless feeling not to be able to write any of the many little things that I do or that the others do. It makes me think that it is not worth while writing except for my own small satisfaction and to relieve my overwrought thoughts.

I am pleased to-day to have a new plaything—a saddle and bridle from Paris which George Munroe sent me, but the good weather has gone and I shall have very little time to ride the Army horses, which the orderlies can sometimes bring me . . . I long to have you here in France, just to feel that you are here, and experiencing in a way the same things that I am so near to, breathing the same atmosphere, but my better judgment seems to say that it is better for you and for your little brood that you should be there to help and encourage and ward off danger, and protect and comfort those we love. You are wonderful . . . and you do so much for everyone and they all appreciate it now so deeply, more and more every day, and in all the loving care and sacrifice you are lavishing you are piling up precious legacies—priceless heritage that they will never forget, that they will never cease to love and reverence. This must be your

¹The appointment was General Pershing's to the rank of General, a grade in which he has had but four predecessors: Washington, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan.

reward, and there can be no greater than the full consciousness of the inestimable benefactions which your dear soul is pouring out upon them. Never were greater, finer, purer gifts bestowed by Mother upon her loved ones. I can give you nothing but the love and unbounded admiration and reverence of a lifetime which is the only thing that I have in the world. . . .

October 10th had come and gone out of his life, as it were. The dull, deadening routine of a Post Commandant absorbed him by day and troubled him by night, fearful as he was that he might not be performing its many duties as well as they should be done, or so well as someone else could do them. In any event, he was liberating "a real soldier," as Major Bacon would say, for "a soldier's job," by taking charge of the post. He did not think of this aspect of the case on Sunday night, October 21st, when he wrote,

This has been a day of varied emotions for me. . . .

I have many hours of sadness and disappointment and a sense of failure for the first time in my life. In almost every other trial of strength and capacity and personal superiority I have won out but I am conscious of not having "put it over" so far, and I must confess it to you, although perhaps not to any one else, deeply as I feel it. Well! Enough of that side of the medal.¹

This morning at 5:30 I got up determined to take a half holiday and go out into the country to see the Zeppelins which had been reported down not far away. You will have read all about them in the papers by this time. It has been certainly a wonderful sight, and no words of mine can describe my (I was going to say "admiration," but I can't, I so despise the boche) for the workmanship and scientific construction. The great wounded leviathan lay there with his nose in the valley across a stream, and his mighty body and tail away up the hillside, and over the trees, fully 600 feet long, and 75 in diameter, as if the *Lusitania* were lying there. The four gondolas for the men and the engines and the explosives and the wireless and the management were models of exquisite workmanship—like a watch movement, and the enormous aluminum frame with its envelope, thin as paper, and the silk air chambers were all very *impressionnant*. The nineteen

¹General Pershing gives the other "side of the medal" in a letter of May 1, 1918, in the course of which he said, "I take this occasion to express to you my earnest appreciation of the whole-hearted way in which you have constantly performed every duty given you since our departure from New York last May. Your enthusiasm, your willingness and singleness of purpose are an example to all of us."

men were held prisoners and prevented from destroying it by a rabbit hunter with a shot-gun, and near by, not many kilometers, were the remains of the engine's paraphernalia of another Zepp, which had risen again with four men (the rest, 16, having jumped out into trees and with parachutes. I saw the 16, of whom 2 were high ranking officers of the Navy, and was not sorry that they had come to grief and mortification). Two or three more are down to-day, out of the fleet of seven pirates who night before last killed and wounded many women and children at Scarborough.¹ They may all be down by this time, as evidently the whole bunch went astray for some reason in the fog. The country here is lovely, and my one relaxation is to ride for half an hour or so an hour before breakfast. At first I longed for my own horse, but now I don't care. I have only one real friend here, and with him I ride every morning. . . . I am going to do better, see it through and be cheerful about it. All these soldiers are just as far away from their dear ones as I am. I first came to this town on July 20th, and my being away on that day was the cause of much of the unfortunate dénouement of our American Ambulance trouble. . . . Let us forget if we can all the late unpleasant part, and remember only the big and fine part of the last three years' work for French bleeding hearts and bodies. . . . I was so glad that they did not forget you in the decoration which France gave. Nothing is good enough for you—but to come back to me and this place. Do you know where I am? You do not know the General of the Region, or the *maire* or the *Majeur de Garrison*, or the *Intendant* and Chief of Police, and the leading citizens, all of whom I see daily, or the many, many *popotes*, or of the sanitation and defence, and the command of many troops, and departments of government, which has been given to me. The Commandant—but all these things are not to be repeated from me. I cannot tell you what an interesting old town it is, or its history and tradition, or how I know more about it than any one else of the Army, or even how the people here like me and know that I like them, and have confidence in me although I say it who should not—but now I must go to bed to get warm, as my fire is out again . . .

¹On December 16, 1914, German cruisers put to sea and bombarded Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby. This action gave rise to much discussion and comment. It was believed even in well-informed circles that the towns were not fortified and, therefore, that they were exempt from bombardment. The German cruisers withdrew without damage.

On September 4, 1917, Scarborough was again shelled by a German submarine.

Mr. Bacon apparently refers to a raid of Zeppelins on the east and northeast of England and on London, in which twenty-seven people were killed. On their return journey five of the raiders were brought down in France.

Wednesday, 24th.

I am ashamed of my stupid little letters to you . . . but when I sit down to write, I seem to think that I must not say a word of what I am doing, although in the daytime I am constantly thinking aloud to you all sorts of things that at the moment seem to be perfectly harmless from the point of view of the Censor. There have been great promotions in the family, here at this mess I mean, two new generals and three new colonels, so that Captain P. is the only Captain left, and he is in the hospital, and I the only one else below rank of Colonel. General A., too, is sick in bed and General M. at the hospital, and Col. F. C. [Fox Conner] just recovering from an operation, and Col. P. absent on sick leave, but officers and men are coming in every few days and the town is as full as an egg already, so you must try to imagine how it is piling on to poor old me, for if you will look up the Army Regulations on the duties of Post Commander, and then add about 50 per cent. new additional responsibilities, plus those of *liaison* with the French, interpreter and general handy man, you will begin to have some idea of what I am conscientiously trying to do from six in the morning till bed-time—every human endeavor and activity. I know that I am doing it as well as it can be done under the circumstances, but I also know that no one else knows it. As I told my friend Col. S. [Simonds] at lunch to-day, he and I being left alone, all I want is an occasional kind word, and I don't care how hard I have to delve, but kind words are scarce in the Army, and every man must look after himself, and every one is *surmené* with more than he can possibly get away with from one week end to another. I keep up my riding with McCoy who, as you know, is a perfect corker. I am crazy about him. He and I and Col. H. and Col. W., an Englishman, had a good one to-day over wonderful hills and grass, with glorious autumn colors, browns, dull reds and yellows, almost like a dogwood, and dark patches of Christmas trees—miles and miles, if we like, in every direction.

I am just called away to the telephone to be told that a Zeppelin has been reported far off, coming this way, but I do not believe it. The French seem to have made a splendid advance on the Chemin des Dames to-day. . . . I suppose winter will settle down pretty soon now, and stop everything. . . . By the way, I have been thinking of late that it would amuse me to have Hereford try to collect some material for a memoir of myself, for myself and perhaps by myself of the last 40 years. It is just 40 years now since my first years in Cambridge, and I am old enough now to begin to take an interest, senile perhaps, but quite keen and egoistic in the retrospect of good and bad, and I am looking for a Boswell, although I am ashamed even

to say it. Seriously I should like to have Hereford give much of his time, if he will, and out of newspapers and things and the mouths and possibly pens of a few real friends—there are only a few—scrape together something for my old age. Hooper and Trimble might hand him a few plain truths of the early days, and the decade of panics and struggle from '84 to '94, and the next wonderful decade of constructive period with J. P., and the next of contact with public men and things of which much could be discovered. I wonder if you could not persuade Mr. Hutchings to carry along the little story of Daniel Carpenter through the life of William B. [acon, the father] for whom he had a high appreciation, and with the help of that brilliant wit, good old Hayward, who might set down a few things pleasant and interesting for me to remember.

Hereford might then take up the running with my utterly unworthy self and thus piece out a picture of 100 years, certainly of activity, which might one day, say 30 or 40 years hence, amuse Benny and his father, or Bob or Elliot and their boys and girls, or little Dor and Robert and their sweet mother, who would have then furnished new links for the family chain. I hope you don't think that I am in my dotage, but I am quite serious about it now that I write it down, and I am sure that good Jamesie Scott would think aloud a little of the last decade and Job Hedges himself might inspire a few lines on my lamentable failure.

I don't know how Hereford is going to occupy his time, now that the Ambulance work has gone out of our lives . . . but I wish you would ask him to undertake this colossal literary work as a professional duty, and see what he says, when he realizes that I am not joking. Give my love too to Jamesie and to Roosevelt and to Root and to old Col. Harvey and to good little Dwight Morrow.¹ Those men understand now my obsession of the last three years. Davy, of course, appreciates now more than he did two or three years ago how I felt and suffered. It seems to me now sometimes as if the period of exaltation had passed or changed. No one, I think, quite understands my point of view, and my condition of these years of war. I seem to have been almost alone, and now the professional approach of many of my friends is not the same as my sympathy and almost anguish and shame of waiting.

And now the nation is really on fire, is really the beginning of that nation of which I have dreamt, for which I feared, and which saved

¹Dwight Whitney Morrow (1873-). Member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company (July, 1914-), Adviser to the Allied Maritime Transport Council (February-December, 1918), awarded the Distinguished Service Medal in 1919 by General Pershing "for exceptionally meritorious and distinguished service in connection with military shipping matters and the Military Board of Allied Supply."

itself by such a narrow squeak in spite of itself, in spite of its leaders. We have become a nation with one bound, and I believe we will endure as a nation, which we would not have done had we not come into this war. The price will be dreadful—We must pay, some of us must pay dearly the awful price, but the soul of the nation will be tested in the crucible and you and I . . . the atoms, will be forgotten, though we may pay the price that the nation may live. . . .

Major Bacon speaks of his guests in his letter of November 6th, the next in the series,

It is late to-night . . . and gone are all the guests, "gros Bonnets" they were too, high up in the military hierarchy, whose names I dare not mention, but yesterday we had here a party in many automobiles, 18 in all, congressmen and their secretaries, and I'm glad they came because they will know a little better and can explain what it is all about to the folks back home. Oh! the dear folks back home! How I long to see them! At last your letters came and your cable, and I felt not quite so far away, and you told what I wanted to know, a little about yourself and the bairns and I had a nice letter from Sister, too. Tell her I loved it, and am hungry for more. The photos of the babes were fine. How they are all growing old. Little Elliot and little, big Robert (what *do* you all call him?) are already real persons whom I don't know, and your report of Benny and little G. and the little girls at Chattanooga all thrilled me with interest. I can just see dear blessed Ma ruffling her feathers, and protecting her chicks, and I love her and try to think of everything she may be doing. Wasn't it pretty sweet of McCoy to write you? He told me that he had and it touched me deeply, although I know not what he said. He is a perfect dear, and I am crazy about him. Then came good Sir Walter Lawrence, and you must surely go yourself to see him wherever he is, as he is really splendid and besides has a scrawl from me to you and some cards which my good friend General W., the French General commanding, gave me. I have seen him, the General, every day now for about three months, all my daily duties are done with him *d'accord*, and he has been awfully amiable and *accueillant*. He has a baby two weeks old whom he has named Pierre John after General Pershing. He is of Alsace, which is not far from here.

Of the advantage to the country of Major Bacon's prestige, and of his relations to General "W.," Brigadier-General Frank McCoy writes,¹

¹Letter to Mrs. Bacon, October 15, 1920.

From my first day in Paris, June, 1917, I renewed my old-time friendship and association, and I know how much his prestige and personality and knowledge of France and French helped us to nick in the strange environment for an American Headquarters. He was invaluable in smoothing over the natural friction in receiving into the Military Service the many American organizations and enthusiastic war workers who had been more or less going it alone before we came into the war. This was particularly so in regard to the American Ambulance and the Ambulance Field Service. . . .

The French Regional Commander General Wirbel was a very peppery old chap, whom I feared would be a standing stone to our smooth operations, but Colonel Bacon won him so completely as a friend and co-worker that our moving right into his headquarters resulted in the pleasantest and most sympathetic relations during the remainder of the war. Upon our arrival in Chaumont, when Colonel Bacon was made Headquarters Commandant, a great organization developed on broadest lines and without bother of the details of quarters, billeting, construction, etc., all of which he handled, and for six months to come, with great tact and ability.

Major Bacon makes another attempt to tell what he is doing, but if Mrs. Bacon was not enlightened, her mind was relieved to learn that he had got the better of his cold although she might still be in the dark as to the details of the "job":

I wonder if you have any idea of what I am trying to do. Well, I am trying to do everything for everybody, all the little things that nobody wants to do, and I am just going to peg away from morning till night till they drive me away—and I am well . . . really pretty well for an old wreck, and so far can stand as much as any one. I threw off an incipient cold much to my delight and the regular matutinal ride seems to be helpful.

The rides which restored his health and kept him well were invariably with General McCoy, who thus writes of them;

During this period we kept ourselves fit by riding before breakfast, and I don't think that he and I missed a day, rain, snow, or shine, until he left for British General Headquarters late in the winter. I must confess that I should not have been so regular at seven o'clock on those cold, raw mornings were it not for the fact that I knew he was sure to be on the dot.

The valleys of the Marne and the Suize were delightful riding grounds, and we would come in for a hearty breakfast quite uplifted over the cross country and the charm of the hills and streams, and he with his eye for the picturesque soon discovered ways of coming up from the valleys to the town which would give us the best views of the old city with its Cathedral and the Haute Feuille tower of the Counts of Champagne, which was his particular delight and which he knew from every angle.

November 7th was a red letter day.

Did you ever know a small boy . . . away from home at boarding school for the first time, perhaps, homesick, but trying to keep a stiff upper lip and a brave face—often with a trembling lip and a wet eye, who when his first package arrived from home, pretended not to care much, but at the first opportunity rushed upstairs to his room, locked the door, opened his precious bundle, and broke down and cried like a child, and poured his heart out to his mother as he had never done before, and loved each separate thing that her dear hands had made and sent to him, the socks, the sweater, the belly-bands even for his cold winter, and the chocolate and the thoughtful saccharine, and the gloves for his blue fingers. The boy never forgets those moments, and they stand out I am sure all his life and grow in grateful sweetness through the years. Well, this old boy is going through all the blessed sensations to-day even to the scalding tears, and is not ashamed.

It isn't a sign of weakness, either, or senility, for he was never better mentally, morally, or physically (for his age)—and full of good fight, but full, too, of the finer, softer things which make life worth living in spite of the pain, and which the boy but half understands till long after.

Good-bye now . . . I just wanted a word with you after lunch and I must run. I shall try to send this by someone who may be going on the French ship.

Ten days passed before Major Bacon could write again:

It is a long time since I have written you . . . and why I don't know, for I think of you all the time, and all my little troubles, and worries, and doubts I want to pour out to you every day, but somehow I never have a moment. Never during the day, and at night I am pretty well done up lately, and do not seem to have the courage to sit up in this little *cabinet de toilette* where I am writing now, so generally drop into bed to keep warm, sleep pretty well till the small hours and then lie awake, and think and half dream till Gicquel comes in at 6.45.

Your dear letters have come, and tell me all the things I long to hear. I can see you at your parties distributing cake and ice cream to your eight hundred, but giving out your blessed self and all your love and sympathy to those homeless boys, priceless gifts which they will never forget. I should think they would appreciate it and you, for if ever there was a saint on earth it is you . . . but try, try not to use up all your strength. Do spare yourself a little for the sake of all of us who are so dependent upon you and your love. I am all excitement to see George¹, who is surely coming over with Tom²—so I hear. When I received your cable about him, I could not imagine what he was coming for, and now I do not know, but I am tempted to try to keep him. There would be lots for him to do, and his ability and usefulness would soon be recognized and appreciated, and he would become a Staff officer. I feel sure he would get a commission if the Morgans would let him stay. I shall get him out here if I possibly can, for I cannot get away to Paris for even half a day. I wonder if any of the friends who have gone home from here have given you any idea of what I am doing, and what it means of hard, thankless, endless tasks—the “goat,” in fact, of this centre of the A. E. F., but “he also served, etc.,” and this is the only way now that I can do my bit. I am afraid that your headlines in the newspapers are giving you all false impressions. The Senators who were here this week, and with whom I spent two days, went home, I am sure, with a much clearer idea of the immensity of the task, which I am afraid the nation does not even yet appreciate. We went out to the training of the troops, and watched them in all their wonderful youth and vigor, and listened to the ominous booming of the guns far away to the north out of reach. . . .

I have a tiny, tiny house here with a tiny kitchen, three rooms and a *bonne à tout faire* where I put any of my friends who need a bed, and as there is hardly a bed left in town, it may be of some use. George will tell you all about me when he goes back. I shall fill him full of all the dope, which I have been afraid to write you, and I am looking forward to his visit with the greatest joy. I hope he doesn't hit upon the very same day as a large official party of twenty, of whom I read in the papers, and who will of course turn up here to add to my tribulations.

This is a poor little hurried scrawl . . . in the hope of getting it off by a friend who is sailing to-morrow, or next day. I am beginning to think of you at Christmas and to wonder with all my loving sympathy. . . .

¹George Whitney, Mr. Bacon's son-in-law.

²Thomas W. Lamont, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company.

The letter of November 25th is cheerful from beginning to end:

MY BLESSED SAINT,

YOUR wonderful little pacquets have come to-day, and yesterday six letters all at once, and I am full of all your news, and your love, and the dear atmosphere of home, and I am chuckling to myself over my ambro coca, and my little casserole, and I think I will wear the woolly tricot to bed it is so soft and warm, and Marie, that's the cook, says I ought to keep my stomach warm.

And I am all of a twitter to-day because I am going to have a lunch party to-morrow at the little house, 4 rue du Palais, which little rue has been rue-ing since the 10th Century, just as it is now. And who do you suppose is coming to lunch? I shall have a darn good bottle of Monton Rothschild to warm his fat stomach and a chicken and salad and a good cheese and an *entremet* and plenty of sugar in his coffee, and a good fire in the stove, and a warm welcome, and I shall hear all about you, Mother dear, and Sister and Dor, and fat Bob and the boys, and everybody, and now you can guess who is coming, for I won't tell you, but it's going to be a *tête-à-tête*, and I don't see what I am going to send you by him for Christmas, for there is certainly nothing in this old place that you want, except this old feller and him I can't send you, bless your heart, and my heart will sink when George goes back without me. . . .

Aren't the British fine up at Cambrai,¹ and beyond Ypres these last days. Doesn't it make you tingle and choke and gulp to read about it, and dream of sweeping through with the cavalry and rolling up their old Hindenburg line for ever! and giving us back our good old world, which is cursed and all changed for ever by their wanton madness. Good old world—better perhaps for future generations after it has passed through this fiery furnace, but never the same again for you and me. . . .

I have a Guest House too where the "White Feathers," the *grosses légumes*, tarry while here officially. Generals and Senators and Congressmen and Commissioners and sich, from time to time, and the nice widow, whom I have to run it, and her sister, bring me apples and fresh eggs from their modest home twenty kilometres away—in fact

¹The reference is to the Battle of Cambrai, which began toward the last of November and ended with the counterstroke of the Germans in December.

Sir Julian Byng (1862-), Commander of the British Third Army, inaugurated a new era in trench warfare by the use of tanks in this battle, surprised the Germans, and pierced their lines. The British were unable to take advantage of their victory, however, because of the disaster of Caporetto, which caused British and French troops to be rushed to Italy.

their nice old mother brings them in her basket. Oh, there are many sweet simple touching things below the deceptive surface. The people here are awfully nice to me, and appreciative of a little sympathy and understanding, and call me one of them. Add *ais* to the name you looked up on your map. That is what they say I am already, and I like the compliment—(Chaumont-ais)

Three days later, November 28th, he writes from "The same place for I never move,"

A snowy raw winter's day, and up here all alone wrapped up in woolen, snuggled up to my little wood fire "thinking, Mother dear, of you, in my bright and happy home so far away, and the tears they fill my eyes spite of all that I can do." I dined all alone to-night, for *every one* has gone away, to all sorts of places, but my little job keeps me here tugging from morning till night. I am an engineer among other things, and am hard at work erecting barracks. And who do you suppose is working for me?—but I mustn't say, and George will tell you. We had our little lunch party yesterday, and he went away to Paris, but he and Tom will come to see me again perhaps next week. I am full of excitement to-night, and do not expect to sleep a wink, for I have a secret wish, and almost hope, that I may be allowed to do something else. I am burning with impatience, for to-morrow to come, for I mean to speak of it to a friend of mine; I may be doomed to bitter disappointment, but my imagination is running wild to-night. The *nuit*, even, may bring *conseil*, and I may not have the courage to ask for it, but my constructive job here is nearly finished, and although I shall be proud to stick to it, and run the show if they really want me, there are other things, *entre nous*, which appeal to me much more, and to-night I am full of youthful (God save the mark) ambition.

I think every day of the boys' plans, and wonder what they are doing next. Their Camp must be over, and they may be at Fort Sill, or on their way over here from what you say. Will Bob come first, after all? Did Gaspar's battery win the guidon? Are Ett's polaks licked into shape? And is Yaphank [Elliot's Camp] even worse than you feared as a winter resort? Did Benny [Gaspar's boy] nearly jump out of his skin with excitement sleeping in G [aspar's] tent?

Tell me every little detail you can think of. George has told me much of his sweet wife and fat sons, and the little breath of home has been very tender and sweet and makes me hungrier than ever. Lizzie Reid¹ has kindly written me to dine in Paris on Thanksgiving, but my

¹Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

turkey will be here with my one best friend.¹ Did you ever get his letter?

Tell the boys again from me to spend every spare minute studying French. I can't exaggerate the importance of it, or what a handicap it is to all these splendid Staff officers not to know it. They are all digging away at it like school boys and making great sacrifices in the hope of improving. Fit them out with Larousses and verbs and vocabularies and conversations, and above all teach them yourself whenever you are with them, *how to pronounce and enunciate*. Make them read aloud to themselves, Madame Métivet (I don't know how to spell it after all these years although I know her birthday!). The girls can be of greatest help if they realize the importance of it. They are all such good French scholars. "*Voici des fleurs—et voici mon coeur qui ne bat que pour vous*," my blessed Saint. The Mayor of this place, who is my intimate, and who has a nice little wife, and a son who has been *prisonnier de guerre* for over two years, flatters me by telling me that my French has improved *à merveille* since my arrival. At any rate I chatter all day and sometimes dream in French! I heard a woman singing "*Te souviens tu*," in much too fast time—much faster than we used to sing it—but my fire is nearly out and my little stock of thoughts too confused to make this letter worth reading, but they go out to you . . . as does my poor old heart. . . .

The next letter, dated December 18th, is very characteristic:

Six dear welcome letters . . . in two days. That is going some, and oh I was glad to get them. The "25th Nov." came first and two days after the "9th Nov.," and I suppose the same thing is happening to you, although I am very much afraid from what you say that some of my poor scrawls have gone astray, and never reached you at all. Mc[Coy] got your letter too to-day and was mighty pleased as I knew he would be and kept saying how glad he was that he had written. He is really one of the very sweetest and finest in the land, and I can never express or repay what he has been to me in my days of discouragement. Strictly between you and me . . . to have done something and to have been somebody, especially an Ambassador to France, has been a real handicap to me,² but I don't mind it a

¹General McCoy.

²"Col. Bacon accompanied General Tasker Bliss on his visit to Flanders, at a time when American visitors were especially welcome as first signs of the fast-arriving A. E. F. All that was left of 'Free Belgium' was a little triangle of territory between the Yser and the French frontier—every acre of which was under fire from the German batteries around Ostend. Two direct hits had been made on the buildings of the

bit, and am perfectly content to peg away at my little unprofessional things from daylight to dark, with no hope of recognition or promotion or anything like that, if only I can serve and if I can get a smile or a sympathetic word now and then. I love to work and never put more into my work than I have done these last six months. . . . I would not do other than lie in the bed that I have deliberately made, and I am proud to be here, and consider it a privilege to serve in any capacity. You know that I always said that I would like to serve in the ranks. If I had succeeded in going to the Senate it would have perhaps been a fine ending, and I regret it more and more, especially when I realize that the people of New York now know that they would rather have had me. I might never have come to France masquerading as a soldier, although my foolish and rather Quixotic crusading spirit might have still led me over here. . . . But when all is said and done, and searching my innermost soul, I would rather be one of the stars in your proud service flag than anything in the world, and there is no reward which I seek—no reward so great as the knowledge and conviction that you are proud and pleased in your anguish. . . . Here everything is growing and expanding and improving wonderfully! I have greater and greater admiration for and confidence in this little Army, and its traditions, and its organization, and its efficiency.

Nothing could be finer than the unselfish devotion of its Chief, and of its General Staff. *Je m'incline!* Their precept and example are beyond all praise, and it is an honor and privilege to be with them, and in their confidence. Xmas will be here again in a few days, and I kiss your dear eyes, wet I know with tears for the days when we were all together. It will be a sad one too for me and for us all. I shall

G. H. Q. a few hours before. Nothing, however, was allowed to interfere with the traditions of Belgian hospitality, and every formality of a long official luncheon was remorselessly gone through with, in spite of the visitor's desire to see more of the Nieuport front. All the Belgian officers were much impressed with the fact that an American Secretary of State should be acting as Aide to an officer even of General Bliss's high rank. 'You Americans seem able to do anything à l'improviste' said one of them (not without a sly reference to their own Ministers at Le Havre!). They were even more surprised when I told them that he had served as a private and sergeant at Plattsburg long before attaining his present rank. Colonel Bacon, himself, was quite impatient of any reference to his position before putting on khaki.

"It was part of my official duties to present General Bliss to King Albert, and I ventured to suggest that His Majesty would doubtless like to meet a former Cabinet Officer at the same time. It was characteristic of the Colonel that in spite of his natural desire to meet the famous Chief of the Belgian Army he absolutely forbade me to suggest any plan which might interfere with the arrangements made for General Bliss's private audience." Extract of letter of May 7, 1922, from W. Penn Cresson, Captain, M.I.O.R.C., formerly Chief of the American Military Mission, Belgian G.H.Q. to Mr. Scott.

do what little I can for the children hereabouts and you will be my inspiration.

We are to have a Xmas tree at the Y. M. C. A. hut, which is just across the road from my barracks where my command is growing bigger and bigger. A tree for the children of Chaumont, and there will be a Santa Claus and lots of little things such as you would revel in. "*Il fait si froid dans leurs foyers déserts,*" for "*La neige tombe et la terre est toute gelée,*" and the boche is over there holding, holding hard, but "*nous verrons*" and the world will be free.

I simply eat up all your news of yourself and the children, and am crazy about all the wonderful things you send me. I am really foolish about them. . . .

In a letter of December 22nd, Major Bacon announces the advent of his great and good friend, Bishop Brent,¹ who was to share his little house with him, in Chaumont, and to occupy it after Major Bacon had been detailed to other and more important duties,

Pretty near Xmas, . . . and this is the time when, as Bishop Brent said this evening at the Y. M. C. A. "the bars of distance are transformed into bands of union". . . . I suppose you will be a little jealous when you hear that the Bishop is staying here with us for a day, and that I lunched and dined with him, and had an hour or two *tête-à-tête* with him this evening. He is splendid as usual, and to-morrow he is off to spend Xmas with his Canadians in the trenches. I sort of wish I could go, too, for there in the British front is much of my heart, and I am more than ever convinced that for the future of the world the absolute union of the English-speaking people is necessary. Remember what I have preached to unbelieving ears these last four winters!

We are to have a Xmas dinner *en famille* and three of our family, who have left us, will come back, the "gunner," Captain Épatant, and Schally all from their schools. How I wish I were young enough and intelligent enough to be sent to school, but all the world goes away to their different callings, and I stay here wearing my hair shirt, and trying to get comfort out of the thought that I am inconspicuously helping someone else to do something and be somebody. I am too old and too handicapped by having done something in the past to be called

¹Charles Henry Brent (1862-), Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Philippine Islands (1901), Bishop of Western New York since 1918. On May 28, 1918, he became Head Chaplain of the American Expeditionary Forces, and for his services in this connection received the Distinguished Service Medal.

upon to do much of anything more. But I hold on first of all to my sense of humor and to some courage, which I take in both hands, and the days go by. Your wonderful presents have all come—two more bundles of welcome white socks and so much to eat that I come up here to my room and stuff, much to the detriment of my figure. What did you think of my Xmas present to you with all the shadows and wrinkles washed out from around the eyes? I thought it might amuse you and that you would like the book of Bouchor about whom George will tell you. I am waiting now to hear of George's arrival, although I don't know what ship he took. I hope he will take home an impression of this place and of my life here, which I do not seem to be able to tell you anything about. His flying visit though was hardly long enough to get an idea of the tremendous work which is going on here in this old town, where International events took place long ago and where now a marble slab in the Hôtel de Ville commemorates the coming of Americans, and where the ladies, "God bless 'em," have presented a wonderful flag of silk to the C. in C. . . .

International events had indeed taken place long ago, "in this old town," as Major Bacon put it. They were many and important, but for present purposes only one may be noted. The conclusion of the treaty of Chaumont on March 1, 1814, between Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, by which the august monarchs of those countries, in person or by their representatives severally bound themselves not to make a separate peace with Napoleon, then on his last legs and at bay in France, and to continue the war until that devoted country was reduced to the limits of 1792, in which year the war of the French Revolution began.

There is, at the landing of the first flight of stairs of the building which partially replaces an older structure in 6 rue Bouchardon, a stained glass window representing the signing of this treaty on March 9, 1814, with figures of Francis, Emperor of Austria; Frederick William, King of Prussia; Alexander I, Czar of Russia; Castlereagh, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, representing the Prince Regent of Great Britain, the soul of the coalition and resistance to Napoleon, and figures of Metternich of Austria, Nesselrode of Russia, Hardenburg and William von Humboldt of Prussia.

The Americans were in Chaumont for the purpose, among others, of restoring France to its limits of 1870, before the rape

of Alsace-Lorraine by Prussia, as a consequence of the war of that year with France, forced on that unfortunate country by the fraud and forgery of Bismarck.

Another point worth noting is that the treaty of Chaumont was the first step to the League which posterity has contemptuously called "The Holy Alliance," and it provided for congresses or conferences of the Powers, which were to settle and keep settled "the prescriptions of right," which the victors of 1815 imposed upon the nations of Europe.

So much for one of the "international events" which Major Bacon had in mind. The newer building has a personal interest for his admirers, for in it he, upon his own initiative and at his own expense, installed the Interallied Military Circle or Club, in their large and comfortable quarters.

Major Bacon barely mentions the Club in his letters. Among his papers there was found a letter from the French General, commanding the 21st "Région," addressed to him when Commandant of Chaumont. It tells part of the story:

PERSONAL

General Wirbel, Commander of the 21st Région, to Major Bacon,
Chief of General Headquarters of the American Expeditionary
Force.

MY DEAR COMMANDANT:

The Interallied Military Club is constituted to-day.

In the name of the officers of the Garrison of Chaumont it is my duty to state precisely the great part which you had in its foundation.

The Club is, in truth, your personal work.

In spite of numerous difficulties, you have preserved a place for it ever since your arrival.

Finally, with a discretion which has astounded me beyond measure, you secured, from your own resources, the money for the equipment, which is as comfortable as it is elegant.

Then, with a thought which will touch the hearts of all your French comrades, you desired that this equipment be later returned to the Garrison as a souvenir of the passage of the American General Headquarters.

Permit me, then, my dear Commandant, to express to you the warmest thanks and the most cordial gratitude of the Allied officers, and in particular of the French officers. Your generous initiative will permit them to form among themselves the affectionate relations of comradeship so useful to our common cause.

We should all have been pleased to confer the presidency of the Club upon you. It is your right. But I must bow before the delicate reasons of your refusal. However, your name will not be the less revered in the Club of Chaumont. Yours will ever be a living memory there.

Accept, I pray you, my dear Commandant, the expression of my deep sympathy and sincere friendship. H. WIRBEL.

The rest of the story is told by General McCoy:

Amongst the side issues which meant much for the friendly relations between the French and American officers, was his instigating and organizing the Franco-American Club, which, with his usual modesty and generosity, he largely effected through me, including the outfitting of some fine old rooms in the most historic house in town.

In a letter of January 9, 1918, there is a reference to the Club, which Major Bacon attributes to Mrs. Bacon's inspiration, and dedicated to her:

This clipping account of your Club will interest you and I don't mind saying that it is a pretty good Club, and very much appreciated by pretty much everyone here. The historic room [in which the treaty was apparently signed], which is the principal salon, adds to its interest as a *Foyer Inter-Allié*, and the big logs in the big old chimney with new green curtains and green covered *fauteuils* and *canapé*, and a big table would appeal to you I am sure . . . who are the inspiration of it all.

Then again your "Sanitary train" is still going strong for the French wounded, manned by American doctors, and still rolling all over France, well-known as the Train Sanitaire de l'Ambulance Américaine, equipped and maintained by Mrs. Robert Bacon, and the other day when there was urgent need to evacuate an American Hospital, and the American Army train broke down, the request was made of the French to lend your train to the American Army, so there have been many American sick as well as thousands of French wounded whom you have helped and will continue to help and relieve of their suffering. . . .

The last letter of the year 1917 and the first of the year 1918:

Midnight, 1917-1918.

For the clocks are striking . . . and the New Year is coming in, and how can I begin it so well as with just a word of blessed love

to you? Another year, and we are all hoping, praying that it may be brighter, finer, more elevating than any of its predecessors—for if we don't wish and hope and try for that—there is nothing, in spite of trials which may be in store for us, if our souls cannot rise above fear and apprehension, even pain and anguish and agony if need be then we are not so worthy, and if our steel is to be tempered in the crucible of suffering and sacrifice and survives then it will be true steel, and mine are not forebodings. My heart is quieter, calmer, perhaps stouter, though I say it who should not, than ever before, and this with full and sympathetic knowledge of everything you feel.

There has never been a time in our full forty years, my blessed Saint, when I was any surer of our perfect oneness of thought and understanding, you and I, and for me it is very tender and sweet, and I know that there is nothing that we do not share in common. I love to feel that you feel just as I do about it all—that I feel just as you do.

My motor trucks are working outside my window in the snow all through the night, unloading freight cars to relieve the *encombrement* which always threatens, and the tasks multiply and the obstacles are harder to overcome, and the unfamiliar methods, and one fervent wish of mine for the New Year is that I may prove equal to my small tasks and make good.

Good-night, my sweetest Mother—May God bless and keep you and bring peace to your troubled heart. . . .

Jan. 6th, 1918.

My heart is very full to-night. . . ! Overflowing with emotion and pride, for I have been promoted to a full Colonel, and the eagles have been already pinned on my haughty shoulders! What do you think of that! And I wasn't able even to thank the General properly, so nearly did I come to breaking down and crying like a child. You cannot know what it means to me to-day, and I cannot begin to tell you for I never suspected it, or thought it possible for a moment, and after the last six months of real work, and of doubt as to whether they thought that I was making good, although I was putting everything I had left in me into every day, when suddenly to-day at 5 o'clock—out of a clear sky I found that they had thought I had been doing well what I had to do, and I was sent for by the C. of S. and all unsuspecting was asked if I could stand a shock—then he shook hands with me and called me Colonel, and told me that the General had made me one of his personal A. D. C., and had assigned me to a special important post and duty, as his personal representative. Well, you can just see me. . . . You who know so well my failings and weakness and my sentiment—foolish perhaps. I was speechless. I

am ordered away from here, this nice old town, and this big official family, of whom I have grown very fond—whose every want I have tried my best to help satisfy, and I confess that I go out into the world again with a pang of regret for the trying work which has been my life, and which I was just beginning to feel that I had well in hand. It has been in a sense local, however, but of the greatest value to me, and now I am off to a bigger field—International in fact, and you will remember what I have thought and said, these last years and months, as to what I considered the *most* important phase of this war for us, and for the future of the world, in fact for the winning of the war, perhaps you will guess what my job is to be. I expect to live somewhere in the neighborhood of where I lived in the spring of 1915, and I am to be the Senior officer of the job. The best of it all is that it could not have been thought of or done in a nicer way, and I consider it the greatest honor that could have been done me. The General is certainly the sweetest thing, with all his iron discipline and apparent disregard of personal considerations and of sentiment. I wish you could sometime get hold of that cunning boy of his, who is living with his Aunt in Nebraska. You remember I told you that I saw him in Washington in May. Madame Joffre, by the way, sent him a full uniform—perfect in every detail, sword and all, of a Maréchal de France. If you ever run across him, you will be crazy about him. Well . . . I am bubbling over like an old goose to-night, but withal I am conscious of a deep sense of the seriousness and importance, and the possibilities of my new job.

You must think of me for weeks—perhaps months, if I make good, in an entirely different atmosphere, and one of which it will be even more difficult for me to speak to you than it has been, but I will try to get to you somehow some idea of what I am doing. Most of my old friends of the early days of the war will have gone, but there will be new ones, and everyone will be most hospitable and kind and *accueillant* I am sure. So much for old me. The photographs of the boys . . . gave me a real thrill of pleasure and emotion. What of them all? . . . Are they coming over here? It breaks my heart to think that I may not know it or see them, or even know where they are when they do come, but I will find out somehow, if you will send me all the news you can, and I will find some excuse to see them. Trust me for that—for from time to time I shall get away for a few hours, and if I can only keep the Rolls Royce going, I may get to Paris, or even out here for a minute. But William's feet and his courage gave out the other day and he says he must go home, so what I shall do for a driver I don't know. I have been on foot now for a month but it has done me good. To-day I had a marvellous ride of an hour and a half, just before sunset in the snow with my little sym-

pathetic friend Mc [Coy], who is just back from a visit to his old General. You know who.¹

This has been a big day for me, and I feel a little as I felt when you and I went down the Avenue with the babes in 1894, sort of broken away from the moorings and adrift again to make my way on life's dark sea, what there is of it left, but I seem to be just as keen as I was twenty-five years ago, just as anxious to do the right thing and to succeed in the little things that I have to do. My one great regret is not to have you at my side, to pour into your dear sympathetic and understanding ears my longings and hopes and fears—you, who have always been and now more than ever are the mainstay and strength of us all. *Ce qu'est le lierre sans l'ormeau, qui fut l'appui de toute sa vie—voilà ce que je suis sans toi.* . . . My heart turns to you every day, in every moment of joy and sorrow, and I worship the ground you walk upon, and see you and keep you on a pinnacle, which grows higher every day and week and year. If appreciation of what you are and what you do is any recompense for a *mens conscia recti*, you would feel partly repaid. Tell this to the boys and girls and see what they say.

I do not know quite what to say about my address but I should say that Col. R. B., A. E. F. % M. H. & Co., Paris, or M. G. & Co., London, depending upon whether it is coming by a British or French ship would be forwarded to me at the right place. Good-night, my Saint. . .

Three days later, on January 9th, Colonel Bacon is to reverse the proverb, "planning to get off with the old love before getting on with the new."

My time is getting short . . . for on Saturday I am planning to pack up and start off in compliance with the enclosed order, to proceed to British G. H. Q., and my successor Lt. Col. B.² has arrived, and is installed in this house, and in my office, and I am doing my best to explain all the details of my past life and duties of the past six months. I am sort of pleased and gratified that everyone seems to know that I have had a hard job, and they are all so cordial and appreciative in their congratulations on my eagles and my new job that I am more than rewarded for everything that I have tried to do. I am leaving them with a certain feeling of regret, but B. who will go on with it is a splendid officer, and will "carry on" much better than I

¹Major General Leonard Wood.

²Lieutenant Colonel Conrad A. Babcock.

could, so I must be content, and I am proud, as I told you, to be ordered on to my new job. My one thought all the time is of you and the boys, and of my apparent helplessness to do anything for them and to lessen your anxiety. If they would only do as you suggest and accept Staff positions for which they are so well fitted, I have said to them all that their usefulness and opportunity for service would be greater, but they have all felt impelled by a sense of duty and *noblesse oblige* to go in for the real thing in the line.

The boys took after the father, whose ambition it was to be in the line, and to "go over the top," as appears from the beautiful letter which Colonel Babcock, his successor, wrote many months later, October 18, 1919, to Mrs. Bacon, upon his return to America:

Although I am entirely unknown to you, may I send you this short letter of sympathy?

In January, 1918, I relieved your husband as Military Commander of Chaumont, when he was appointed liaison officer at British Headquarters in France.

My respect and admiration for him were instantaneous, and during the year and a half following, when I saw him frequently, we became, I hope, real friends.

No member of the American Expeditionary Force had a finer spirit than Colonel Bacon, nor set a higher example of soldierly qualities. His generous and unknown acts of kindness and assistance to our Army did much toward the care of the wounded and sick, and the maintenance of a high standard of morale.

Later when I commanded an infantry regiment, Colonel Bacon asked me several times to let him go "over the top" with an infantry platoon.

This was, of course, a responsibility I dared not take, but when a man like Colonel Bacon sets such an example, is it any wonder that our men did their duty in France?

Colonel Babcock refers to Colonel Bacon's "generous and unknown acts of kindness," mentioning particularly "the care of the wounded." Two instances may be appropriately noted, one referring to "the care of the wounded," the other an unknown act which would have remained unknown if the little letter recounting it had not been found among a bundle of Colonel Bacon's papers, and in the handwriting of the beneficiary.

The first is only one of many, and not more typical. It is recounted by the late Mr. Walter H. Page, then American Ambassador to Great Britain, in a letter dated December 1, 1917, to the late Major General Thomas H. Barry, United States Army:

DEAR GENERAL:—

As you will doubtless see Major Bacon shortly, I send you this account of an anecdote which I know will be of interest to his family and be appreciated by him.

On September 18th last at the "Grand Headquarters General" of the Belgian Army at Socx I met the Countess Von Steen de Jehay, director of the l'Hospital Elizabeth à Poperinghe and on the 20th, upon her invitation, I visited the "Hospital" in the city, now largely destroyed by intermittent shell fire, and also the place to which its main work has been removed, some four miles outside.

In showing me around, she asked if I knew a Mr. Bacon. I asked if she meant the Major Bacon, ex-Ambassador to France, and she said "Yes" and added:

"I shall never forget him. It was like this: It was some time since but there was a time when all the operations of our hospital were on the point of being abandoned for lack of funds and I was in despair. At this time appeared before me a tall, handsome man who said: 'Madame, can I not do something for you?' to which I replied, 'No, nothing because,' she explained, 'the world seems to be absolutely without hope.'

"He went away for a few minutes and then returned and handed me a check of \$5,000. When I saw it," she said, "I could hardly believe my eyes. It seemed to restore the roof of heaven. It came as the gift of an angel. I shall never forget him. It enabled our work to go on as you see it is now proceeding to do."

I went through the hospital, which seems to do work collateral to that of the Red Cross in taking care of civilians who have been gassed or injured by shells. The administration of the hospital under the directorship of the Countess, who says she is called the "Old Major," is wonderfully efficient.

If you see Major Bacon please give him my regards.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) W. H. PAGE.

The second incident is likewise one of many:

Chaumont, December 1, 1917.

THE COMMANDANT,

AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS.

Pardon me, sir, for the liberty I take in writing to you. Permit me, sir, to send you fifty francs in order to place a wreath on the grave of the little American soldier who died far away from his country coming to the aid of France. I did not myself dare to carry it there, else I should already have done so. Do not refuse, sir, the humble offering of a French woman who loves America above all things; who in memory of those dear dead, who have died for their country is proud and happy to offer a wreath to the American soldier who died far away from his mother, in order to come to the assistance of the children of France.

I shall always remember, sir, that you gave me permission to set up a little stand opposite the barracks. Thank you, sir. I beg you, sir, not to refuse to place a wreath for this little soldier. I believe it will bring happiness to my husband. I do not dare do it myself.

Thanking you, sir, accept my sincere good wishes for America and for France.

MARGUERITE GILLY.

But to return to Colonel Bacon's letter of January 9th:

Who has been staying with us for several days but Bishop Brent, who has consented to come here to us as Chaplain of the Headquarters. Isn't that fine, bless his heart, and with him has been one of the nicest men I have met in many a day, Bishop Gwynn of the British Army, who has been with them since the early days of the war, and who has invited me to come and stop with him up there in Northern France where I am going, and you bet I will. I shall see Cummins and Thresher and perhaps some other of my old friends, who, strange as it is, seem to like me, and I like to be liked as you know, so I am trying to "cheer up and be gay," and to look upon the brighter side, although its oh, so hard.

You are pretty cunning to send me all those wonderful things, and I am the envy of all the young men in my office. The boxes from Charles, the chocolates, and the bully white warm socks, and now the undershirts and the helmet and the scarf, and the tricots, all of which I wear and revel in. I am trying to hold on to William but I am afraid I shall lose him, as his feet have given out, and now Gicquel, who was much touched by your sweet thought of him, too, for Xmas, may have to go to take care of his wife who seems to be ill and all gone to pieces *moralement*, which apparently means something

"*cérébrale*." And what shall I do in the north in my new household!

Marie, the cook, pleads to be allowed to go with me, and valet me, but I cannot take her away from here. I wish Murphy had come, for I believe that I have bought a horse and what I shall do with him without Murphy I do not know, but he wouldn't be happy here, and probably couldn't stand it any better than Félix and William have, so I must paddle along alone. . . .

Colonel Bacon's promotion and detail, which gave him such merited satisfaction, and such consolation to his family for his absence from home, occupy but a few lines,

Special Orders, No. 6, of January 6, 1918:

15. Major Robert Bacon, Quartermaster Corps, U. S. R., is appointed and announced as Colonel, Aide-de-Camp to General John J. Pershing, U. S. Army.

Special Orders, No. 8, of January 8, 1918:

18. Colonel Robert Bacon, A. D. C., will proceed to the British General Headquarters, for duty as Chief of the American Military Mission with the British Expeditionary Forces, with station in the city in which those headquarters are located.

The travel directed is necessary in the military service.

On January 13th, Colonel Bacon is in Paris, getting ready for the Northern post, and he writes on that date,

73 rue de Varenne, Jan. 13, '18.

A new chapter seems to be beginning for me and here I am back in Paris after five months of the closest concentration on my job "out there," and just about to start out again, this time to the North as I told you in my letter from C—— Gicquel and I and two soldiers, one my secretary, Corporal Gerard, and my "striker" Austin, who is also going to take care of my horse, if I succeed in taking him with me later. . . .

I am hoping still that I can keep Gicquel. I don't know what I shall do without him, if he is obliged to stay in Paris to *soigner* and *surveiller* his wife. Oh I wish I could *soigner* mine—dear, brave, patient wonderful soul, who *soigners* everybody else but her dear self. I must confess I am rather pleased and proud of my five galloons coming as they did with a post of personal confidence, after these doubtful months of trial and apprenticeship, and *Chef de Mission* sounds rather grand after the daily drudgery and inconspicuous tasks

of my last "place." My life seems to be cutting up like pieces of pie, quite distinct from each other. I must off now for a busy day, having just seen the General off by the early morning train. I have two short days to get ready for the North, not in the same town where I used to be, but near by. . . .

But things did not go as planned. Colonel Bacon is still in Paris on the 16th:

Waiting impatiently for my car, which is to take me out into the world up into the North.

I am having many *contretemps*. William has finally left me with a broken-down Rolls Royce, and my other car, a little Schneider, is also *en panne* where I have been living at C.

They have promised me a military car to take me on to-day, but it doesn't seem to come! The Rolls Royce will follow in a few days, if it can be repaired, and Gicquel and Austin will come by train with all my worldly goods. I am taking Corporal Gerard with me, all the papers, *permis*, *laissez passers*, *ordres de transport*, *sauf-conduits*, *cartes d'identités* etc., etc., having been arranged. My only other thick uniform has been sent to C., and to-day I am sending a Frenchman after it, as I must need more than one. I don't know what I shall do if Gicquel has to leave me too. His son, 19, is just off to his *dépot* to train for nearly a year before going in. He is of the class *dix-neuf*. . . .

We had a congenial party Sunday night at Alex' Hotel de France et Choiseul—Alex and Nelly, Leonard Wood and his Aide, Harry Stimson, Jim Perkins, Harvey Cushing, and I showed them photos of my sons and boasted about them.

General Bell, the other day, was full of your praise, and said you had been a "tower of strength" as you always are to everybody.

Good-bye now, Honey, I must finish my packing. Think of me among nice new friends up there. . . .

Things righted themselves and he got away on the 17th. The sojourn at Chaumont was one of great personal anxiety and official responsibility. He took "his job" seriously and he wrote of it seriously. Still, there were lighter moments which he would have recounted if he had been able. Fortunately, General McCoy has done so:

But in spite of the hard and harrowing work as Headquarters Commandant, these evenings with old friends and the best of company

brought back his boyish enjoyment and a proper relaxation from war strain.

I remember one celebration on the conferring of the Fourragère¹ on De Chambrun's regiment and unbeknownst to De Chambrun had the Fourragère for himself brought on in the soup bowl at a dinner where Colonel Bacon presided with even more unusual charm. After pinning the Fourragère on De Chambrun and drinking his health, Bacon led in singing the *Marseillaise*, *Madelon*, *Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre*, etc. and let out that charming voice of his with the sparkle of his spirit. De Chambrun then brought in his orderly, and decorated him, and we all drank his health, which so affected the old poilu that he wept.

Another famous dinner . . . was our Thanksgiving one, when we gathered in various of the younger soldiers from the "hedges and byways" including an attempt to round up Ted and Archie Roosevelt and Dick Derby, but without success due to a lost motor car. Bacon was the life of that dinner which involved considerable excitement, as in an endeavor to give the field soldiers a hot bath before dinner, the French automatic heater blew up and made it seem like front line work for awhile. . . .

Before the winter was over he knew nearly everybody in town, and all the children, old poilus and market women, and even the hags with faggots on their backs, knew him by sight and smile. He had, of course, a fondness for the fascinating French children and a particular affection for the little children of General Wirbel where we dined and called together. . . .

He came in one night very much affected by a visit from an old French market woman who brought to him a very grand wreath bought with her month's savings, for the first American soldier's grave, which she felt she must charge herself with for the soldier buried so far away from his own mother.

When he left to go to British General Headquarters it was not only our own pang that was evident, but the townspeople and the French authorities all showed it deeply. . . .

¹The insignia of cord and tassel worn over the left shoulder by members of a regiment which has been signalled out for gallantry in action.

CHAPTER XVIII

CHIEF OF MISSION AT BRITISH GENERAL HEADQUARTERS

COLONEL BACON was ordered to "the city in which" the British headquarters were located. At that time it was Montreuil, and the American Mission was installed in a dingy little building, No. 22, Gambetta Place, just opposite the Hôtel de Ville. The inn of the place, Hôtel de France, was not prepossessing outwardly, but its proprietor was a kindly person, the rooms were small but far from bad, and the food was really good and well cooked. Montreuil lay on the way to Boulogne and Napoleon had graced the little hotel with his presence, and had slept or tried to, in one of the rooms which the landlord points out to visitors and prospective guests.

Here in the North.

January 22, 1918.

It is a whole week since I wrote you from Paris . . . waiting on my way, and here have I been four or five days, still in a stuffy little cold room, for I have not yet found a house, and poor old Gicquel and I are impatient to start housekeeping. My office, "The American Mission," as it says on the door in large letters such as are used in G. H. Q.^s is not yet very grand, Captain Q., the Liaison Officer of the last six months, who is a brick, by the way, and is staying on to help me, having presided there with a single clerk and an orderly, and now that I have arrived with my corporal and his typewriter, we are trying to get another room. There is a really good officers' club here, where I started in to mess, but the Intelligence Mess has kindly taken me in with Quekemeyer and they are the finest lot of fellows you can imagine, and awfully cordial and kind to an old outsider, so that already I feel at home so to speak . . . Golly, it's been cold, but the last few days it is quite springlike and soft, and pretty soon it will be February and then March with the lengthening days of spring, and its perhaps vital consequences. All too soon will it all be upon us. I wish I could tell you freely and fully how wonderful I believe my opportunity here to be, how far-reaching and solemn the big questions

and problems which must be decided and worked out by the leaders of the two greatest nations in the world, the English-speaking peoples, upon whose close community of interest and loyal union in this sacred cause depends the future of our civilization. Here, near the battlefields of Crécy and Agincourt the Anglo-Saxon has come back, not to attack and despoil, but to help the noble and gallant sons and daughters of the fair land, hurl back the invader, the ruthless Hun and barbarian as Charles Martel hurled them back or similar hordes, at the head of this great little nation of Franks, over a thousand years ago. This is all a dreamland. Right here, on this spot as I write, d'Artagnan must have tarried on his way, and if I take the little château which has been suggested for me in the neighborhood, I shall wonder and wonder what knights and faire ladies lived and loved and passed this way. . . .

My ink gave out here, so I crawled into bed, and to-day is the 23d and nearly dinner time, in my office. They have taken me into such a nice mess, the head of which is a great man, with a great name (the same as my other English friend, who went to America). He is perfectly splendid, and my heart goes out to him for he has lost his only two sons in the war. His is a great family tradition, and he has a great rôle to play.

I see no chance of beginning housekeeping, but I am not sorry at the delay, the opportunity is so good to meet these men! I lay awake long this morning, when the cock was crowing, and the Angelus ringing, and dreamed dreams and talked to you of the supreme importance and meaning of this moment and longed to be a chevalier, sans peur and sans reproche.

In a letter from London, February 19th, Mr. Edward Grenfell of the firm of Morgan and Grenfell wrote to Colonel Bacon:

You may be sure that we are delighted to hear our G. H. Q. had really annexed you. I know such a job will please you personally and that is a great thing, but it is much more important that the right man should get in the right place.

Ally and Entente are very fine words but in the working together there are endless difficulties. The boche may be short of lubricating oil for his engines, but the 3 Allies in France want a very superior sort of material to grease the wheels of the various staffs. The difference of language with the French and of manners between all 3 are very real difficulties, and I know no one like you . . . to make Pershing and Haig see each other's viewpoints.

The men with whom he associated, and was to meet daily until the end of the war, were splendid types of British manhood.

The head of the mess to whom Colonel Bacon refers was General Sir Herbert A. Lawrence, Chief of Staff of the British Armies in France, a son of Lord Lawrence, Viceroy of India, and nephew of the heroic Sir Henry Lawrence, also of Indian fame. Colonel Bacon's admiration for the General was reciprocated by that officer, who, being assured by Mr. Morgan that he would not be considered as "guilty of an unwarrantable intrusion," wrote to Mrs. Bacon in these terms, after learning of Colonel Bacon's death:

I met Colonel Bacon in France early in 1918, soon after I had been appointed Chief of Staff to the British Armies in France, and I was privileged to see much of him during that eventful year.

I confess that it was with some surprise that I realized that the man who had held the highest positions in the political world, who had been the Ambassador in Paris of the United States of America was contented to serve as a simple Colonel in the Armies of his country.

But I did not know Robert Bacon as I think I learned to know him later, nor did I realize how his passionate love for his country made any work in her service acceptable.

I wish I could make clear the inestimable service which he rendered to the Allied cause by acting as head of the Mission attached to our Headquarters. His high character and splendid enthusiasm inspired all with whom he came in contact while his great experience made him a guide to whom all of us instinctively turned.

I can say that few men whom I have met, have left a deeper impression upon me than he has done.

He has given his life to his country just as much as if he had actually fallen on the field of battle, and I can assure you that his memory will long be cherished by the British Army.

Such a letter, later confirmed by Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in France, will cause one to discount Colonel Bacon's misgivings as to his fitness for the post to which he was assigned.

From now on the centre of Colonel Bacon's activity was Montreuil, in which city the British Headquarters were located after their transfer from Saint-Omer. As head of the American Mission he was constantly and necessarily in daily and hourly

contact with the British General Staff. He was, of course, in constant touch with American Headquarters in Chaumont as his purpose was to serve as intermediary between the two armies and to see to it by whatever ordinary or extraordinary means at his disposal to transmit all information of importance from one army to the other, so that as far as possible Marshal Haig and General Pershing should communicate man to man, eye to eye, ear to ear. This was the function of a liaison officer. In the opinion of persons chiefly concerned and best able to judge, Marshal Haig and General Pershing, Colonel Bacon was a success, to such a degree, indeed, that Sir Douglas Haig requested that he be retained and placed upon his personal staff when General Pershing, according to precedent, had to replace Colonel Bacon by an officer of higher rank. It is well to dwell upon this at the very beginning, to prevent the misunderstanding which might result from the perusal of Colonel Bacon's letters.

The official correspondence between Marshal Haig and General Pershing tells the story as does the expression of each after the Armistice as to the value of Colonel Bacon's services in this phase of the war. The first document is Special Orders, No. 121, of May 1, 1918:

51. Brigadier General W. W. Harts, National Army, will, in addition to his other duties, assume the duties of Chief of the American Mission, British General Headquarters, relieving Major Robert Bacon, Quartermaster R. C. Upon being thus relieved Major Bacon will proceed to Langres, France, reporting upon arrival to the Commandant of the Schools for the purpose of taking the next course at the Army General Staff College.

The travel directed is necessary in the military service.

The next document is a personal letter from General Pershing of the same date as Special Orders. It was unnecessary to do this, nor was it customary, as the purely official orders are the ordinary method of communication in the Army.

MY DEAR COLONEL BACON:

I have given this day orders to relieve yourself, Colonels Collins, and Shallenberger from duty on my personal staff.

The coming of a Corps Headquarters to the vicinity of the British

G. H. Q. with the presence of General Harts commanding the Engineer Troops renders unnecessary the maintenance of a separate office there for the work which you have efficiently performed to my satisfaction since you were detailed as an A. D. C. It is my intention to detail General Harts to take over the work of the American Mission at British Headquarters in addition to his other duties.

I take this occasion to express to you my earnest appreciation of the whole-hearted way in which you have constantly performed every duty given you since our departure from New York last May. Your enthusiasm, your willingness and singleness of purpose are an example to all of us.

I have given orders that you be accorded the privilege of a term at the Staff College which will bring you more in touch with the work of the Staff in general and will open for you a new opportunity for increased usefulness.

With best wishes for your future, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

(Sgd) JOHN J. PERSHING,
General, U. S. Army.

The Special Orders in so far as Colonel Bacon was concerned were thus amended on May 7, 1918, by Special Orders, No. 127:

35. So much of paragraph 51, Special Orders No. 121, c. s., these Headquarters, as directs Major Robert Bacon, Quartermaster Reserve Corps, to proceed to Langres, France, for the purpose of taking course at the Army General Staff College, is amended so as to direct him to report to the Commanding General, American Troops with the British Expeditionary Forces, for duty with the American Mission, British General Headquarters.

The fourth document is an undated letter to General Pershing from Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies in France:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—

I beg to thank you for your letter of May 7th, and I note that it is your intention to combine the office of the American Mission and the Commanding General of American Units serving with the British Expeditionary Forces. I consider that this arrangement should work very well until American divisions are grouped into an Army Corps. When that takes place I presume that the Commanding General will

have to be relieved of the work of the Mission. This, however, is not likely to take place for some months, and the arrangement you propose will, in the meantime, be quite satisfactory. I shall be glad to receive General William W. Harts as the Chief of the American Mission.

As regards Colonel Bacon, I am very glad to learn of your decision to leave him on duty at my Headquarters. In view of the large number of American troops which will shortly be operating with the British forces, I suggest that it will be advantageous to attach him to my personal staff as my personal liaison officer with American Units in the British Area. In my dealings with the French and Belgian Units operating in close touch with my troops, I have found the presence of a French and Belgian Liaison Officer attached to my Personal Staff of very great value. I therefore hope that you will agree to Colonel Bacon being attached to my Personal Staff in the same way.

With kind regards, believe me,

Yours very truly,

D. HAIG¹.

The fifth document is a letter from General Pershing to Marshal Haig, under date of May 16, 1918:

MY DEAR SIR DOUGLAS:

In answer to your letter of recent date, I have directed Brigadier General William W. Harts to present himself to your Headquarters as Chief of the American Mission there. As such, I would like to have him, in addition to his other duties, control all detached units, such as Engineer, Hospital, and Aviation, serving with the British Expeditionary Forces. It was never intended, however, that General Harts should have control over the American division serving with your forces. I am glad that this plan is satisfactory to you.

As regards Major Bacon, I shall be very glad to attach him to your personal staff as your personal liaison officer with American units in

¹"I subsequently had the opportunity on several occasions to enjoy the cordial hospitality which Colonel Bacon extended to every American officer passing through the British G.H.Q. The part he played there, as Chief of the American Military Mission, and subsequently when attached to Marshal Haig was beyond all praise. Through his wonderful personality he became invaluable both as a channel of intimate communication between the British High Command and our own, and (if I may so express myself) as a sample 'type' of everything an American 'officer and gentleman' ought to be." Extract of letter of May 7, 1922, from W. Penn Cresson, Captain, M.I.O.R.C., formerly Chief of the American Military Mission, Belgian G. H. Q., to Mr. Scott.

the British area, and am issuing instructions that he report to you for such duty.

With highest personal and official esteem, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN J. PERSHING.

The sixth document is dated May 31, 1918:

Special Orders, No. 151.

12. Major Robert Bacon, Quartermaster R. C., is relieved from duty with the American Military Mission, British G. H. Q., and is attached to the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief, British Expeditionary Forces.

The further statements will conclude the matter as far as these two officers are concerned.

In Field Marshal Haig's official despatch:

My thanks are due to Lieut.-Colonel Robert Bacon, who as Chief of the American Mission attached to my Headquarters has been able to give me advice and assistance of the greatest value on many occasions.¹

In a personal letter under date of June 29, 1919, Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig said of Colonel Bacon:

He made for himself quite an important position at my Headquarters, and he was greatly respected and loved by all my Staff. We treated him quite as one of ourselves, and indeed I had no military secrets to conceal from him. . . .

I shall never forget what Robert Bacon did to help me during the last year of the war.

And General Pershing's opinion is expressly, formally, and unequivocally stated in the following:

CITATION FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Bacon, U. S. A.

For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services. He served with great credit and distinction as Post Commandant of Gen-

¹Despatch from Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig to the Secretary of State for War, April 10, 1919. Fourth Supplement to the *London Gazette* of Tuesday, April 8, 1919, p. 4712.

eral Headquarters and as Aide-de-Camp to the Commander-in-Chief. By his untiring efforts as Chief of the American Mission at British General Headquarters, he has performed with marked ability innumerable duties requiring great tact and address.

Another witness may be cited, a comrade in arms and an associate, who, like General Ireland, was unable to take leave of Colonel Bacon without a line in writing. This officer was General Simonds, and his letter, like that of General Ireland, on a previous occasion, is given in full:

MY DEAR COLONEL BACON:

I was quite disappointed not to see you and have a talk with you before leaving the British front.

Our service there must always hold a conspicuous place in the history of the war, and must be considered on the whole as contributing in a marked way to the great result—and consequently as a success. And you and I had the good fortune to have a prominent part in it.

To you personally I wish to express my gratitude and deep appreciation of the many kindnesses to me, and the efficiency of your constant efforts to help. To me you have also been an example of the highest type of patriotism and American citizenship, and I insist upon telling you so.

The friendship I have formed I consider one of the things of life to be most highly prized, and I hope that our association may be continued in the years to come.

Come and see the 2nd Corps when you can. We always have a place for you.

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE S. SIMONDS.
Brig.-Genl. G. S.

Now for the new chapter. Colonel Bacon's doings in this new and greatest phase of his military service are told in a series of letters in which he unbares his soul to Mrs. Bacon and chronicles betimes those failures and shortcomings which none but he observed and none but he had the heart to put in writing. His testimony is interesting, but the case has been made up and decided by his superiors and associates without his testimony.

The first of the series of letters of the new life after a few purely formal ones is that of February 1st, which begins and breaks off with the introduction:

I cannot speak to you of the big things here which thrill me with their tremendous importance, so I will prattle on of the little things that are of no importance except as poor little links between you and me. I got back from Paris only yesterday where I passed three days waiting most of the time for my Chief, but the result was most satisfactory and interesting and important. I try to get a little relaxation here by riding my new horse, a big thoroughbred once owned and raced by Willie Vanderbilt, which I bought, however, for about \$150. Since Félix and William left me I have had nothing but bad luck with my cars. I cabled you to ask Alex. Cochran to let me have another Rolls Royce, which I hope he will do, as I very much want it for my Chief. Tell him if you can get word to him that I shall consider it the greatest favour he can do me.

Colonel Bacon was interrupted so many times that he could not get at it again until Sunday, the 3rd, so that "this mean little letter has not gone yet!"

I didn't tell you about Bishop Brent, did I? I lunched with him yesterday, not so awfully far from here in a nice old town where I passed many weeks in 1915 with my friends of the R. A. M. C.

The dear Bishop is finer than ever, and right in his element amongst the Tommies away out in the trenches. You can just see him, can't you? I am very proud that he is going to live in my house out there at [Chaumont]. G. H. Q. A. E. F. Did I tell you? I call it now the "Bishop's House" and it repays me for keeping it many months without much occupation. George will tell you that he and I lunched there. The little woman who was there has gone, but I have another all ready for the Bishop, Madame Miot, a nice old party with a little girl of 12 and an invalid husband who lives at home, not at No. 4 rue du Palais, which, by the way, is my number. The Bishop will be Chaplain of G. H. Q., and an inspiration to everybody of course.

I have found a wonderful house about 3 miles outside this old walled town [Montreuil], which I hope to persuade the *propriétaire* to let me have for at least 4 months. He is an ancient Major with six children—4 sons in the army and two sons-in-law, and Gicquel and I visited the house yesterday and *we* think it is ideal, although I should have preferred to be in town, but you can see the *basse-cour* and the *remise* and the *ferme* across the *Étang*. I am full of my new toy, if I get it. It will give me some spare rooms for *invités*, and something to play with. My horse who was dead lame yesterday, having picked up a nail, is going to be all right I think, so you see the luck is coming my way, and I am just starting for Paris, although it is five o'clock and I

shall not arrive before eleven only to return to-morrow morning. The day to day duties try to crowd out the thoughts, and we live on from day to day.

Your cable about the boys going to Fort Sill reached me here all right, and your letter of the 23d came after Sister's letter of the 3d Jan'y, so I never can tell what to expect.

Two days later, on the 5th, after his Paris outing:

I am weary to-night and homesick and with just a little of the "Kaffir," if that's the way you spell it. That is a great soldier's slang for "the blues"—but I ought not to be to-day, for everything that I am here for is most satisfactory and to-day and the last few days ought to be red letter days in history. Enough to say that what I have set my heart on, and what I consider to be perhaps the most important thing in all the world is coming about, and growing every day. . . .

I am beginning to get to know a lot of men here and they are a fine lot. I have just had a line from my friend Cummins, who is in Italy and longing to get back to his Irish Division. I wish he were here. Col. Thresher has been most cordial and helpful. I hear that little Gen'l O'D [onnel] who was my D.G.M.S. in 1914-15 has been relieved for age, having gone back to India. I prattle on with my little local news, which seems so trivial. I am taking the house in the country but only for two months, because the good people want to come back for Pâques with their grandchildren and far be it from me to *déranger* them any more than I can help, but I don't know what I shall do then. There is a fine big château that has been suggested by important people, but I am afraid it is too big and far away from this place unless we grow tremendously, and even then it would probably be (for) others, not me, but *nous verrons*.

In the meantime we have only three rooms, Quek and I, and last night two of our colonels came and Quek slept on the floor in my room and the little oil stove that I brought with me on behind the Rolls Royce did good service for a colonel who had Quek's room. Papers! always papers! come over my desk all day long. . . .

Of course he means the meeting of British and American officers; the coöperation of their respective armies in the field against a common enemy which he felt to be a first step to the rapprochement of the English-speaking peoples. One of the reasons, indeed the principal one, for having a large and

commodious house, was to put up American officers who happened to pass his way and to bring them into contact with their British brothers or vice-versa. Otherwise, the house was of little use to Colonel Bacon. It was a sleeping place which he reached ordinarily after dark and left early in the morning without time to become acquainted with the garden, much less to wander through the beautiful woods. It was a source of regret to the people who owned the property that Colonel Bacon never had a chance to enjoy it, and that they themselves hardly learned to know him, so hurried and so irregular were his visits. Many a night he worked late in Montreuil and put up at the little Hôtel de France. As a matter of fact, Major Froissart—for that was the owner's name—was so charmed with the American Colonel whom he had admired from the distance as American Ambassador, that he let him have the house as long as he wanted it, which was as long as the war lasted, and Colonel Bacon had more than a personal need for it. His quarters in Montreuil were not over-spacious and he was sometimes at his wits' ends to house at all the passing stranger of note or little note.

On February 6th he writes:

Your sweet sad letter written on Xmas Day, wrings my heart. The picture of your lonely little home bereft of all your dear ones is almost too much for me to bear, and the great gulps came into my throat to-day when I read about it, for only to-day did your two letters of Xmas time reach me several days after the one of January 10th so you see how irregular the mails are on this side. . . . The day must have been indeed doleful with not a scrap of joyousness! And for you too . . . who have brought so much joy and gladness and happiness to every one on that day. God grant that we may all be together in the coming Xmas days! Do you remember a Xmas Day in Washington, 1908—when I read in the morning in the dining room a beautiful little piece from the paper about what all our thoughts and hearts should feel and do for Mother . . . who has given her all, her whole life to us all! I have often thought of that little scene in 16th St., and of her sweet confusion and embarrassment, and of my own emotion as I read it. Oh! if we could only give the best of us at all times. You do, . . . but I am always putting my worst foot forward, and appearing to think and feel things that are in fact absolutely foreign to my best self. I am alone again to-night, for Quek has gone to Paris to fetch a Major-General, and one that you know

well too. Mahoney, that is our British orderly, has piled up a good fire, so I am not going to bed yet.

I sneaked off for a long ride after lunch to-day in the sunshine, which is almost springlike, and got back at four o'clock for four hours' work before dinner at 8:15. Then comes as a rule two hours more from 9:30 to 11:30 when more "papers" and reading matter come in and the telephone on my desk rings. I invited McCoy on the long distance phone yesterday to come and make me a visit. He is only about 500 kilometers away. I hope others will come too, for it will be my job and my intense desire to bring just as many Americans as possible to this part of the world.

The news about the boys is very gratifying. How splendidly they are doing, as, of course, I knew they would. I shall be eager to hear from Fort Sill. It will be a great opportunity to learn, and make a record which will count, and I cannot wait to hear what assignment they are given after the course at that school. I suppose the girls cannot very well go with them, as they have to Columbia where they seem to have been so happy. I want so much to hear what our Brigade-Major is likely to do.¹ I am terribly proud of them all and wish I had the faculty and the time to write them what I feel.

I wish this old star on your flag could be as worthy of you as they, the others, will all be. But the old star is beginning to set, and his greatest ambition, after doing some useful work over here is to bring his old heart and head home and lay them at your feet and on your dear shoulder.

Three days later he received a letter from home and was astonished as any member of the Expeditionary Forces would have been to have received it so promptly. This was Mrs. Bacon's first letter after hearing of his promotion of January 6th. It warmed the cockles of his heart, as he would say, and inspired his pen. This is the letter he wrote in reply:

I was perfectly delighted to get your letter of Jan. 24th last night . . . and much surprised, for just think of it, only two weeks or 16 days on the way, whereas it generally takes at least 4 weeks. It made me feel not quite so far away. So you are pleased that I have been made a Colonel! I knew you would be, although I don't agree with all the things you say about it.

You always were prejudiced . . . and I haven't the implicit

¹The reference is to his son, Robert.

confidence in your judgment in this matter that I have on all other subjects. However, I am pleased too, and, as you say, it is most congenial to be here, and *I* think the most important thing in the world just now! I lay awake last night talking to you about it all, and my friends the clock chimes on the old, old Church, and the Coq Gaulois outside my window seemed to be symbols of the undying faith and of the hope and vigor of this old nation, but the message that I seem to hear is the S. O. S. call of our Motherland from whom we have been more or less estranged through the last 100 years, calling upon us to come back and help save the world, and our common ideals and birthright. God grant that we may have a quick appreciation of the momentous task, and of our honorable obligations and enlightened self-interest. America is awake at last! What you say of the lack of equipment is true, and heartbreaking, but this was inevitable because of our lack of vision and preparation.

This was what I shouted as loud as I could for three years, but no one would listen. Now we must pay, as it was known we would have to, but your reports of the wonderful spirit and quality of our National Army fill me with pride and hope, and I quote you everywhere.

February 9th, Colonel Bacon actually found time to write two letters: the first out of a joyous heart, the second while waiting to be off to Paris and Chaumont:

Just another word while I am waiting . . . waiting impatiently, as I have been all day, for a "paper," which I am taking with me to Paris, and then on to C., and back again to-morrow or Monday, and the day is slipping away and we are losing all the sunshine and will have to go after dark, Gicquel and I, for he is going with me to make some "*courses*" in Paris for our housekeeping which begins, I hope, next week, if the coal and wood and *ravitaillement* are all in.

The house was part of an old chapel before the Revolution, but it is all built over and has some modern conveniences. . . .

The nice lady of the house came down from Paris yesterday, and lighted the *calorifère*, and is fussing about trying to find me someone to *faire la cuisine*, and a *femme de ménage* from the *pays*, and there is a place for the horse and the Rolls Royce, and a nice garden and a farmyard and a gardener's wife and four small children, and if only you could be there with me it would be ideal. I will find out just how strict my Chief is, and the War Department about enforcing the prohibition against officers' wives, and whether any exceptions have been and can be made.

Wouldn't it be fine if you could be over here? No one in the world could be such a help and comfort to these poor tired people, and you

would be somewhere near at all events, or nearer than across that dreadful ocean.

I don't know what those four girls would do without you and the eight babies to whom you give such loving care, but I am just selfish enough to want you myself—if it is a possible and reasonable thing. I have heard much discontent and complaint from officers but do not know of any wives having come over since the order was issued.

The Chief was strict and although officers grumbled, the order was enforced.

Colonel Bacon spread himself on "Valentine Day, 1918," "trying," as he said in the last lines of the letter, "not to be homesick, and to send" Mrs. Bacon "a little word picture of my simple self."

Your little bundle has just arrived . . . with its 2 pr. socks, 1 sweater, 1 pocket knife, 1 safety razor and 1 small piece chocolate, and I love them all and you most of all, and it's the nicest Valentine that anybody ever had. I am blessing you every day for the nice undershirts and sweaters, which I wear all the time, five thicknesses of wool underneath my uniform, and my wooly coat and *cache-nez* on top, and my big warm jaeger blanket around my legs, when I spend the night in the Rolls Royce, arriving in Paris at 4 A. M., only to be called at 6:30 to take a train to G.H.Q., A.E.F., as I did the other day, arriving back yesterday with *most* satisfactory results, and two new chauffeurs, a private from Texas and a sergeant from South Carolina to drive the "Schneider" and the "National," and I am thinking even of putting Sergeant Daniels in charge of the Rolls Royce to replace Louis La Chaussée, for I like Americans best. I can't have too much transportation as there are many errands and jobs to be done by Major Q, and me, and soon we shall have others in the family, and to-morrow we start housekeeping, as a beginning of which I brought back a bag of sugar, a box of lard, canned things of all kinds, matches and an oil stove, which is warming my back at this moment in my new office, which is about 15 feet by 7 and plenty big enough. Gicquel is out at the "Château" to-day taking the *inventaire* and the *état-de-lieu*, and there is to be a woman of the *pays* and her daughter and her husband of 70 to potter about and keep the fires going. Gicquel rather sheepishly suggested last night that his wife would like to come and bring her little girl of 12, and there is to be a separate *cuisine* and *femme de cuisine*, for the personnel, chauffeurs, orderlies, etc., so as not to mix things up *too* much. The only thing I am afraid of is the water supply, which is entirely rain water from the *toits*.

The convention requires that the *volaille* be permitted to walk about unmolested, and there are nice old trees with grass under them, and a garden, and Oh! . . . how I wish you were going to be there—not that I expect to be there much myself—it may all change, and we may whisk off at any moment—but *à la guerre, comme à la guerre*, and in the meantime I expect *invités*, coming and going, and Gicquel will be coming into market every few days, and there will be good English bacon and fresh eggs and chicken and salad and a *pot au feu*, and a bottle of red wine. And what more could any man want to eat, which you know is not very important for me. In fact, eating and sleeping don't seem at all necessary with any regularity. I never felt more energetic or ready to go from morning till night, and I have taken off about 10 pounds from my top weight, and hope to get off 5 more, which will be just about my Plattsburg weight. I was delighted to get Bob's and G's and P's letters, which you sent me. Tell them all to write me again, please. Your letter of Jan. 3d did not get to me until a week after that of Jan. 24th, so you see it is far from regular, but I think we shall do better with this new address. If you get the new A. D. C. insignia, which I sent by Mrs. Belmont, you must have a jeweller, or somebody add three more stars, so there will be 4. Cartier did mine for me, as there are none to be bought. I meant to have sent you some eagles too, just for fun. . . .

February 16th was moving day:

I am glad the sun is shining to-day . . . in my little office, and that the oil stove is working well, for it's cold again, awfully cold, and my old membranes are giving warning of more trouble, and these little flowers that remind me so of you are shivering in the garden. The little "personnelles," I suppose you call them snowdrops, are pretty cunning, and the yellow one seems to be something like forsythia, but isn't. Gicquel is back and forth to-day with Sergeant Daniels carrying supplies to Brunehautpré with orders to have dinner ready to-night, and the guest house, for that is what it is for, will begin to function. I shall be here every day, however, and pretty much all day, but it will be sort of nice to wake up in the country, if spring ever comes.

At the risk of talking too much I quote from the "*Historique de la présente convention*" entre le Commandant X et "le Colonel Bacon, Chef de la Mission des États-Unis auprès du G. H. Q. de l'Armée Britannique:" "*Sur une démarche personnelle du Colonel B. lui faisant connaître l'impossibilité où il se trouvait de découvrir aux environs de [Montreuil] une habitation, où la Mission Américaine puisse s'installer (au moins pour la période d'hiver) avec un certain confort et recevoir les visiteurs qu'elle attend, le Commandant n'a pas cru devoir refuser au Col.*

B. de prendre possession, etc. etc.—"Le Commandant X a donné son assentiment sans qu'il ait été question de prix. Le Col. B. versera ce qu'il voudra au Commandant. Seul le désir d'obliger le représentant, le plus qualifié d'une armée Alliée, a pu lui faire accepter l'idée de différer cette année son installation avec sa nombreuse famille. Le Col. B. donnera des ordres pour que les volaillies n'aient pas à souffrir de l'occupation, et circuler librement les portes du garage permettant suffisamment d'en interdire l'accès à la volaille." Well there are about 8 pages of foolscap, but I will spare you. These foolish things permit a little divertissement. . . .

I had such a nice letter from Virginia yesterday telling me all about Bob. I am *so* pleased and proud that he is doing so well. Brigade-Adjutant is virtually Chief of Staff of the Brigade Commander, the number of whose men is about equal to a British Division, so that it is a great school for the highest kind of staff work, than which there is no more important work in the Army, or for which there is no greater need of the very best material. We see it over here every day. Staff work of this kind is the brains and impulse of the Army, and for it we must have young and active men. No athletic body is good without its headpiece. We must have the highest kind of courage and efficiency to lead the men "over the top," but the genius of leadership is higher still, and this great splendid Army of ours will be in sore need of the necessary staff work.

These are wise words and they should be remembered. Will they be? That is too much to hope. We learn by experience, to be sure, but it is usually our own experience, not of the past but of the present moment. Ben Franklin tells us fools only learn by experience; he should have limited his remarks to "wise fools."

Something in Mrs. Bacon's letter brought the blood to the face and the pen flowed on February 20th, as it did when Colonel Bacon was aroused and labouring under great excitement:

Yes this *is* hideous war, and I long and dream to finish the dreadful curse, but it must be finished right, or there will be nothing but suffering and agony for our children's children, and a reversion to an intermittent state of war, and selfish international greed and oppression—the striving for the Golden Rule will be forgotten, and the law for a decent respect to the opinion of mankind and consideration of any kind for others will be set back for generations, and you might

as well turn toward the wall the little framed set of resolutions which hangs in my room. . . .

The conditions you speak of at home are painful and exasperating, for they are due to nothing but our entirely unnecessary and fatuous unpreparedness but we are doing wonders and the national soul is saved and the nation will endure.

If only the tonnage will be forthcoming! And it will! From now on a steady stream will pour across the ocean. Our friends here will hold steadfast and true and unconquerable, I haven't a doubt of it. My faith in these people is beyond expression. . . .

Your little red-headed girl and your large boys and your cunning girls—I wish you had twice as many. I am sure you would like to mother them all. I wish there was something in the world I could do for the boys, the big boys I mean. They are so fine, and I am so pleased and proud of them. . . .

I have started in housekeeping with a will, and Gicquel is as busy as a bee. We are having an American Major General and his A. D. C. dine and spend the night to-night. It is really fine waking up in the country and everything reminds me of you. Out of the window this morning the chickens *circulée librement*, and the little curly haired girl of 4 walked about with the British soldier, and the fat plumber from the neighboring village arrived in a two-wheeled cart with the daughter of the cook. That *ménage*, by the way, mother, father, and daughter are hardly up to the work, and I am looking for others. They are too *fatigués*, poor souls. The *calorifère marche* and the house is nice and dry, and I have wood fires in the *cheminées*. It takes 12 minutes to come to town after breakfast and after dinner, and I get back and to bed before midnight. I wish I had my Marie from Chaumont, and she wept and wanted to come but of course I wouldn't take her. Quek and I walked out last night before dinner in just an hour and a half going fast, and on the way we passed a football match. They needn't laugh at home, for this is a life saver and absolute necessity, for these poor devils away from home. It is in no spirit of frivolity, just as I am not ashamed to ride every chance I get and you must do it too. . . . You must learn to relax a little once in a while. The machine won't stand it at the pace you go.

I was interrupted here and to-day is the 21st. General Glenn and his aide who passed the night with me have gone. Look him up if you can when he comes your way. He used to be Gen. Wood's Chief of Staff and now commands a Division.

Major Quek has left me for a few days so I am alone with my little friend, Private Mahoney, Gicquel, and Sergeant Daniels of North Carolina, who is my latest treasure and chauffeur.

I am off to Boulogne to-morrow to the dentist, Dr. Parker, of Massa-

achusetts, and in a few days expect to call upon the ear specialist, Doctor Darrach of Pershing's Unit, so you see I am among professional friends. Harvey Cushing and George Brewer are near by.

The letter of February 25th was scrappy and interrupted. It tells, however, the story of a May day:

Yesterday was a bright, warm day, and I tried to be cheerful, but to-day starts badly. . . .

I am snatching this moment after breakfast in my nice little room with sunshine and a fire in it and a good desk. . . . The country from here to B [oulogne] is wonderful, and the great rolling stretches as far as the eye can reach of brown plough land and green and purple, dotted with nice French horses ploughing, driven by young boys and women and old men were beautiful and pathetic. The spring is early after the unusual cold and snow, and every inch is being cultivated.

I am off to town now and to-day I am expecting five guests to remain indefinitely, Lieutenant-Colonels and Majors with their orderlies, so Gicquel and I are full of preparation, and I am afraid the poor refugee lady is not up to the cooking, although we don't ask for much. Soup, *pot au feu* and compote, that is all, and eggs for breakfast, but she is not equal to it, I am afraid.

Feb. 27th.

My guests came and I have had three pretty hectic days.
(interrupted again).

So I will close this up, having begun another in my office where three officers are talking business.

Under the caption of the "Last day of Winter" (February 28th), Colonel Bacon has more than one interesting thing to say, or that which he would dearly have liked to say, and a few details of his life and character enter unconsciously and help to make him a thing of flesh and blood:

Another nice box arrived yesterday with the ginger and cheese and guava jelly and figs and prunes, and I shall offer some of them to my guests to-night at dinner. I still have three (as I was beginning to tell you in my unfinished letter) and Major Quek is back from London. On Sunday all my guest rooms were full, six in all, and I had three British orderlies to help Gicquel, and five British general officers to dinner, making 12 in all, and Louis the chauffeur cooked



CHÂTEAU DE BRUNHAULT, MONTREUIL



U. S. Official

COLONEL WAGSTAFF OF THE BRITISH ARMY WITH COLONEL BACON AT MONTREUIL

the meat because the refugee lady doesn't know how, and the dinner was a great success, and the house warm and dry from the *chauffage central*, and the bright wood fires. All it needed was you, for it was a memorable occasion, and historic in importance, for nothing in the world can be of so far-reaching effect, both now and through the years, as this getting together. I have had a wonderful month, which nothing can ever take away from me, and the sun has shone too, and even my colds and swollen membranes have disappeared till yesterday. To-day I am starting in again with another sore throat and cold, but these little ailments are of no consequence, although you know what a baby I am when I have a cold. I have been riding before breakfast, and the spring is beginning to give signs of life, and everywhere the nice white horses are ploughing. To-day we tossed the medicine ball before breakfast, where there was fresh butter and milk and eggs from the *ferme*, and bread from the canteen bakery, and bacon from England, and even sugar from the U. S. A. Q. M. stores, so you see we are not to be pitied.

The last two days I have been (with two of my guests) scooting about all over the country, many hundred kilometres, for a certain purpose, and the lovely old châteaux, empty or partly occupied after four years of devastating, demoralizing war are simply pathetic, and, as a nice young black-eyed widow, who runs a small restaurant in a town some 50 kilometers from here, said to us day before yesterday, not a home behind all the doors and closed blinds in city, village or farm but is bereft of all their men, away at the front, many never to return, but their courage, their faith and determination is wonderful to see. . . .

I wonder if you ever got a letter from me in November or December, suggesting that Hereford might employ his spare time in getting up some material out of the odds and ends of my past life! It is sort of a fancy of mine (perhaps in my dotage) to amuse myself by patching together the pieces if I live for a hundred years.

Just as his previous letter was dated the last day of winter, so the next one of March 1st is written under the heading of "Gentle Spring":

You certainly do knit and knit . . . and your warm woolly sweaters and tricots have been the comfort of my winter's discontent, and the undershirts too—for I have often worn five thicknesses of wool under my blouse, and I have four at this moment and none too many, although theoretically spring has come. . . .

No one can stand the strain of piling on the work of body, soul and

mind and at the same time cut off his feed. Old horses won't stand it as well as colts, and it's hard for you and me to build up wasted energy.

I am getting very careful of myself and really try hard not to get run down. You must break away or you will break down. . . .

Your letter to-day of the 12th says that you are all right again, but I'm afraid, and it would help me tremendously if I could hear that you had gone away with Fannie or something like that.

Mrs. Bacon had been ill, was overdoing and was exposed, Colonel Bacon feared, to a serious breakdown. He was about the worst person in the world to give advice, if practice were a pre-requisite to precept. He never thought of self, he never spared himself, but he knew that there was sure to be a day of reckoning. He would have agreed with the ponderous statement of Doctor Johnson, to the effect that "Nature always exacts exorbitant interest from borrowed capital," and he would have paid, indeed he did pay, the interest. His own way of putting it was homelier than Johnson's but just as effective.

Colonel Bacon was apparently very busy in the first week of March as his next letter is of the 8th:

Your news about Bob was most interesting. It is certainly an honor and appreciation to be kept on by so good a man as General Snow, and I am mighty pleased and proud of him if he can keep it up. It shows that he has made himself useful.

I am wondering what Ett's fate will be in case his Division should be sent over while he is still at F [ort] S [ill]. Will he be called back, or left to finish his ten weeks, and the same of G of course, although I am not quite clear what Division G belongs to. Good old G., I sent him a cable yesterday on his birthday, but it may never get there. It is too exasperating not to know anything of each other. They would be intensely interested if I could only tell them a lot of things and I am naturally crazy to hear from them, and their plans. Some day I may get an inkling if I only knew what unit they were with! And wouldn't it be exciting if one of them should turn up hereabouts!! My guests are still with me, although they are starting housekeeping for themselves before long.

The Bishop is coming to spend Sunday with me. He has been living in my little house that I told you about, for the last two weeks, and is crazy about it and Madame Miot and her little girl and the cat. I saw him at C [haumont] the other day, for I dashed there and back through Paris without stopping.

There is a gap of almost a week between the last and the next letter of March 15th:

I have been flying about a good deal since I wrote you the other day, and yesterday came through Amiens, so I am sending you this little feller (pin enclosed) who sits through the ages in the cathedral there, for I know you will think him pretty cunning. The days go by each one fuller than the last, thank fortune, so there isn't much time to think. My little household goes on with many changes although I still have three steady boarders besides my colleague, Major Quek, and the longer days and sunshine make me look forward to spring, if one could look forward to much of anything these days, but I mustn't say that, for I am trying to be philosophical and I appreciate how much harder it is for you. . . .

Your account of the parade on the 22nd will be thrilling, and I should have bawled with you if I had been there.¹ I am still wondering what will become of the boys, if their divisions should come before they finish at Fort Sill. We shall know before long, I suppose. Then they will have a long period of training here in one of the Artillery Camps. Lots of our young American officers are attending the French schools at Saumur, Fontainebleau, etc., and there are special training areas for artillery and flying corps besides the infantry.

It is all very wonderful and the necessary services of supply and lines of communication and transportation are quite bewildering.

Think what it all means after bringing them in some cases 2000 or 3000 miles by land and 3000 miles by sea. The problem is so tremendous that it is hard to grasp, but our little neglected and despised regular army has supplied the brains and the organization for this vast accomplishment, and the spirit of the nation is furnishing the men and making the sacrifice. We must see and appreciate the big and bright side of this great human lesson all the time, and never allow ourselves

¹The passage to which Colonel Bacon refers is contained in Mrs. Bacon's letter of February 21, 1918:

You would be thrilled if you could see the infantry that have just come down from Camp Upton to-day to march to-morrow, Washington's Birthday. Ten thousand of them are going to march down 5th Avenue, and they are an inspiring sight, and we have a right to be proud of our National Army. No better propaganda for Universal Military Service could be made than this one of seeing the improvement shown in the physical and moral and mental appearance of these men. They are alert, straight and full of pride, which shows with every even swing of their bodies, and the National Guard is lost in comparison. Sammy Jay, Jack Prentice, Frank Appleton, and about all the captains are boys you know, and I mean to go out somewhere and get a seat to see them go by to-morrow, though it will choke me to do so. However, keeping your patriotism stirred is about all that keeps one these days.

to lose sight of it, or we shall be crushed by the awful pathos and tragedy of it all.

I have a very good-looking and intelligent yellow-curly-haired English boy, who says he is nineteen but does not look over 15, as *bonne-à-tout-faire* and *valet de pied*—an enlisted man and regular Tommy who has been in the army a year and has been working with the burial party out there.

The day after I received your letter speaking of little Tommy Hitchcock, I heard that he was missing! I can imagine your sympathy. . . .

On the 16th he adds:

Just a line . . . as a P. S. to letter of yesterday, telling you not to say to any one that I mentioned little Tommy's name. I have not a minute to ramble along with my usual newsless scrawl and I have no news to tell, so you will have to put up with this disappointing scrap.

The drive was under way. In his letter of March 20th (in the middle he says it is the 26th) he asks Mrs. Bacon to read between the lines and remember the dates. The world remembers them, too.

I am just back from a thrilling day, but you know how easily I thrill in these days when simple things seem to move me way down deep. It wasn't much, just a visit many miles away through the green and brown fields, and the white horses ploughing, to a place where twenty as fine American boys of 25 to 30, officers, lieutenants, and captains gave an exhibition under the direction of their wonderful British teacher in recreational drill and exercises before an audience of 100 British officers just out from England, and I was proud of them. You have no idea of the good impression these boys are making here, or of the genuine warmth and cordiality of their reception. It does my heart good and my eyes are always wet when I think or speak of it. Nothing could be finer for me than to be here watching it all after these three dreadful years and trying to take some small part in this particular phase of it.

I am so afraid that something will happen to rob me of my job here that I can hardly bear it, and I just find a letter this evening from Walter Lawrence saying that he saw you on the 4th of March! and that you were well again. . . . He seems most enthusiastic about his trip and in love with America,—a real brave soul and gentle, kindly understanding. He quotes me lines from the *Tempest*:

How beauteous mankind is!
 O, brave new world,
 That has such people in't!

He seems to seek the best, and the line of beauty and finds it.

I have been carrying about this crumpled scrap in my jacket for the last six days and if it could only speak to you of what it has seen and heard and felt, you would indeed have the whole story of my life and soul and my hopes for the future. You must read between the lines now if you can. I am snatching a moment at this quiet country place after breakfast while waiting for the others to finish.

I arrived back last night from a swift journey of a thousand kilometres via Paris to see my Chief. Remember well these dates! This is the 26th. Remember too all that I have thought and said these last three years when people thought me mad. It is all true and nothing will ever be the same again. Good old world!

The dates to which Mr. Bacon referred were indeed important—or perhaps it would be better to say that the incidents which occurred on those dates were important, which was what Mr. Bacon had in mind.

The last great drive, as it turned out to be, for which the Germans had anxiously prepared for months, was under way.

American troops were on the way, but the war might be won before they could be massed on the battle front. That was what Mr. Bacon meant by "hurry, hurry, hurry," and that was what the Germans were endeavouring to do during the ominous months of the winter.

There was a feeling in many quarters that the Allied initiative on the western front had been lost because of the lack of a united command. Steps had been taken in that direction, but they had not been carried to their logical termination. An executive committee had indeed been appointed by the Supreme War Council at Versailles, on February 2, 1918, with General Foch at its head, and a plan had been proposed by this committee for reserves at crucial points—one in the south, to help Italy, if that country were in distress; another at Paris, to the north, and one at that Amiens which was soon to be so sorely pressed. A part of the plan involved the extension of the British lines. Unfortunately, they were extended without the reserves, and it was at this point, occupied by the Fifth

British Army, that the attack was begun on March 21, 1918, by the Germans massed there in overwhelming numbers.

General Foch had foreseen this, had warned the political leaders of the Allied countries of impending disaster, and had proposed reserves in the neighbourhood of Amiens, to be drawn upon in case of need. Because of the failure to create the reserves, this point was not reinforced. The lines of the sorely tried Fifth Army bent under the German attack, and were broken. By the 25th of March it looked as if the Germans might push through to Paris. But the unexpected resistance of the British "with their backs to the wall," slowed them up, although they could not wholly stop the onrushing masses of Germans, intent upon snatching victory while there was still time.

The situation was so serious that Mr. Lloyd George was asked, on the 24th of March, to repair to France to arrange for a single Supreme Commander. In answer to a request from Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, the Secretary of War, then Lord Milner, and Sir Henry Wilson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, crossed the Channel, and on Monday, the 25th, met M. Clemenceau and General Pétain at General Foch's headquarters at Compiègne. In the absence of the British Commander no decisive action could be taken. The meeting adjourned to Doullens, in the north, where, on the 26th, Lord Milner, Sir Douglas Haig, and Sir Henry Wilson, met President Poincaré, M. Clemenceau, General Pétain, and General Foch. Lord Milner proposed Foch as Supreme Commander. This was about the middle of the day. At five o'clock in the afternoon, General Foch, not yet Commander-in-Chief in the technical sense, but with power to coördinate the armies, got into touch with the French, over whom he now exercised supreme authority.¹ With the morning of the 27th, the Germans, only twelve or thirteen thousand yards away from

¹The formula was: "*Le général Foch est chargé par les gouvernements britannique et français de coordonner l'action des armées alliées sur le front ouest. Ils' entendra à cet effet avec les généraux en chef, qui sont invités à lui fournir tous les renseignements nécessaires.*" On 3rd April, at Beauvais, Foch was given "*la direction stratégique des opérations militaires.*" But the Commanders-in-Chief had still the complete control of tactics and the right of appeal against Foch to their respective Governments. It was not until 24th April that Foch received the "*commandement en chef des armées alliées.*" *A History of the Great War*, by John Buchan, vol. iv (1922), p. 205 note.

Amiens, were met by French troops which General Foch had had transferred during the night. The Germans were held; the lines were reformed. The goal which they sought was no longer discernible. American troops were hurrying, hurrying, hurrying, and the World War was to be won. Then, on March 28, 1918, came General Pershing's memorable words to General Foch:

There is at this time no other question than fighting. Infantry, artillery, aviation—all that we have are yours to dispose of as you will.

I have come to say that the American people would be proud to be engaged in the greatest battle in history.

The next letter is dated "March 29th, '18, 8th Day,"

To-day you and your eight cunning grandchildren came to gladden my heart. It is sweet . . . and you are the sweetest of them all. What a nice picture of you! I am so pleased, that to-day the world seems brighter. I want to pin it upon the wall among the maps and say to everyone "*Vous voyez cette ange, c'est ma femme.*" You remember "*cet l'homme*" in Tours, don't you?¹ I really should have hardly recognized the little fellows, they have so grown and changed. Benny and little Alex have changed least of all. How good looking they are. Little Gaspar has quite changed and Dor too. Little Elliot is a real boy, isn't he. The little girl, large Robert and the cunning baby I do not know at all. It is nearly a year since I left you all. . . . How I long to get back to you, and for this horrid nightmare to pass. As I sit here, snatching a moment every now and then to speak to you, bulletins come in every few minutes feverishly awaited. The battle rages and sways back and forth, and with it perhaps the destinies of us all, and the future of the world. I am full of hope to-day and confidence and courage to tackle the coming weeks and months and years, if it be given me to last so long to fight against this monstrous thing, but I must keep away from the subject. . . .

What of public opinion at home? Is there any real regret that we did not get into it a year sooner? Is there any feeling that we are too late to play our part? Do we realize at last that good old France and great splendid England have been fighting and fighting with their life's blood for 3½ years! have so far defended our homes and firesides, our ideals and very souls from disaster and dishonor.

¹The remark of one of Mr. Bacon's children, aged six, while learning French "*Voyez-vous cet l'homme? C'est mon père*"—pointing to a photograph. It became a household expression.

Everyone now shared Colonel Bacon's views but years had passed without adequate preparation. Was it too late? His next letter, written on the 30th, had more than one interesting quotation from the American press:

Another day . . . and I am sitting here with misty eyes, as I read in yesterday's *Post* and *Times* of England's message through Lloyd George to America!¹ . . . Can you appreciate my feelings! The N. Y. *Sun* says: "Doggedly, savagely fighting every inch of ground that shields our country from the foe, who would spread havoc and slaughter could he reach us, outnumbered, the British Army is in the throes of the awfullest battle and carnage the world has ever known," and the *Times* (N. Y.): "The British retreating are undefeated, and our faith is strong, they are undefeatable." "The future of the world rests on them, and the account they have given of themselves makes us believe that it is safe!" No words of mine can begin to express to you the depth of feeling in my heart. I see too that Leonard Wood has again been before the Senate Committee with truths, accurate truths, of which our public opinion at home seems to have had not the slightest conception, otherwise long ago and perhaps in time, not too late for the good of our own souls, would brave words have been translated into action.

He writes her again, late at night, on March 30th:

It is late at night but I must talk to you a little . . . although I have nothing to say, that can be said, but in the strain and pressure of times like these it is a relief, as I have already told you. I might tell you about my dinner party of to-night. At seven o'clock I telephoned out to the "Château" that there would not be more than 2 or 3 for dinner, perhaps no one. At 7:30 I telephoned that there would be 8, at 7:45 that there would be 9 and as a matter of fact we arrived at 8:10—10 in all, only to find that poor old Gicquel had not been able to stand the racket, and had left bag and baggage, leaving me the enclosed note. Poor old goose. He just had cold feet,

¹We are at the crisis of the war. Attacked by an immense superiority of German troops, our army has been forced to retire. The retirement has been carried out methodically before the pressure of a steady succession of fresh German reserves, which are suffering enormous losses. The situation is being faced with splendid courage and resolution. The dogged pluck of our troops has for the moment checked the ceaseless onrush of the enemy, and the French have now joined in the struggle. But this battle, the greatest and most momentous in the history of the world, is only just beginning. Throughout it the French and British are buoyed with the knowledge that the Great Republic to the West will neglect no effort which can hasten its troops and its ships to Europe.

and skedaddled *sans cérémonie*. I hope he will get through all right, without any *laissez passer*. So my last retainer has gone,—but Clark came to the scratch without a whimper, and we sat down to a good simple dinner, the only luxury being a tin box of your chocolates from Maillard, which came yesterday.

My guests were all American officers except one who is a British Captain.

I have only three spending the night, as the others have gone their way since dinner, many miles by motor car. It is a satisfaction to give wayfarers food and lodging and good cheer for a passing moment. As for these big days and their events I may not speak. I try to keep my judgment clear and calm, but my temperamental feelings lead me into all sorts of mercurial ups and downs. Some of the qualities of these people, I repeat myself I know, are simply great, and come only from generations if not centuries of thoroughbred stock.

Between you and me . . . not to be repeated to my friend T. R., who thinks me already an Anglophile, I am proud to be of Anglo-Saxon breeding and race.

On Easter Sunday he writes: "Sunshine and blossoms and hope in the air, but hate and desperate death struggles everywhere, and only man is vile." On April 2nd, he says, speaking of things that interest him to be sure, but not the things then nearest his heart but which he might not say:

These poor little scrappy scrawls of mine are sort of pathetic . . . aren't they? I can't say a thing about the big events that are clutching my very soul, and yet I must commune with you a little once in a while, and you must try and read between the lines, and let your imagination have full play, and your vision be clarified to see far ahead into the truth. You speak of being strengthened and spiritualized by Bishop Brent. Would to Heaven that I might be. I am softened a little I think. I hope so, and the Bishop always helps me by contact. I am expecting him here again in a few days. Speak to Bishop Lawrence about him, and the tremendous importance of the work he is undertaking as spiritual head of what will be a great army, and a great factor in the coming months and years. The practical problems that will respond to his leadership, fearless as it will be, problems which affect the life and health and moral fibre of

In war time is vital! It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of getting American reinforcements across the Atlantic in the shortest possible space of time. [Mr. Lloyd George's message to the American People, delivered through the Earl of Reading, British High Commissioner in the United States, at the Lotus Club Dinner, March 27, 1918. *New York Times*, March 28, 1918, p. 3.]

the Army, and consequently its fighting force, need all the moral support of big men like Bishop Lawrence, to whom please give my love and greeting.

I suppose Harvard College and its affairs have forgotten me. I was mighty glad to get the little descriptive pamphlet about the Root books. Good old Jamesie is working away I see. Do give him and Mrs. S. my best, won't you. I wonder if Jamesie would write me a line. I don't deserve it I know, but the old things seem so awfully far away, and the world is in the melting pot.

On the 4th of April:

I ought not to talk to you to-day . . . for I may not tell you what my heart feels, and what else is there to say in times like these. Your letter of Gaspar's birthday came yesterday.

April 5th—Another day, and here I am in Paris, at the Crillon, just about to start back over the long road to the North. I didn't leave there till about 3 o'clock yesterday, and last night I had a whole hour with my chief which I shall never forget. Mark well the date. . . .¹ It is now morning after a good nap (there haven't been many lately) and a hot bath (of which there have been none) and I am off. I am reminded of nights in early September, 1914, when I wrote you from this hotel and it was hard to make myself understood, and I knew then the truth as few people knew it. I know it now, but I cannot speak it because I may not.

Colonel Bacon always worked better under encouragement, and a word of sympathy was as a tonic to him. He loved Harvard University; he was proud to be enrolled upon the long list of its graduates. He was happy to be an Overseer, and he always regarded his election as a Fellow as one of the highest honours which he had received or ever could receive. The notification that the degree of Doctor of Laws had been voted him by the University and that it would be conferred upon him in person at Commencement in June, 1918, filled him with an unexpected pleasure.

¹General Pershing had been in favour of an Allied Commander-in-Chief; so strongly in favour of it that on behalf of the United States he joined with Great Britain and France in subordinating the Allied Armies to General Foch. The agreement was reached at Beauvais, on April 3, 1918. It was signed by Tasker H. Bliss, General and Chief of Staff, and John J. Pershing, General, U. S. A. The American Generals acted without instructions from their Government, but their action was approved by the President of the United States on April 16, 1918. See, *Final Report of General John J. Pershing to the Secretary of War, September 1, 1919*, p. 31.

Colonel Bacon rightly considered this a date to be remembered.

April 8th.

You can imagine . . . how pleased and touched I was yesterday to receive the enclosed letter from Doctor Walcott. It came so unexpectedly out of the blue, at a time when I felt very far away and forgotten by many in the old life that it broke me all up; and you know what I did, weak old fool that I am.

I am sending it to you . . . as a precious souvenir, for, of course, I cannot go home to get the degree, and our rule is very strict that one must be present at Commencement to receive it in order to have it really given. But the intention and vote of my old colleagues, and the invitation and the hope expressed in their name that I may again become a Fellow of Harvard College is enough for me, and I am gratified . . . and so will you be. It must not be talked of outside on any account, but you will say to any of them whom you happen to see [Major Henry L.] Higginson, [President] Lowell, [Bishop] Lawrence,¹ [Thos. N.] Perkins how deeply I feel and appreciate the honor, and what it means to me and mine. It came at a time when I am even more sensitive than usual to a kind word and thought.

Colonel Bacon could not, of course, attend. A year later, after his return to America, the degree was to be conferred at the Commencement in June, 1919. It was then too late for him to receive it in person, but the announcement was made at that time that it was to have been conferred.

¹The reference is to the Right Reverend William Lawrence (1850-), Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Massachusetts; author of *Life of Amos A. Lawrence* (1899); *Life of Roger Wolcott, Governor of Massachusetts* (1902). Fellow of Harvard University since 1913.

Shortly after Mr. Bacon's death, he sent the following letter to Mrs. Bacon:

MY DEAR MRS. BACON,

Sitting at my desk for the first time in six weeks my first letter is to you, for ever since the death of your husband I have seldom had you or him out of my mind. Ever since he undertook the raising of a million dollars in New York for Harvard I have had an increasing admiration for his unselfishness, public spirit, and devotion.

Then there has grown upon me the fact that in him was one of the most chivalrous characters I ever knew. With what earnestness he spoke for the cause of the Allies when the war broke out and with what devotion he gave himself to the cause. Some men are noble: few men, however, are noble and at the same time have the charm which makes their nobility attractive and winning.

I never expect to see another man who in personal beauty, charm, and force of character revealed the finest type of American citizenship—and at the same time he was so considerate, affectionate, and friendly. You and your children have many happy memories to cheer and comfort you. God lift up His Countenance upon you.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM LAWRENCE.

To Doctor Walcott's letter of March 11, 1918, in behalf of the Fellows of Harvard University, Colonel Bacon replied on April 7, 1918, as follows:

MY DEAR DR. WALCOTT,

I am more gratified and touched by your letter of March 11th than I can possibly express. The distinction which you offer me, Sir, on behalf of your Committee is the greatest honor that could have come to me, and the one which I shall always prize above all others, even though circumstances may prevent my being present at Commencement in June to permit its bestowal. The fact that you have invited me to accept this degree from my Alma Mater will always remain one of my proudest possessions, and a legacy to my children. There seems now to be no possibility of my being able to get away in June, as my obligations to the Service and to General Pershing seem to be too great to permit it.

The future seems most uncertain, but if by any unforeseen good fortune such a thing were to become possible, nothing will prevent my coming to Cambridge.

Please express my gratitude to the Fellows and my very highest appreciation of the honor they have done me, doubly grateful and dear to me because of the gracious hope which you voice in their name that I may again become a Fellow of Harvard College and a member of the Corporation, which I have always considered the blue ribbon of my life time.

With highest personal regard,

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT BACON.

Colonel Bacon was not able to set apart a few minutes of the day for letter writing. He wrote a few lines and if called away, as he often was, he laid the letter aside to be finished another time, or he put the scrawl, as he would have called it, in his pocket where it sometimes remained, crumpled and forlorn, until it tumbled out in a search for other things. This happened to a letter of March 9th. It is an important expression of his views that the future of the world depends upon France, Great Britain, and the United States.

This has been a red letter day ("in one sense of the word," as Henry Emmons used to say) although as solemn and dark as any since we came into the war. Do you remember the telegram that I re-

ceived from my Father on a day in May, the 9th I think, 1901, when he told me not to forget that somewhere behind the cloud the sun was shining?¹ Well, no more of the clouds! but to-day has been a sort of a culmination of hopes cherished for many months, if not for years. These people are wonderful and I hope that no man, or no want of sympathy and understanding shall put us asunder "till death us do part," for I believe that the future of the world as we know it, or dream about it, depends upon "us three" sticking together and fighting it out to the bitter end. Bishop Brent and I have had an hour together before the fire this afternoon. He is my honored guest over Sunday, and will preach twice to-morrow and speak to the British officers on Monday. I went to-day with one of the nicest fellows you ever saw, a general officer, out to see the waiting corps commanders . . . and if ever there was an inspiration that was one. All the little things fade away in the presence of the real thing. We were six Americans to-night at dinner, and I wish I could tell you all that is in my heart. I have thought much to-day of Ett's division, and still wonder what his plans are.

In a note added on April 15th he says:

I have just found this in my pocket, or rather on my table at home! And what has not happened since! Things that I knew then would happen, but could not even hint at them. I have read the first two pages of this letter, after a month or so, and wonder if you have the slightest idea what I am talking about. I do such a lot of thinking when I am writing to you that I feel as if you must know what I am talking about, but I am afraid you think I am pretty queer these days, and rambling. . . . I have not been able to tell you the truth, and I have felt like a man in a nightmare, who is trying to do or say something and cannot. These last two days have been full of excitement. *People* have arrived who know about Elliot, and the general and his adjutant are passing the night with me to-night, and have told me all about you. . . . I heard that Archer Morgan was sick, so although I had been going since seven in the morning, I started out again and went 75 kilometers more to find him in a hospital by the sea quite happy and his fever all gone. I have invited him to come and stay with me to convalesce. I got back here after midnight.

¹This was during the panic in Wall Street, caused by the attempt of Mr. Harriman to secure a majority of the stock of the Northern Pacific Company.

Many things he wanted to say, and he described his situation and that of every officer holding a position of trust in the Army by an illustration in his letter of April 8th:

As the reports often say, "*Rien à signaler sur le front*," which means about the same in my case as it does in the reports, viz.: nothing, for of course, there are thousands of important and interesting things happening to me, which I cannot speak of any more than the reports—the *communiqués*—do. "The Australian Corps report a quiet night"—that is all.

I am having a good many pleasant and unexpected guests at my old Prieuré, which Gicquel, alas, has deserted. Yesterday at seven o'clock I telephoned to little Clark—good little Clark—that there would be two for dinner, Lieutenant Lockwood and myself, at eight. I arrived with six for dinner—these parties having suddenly blown in—1st, the Bishop, bless his heart, 2nd, Le Commandant Froissart himself, my proprietor, came to hearten up his nervous people, and 3d, two officers whom I was mighty glad to see, and who brought me news of America and especially of Elliot and his plans. But to-day "gone are all the guests," even Lockwood, and I am expecting Major Quekemeyer back, and with him an officer whom you will remember—Henry, now Colonel Henry, whom we knew in Washington, now commandant of West Point—an awfully nice fellow.

I must stop in a hurry instead of finishing, so I will send this off just as it is. I received the Harvard University Press notice of Root's U. S. and the war copy of which I should like to have myself, as well as copies of Root's war volume.¹ They might come separately through London, M. G. and Co.—if not direct by mail.

April 8th, '18 [later].

I didn't expect to write you any more to-day . . . but I just looked out the window into my little back yard with high walls and *espaliers*, and a few forlorn primroses amongst the coal and rubbish, and sitting on top of the wall, the little yellow bunches of wallflowers which adorn the top of all the old walls hereabouts, and everything that is sweet and fresh and simple and natural, especially nature itself, always reminds me at once of you, so I made Mahoney climb the wall to pick you this little bunch that smell as sweet as violets, but will have lost their fragrance before they get to you, if indeed they ever do arrive.

¹*The United States and the War—The Mission to Russia—Political Addresses, by the Honourable Elihu Root.* Collected and Edited by Robert Bacon and James Brown Scott (1918).

It will be many weeks before I stand the least chance of seeing Ett, for he will in all probability go off to the South to equip and prepare for a long time apart from the others.

I saw an old friend of his though yesterday, in fact, he was one of the officers who spent Saturday night with me, whom he knew in Manila and whom I met in El Paso.

The letter of April 11th is rather downcast. Evidently rumours were astir of a change in the Mission.

"Mother's Day."

Rather a sad day for me . . . and I am still playing that "good loser" game, and racking my brains to know from hour to hour just how to play it, how to be left in a position to do some real service.

The next few days will decide a lot of things for me personally, and in the meantime it's not easy to turn this office over to the new Chief of Mission. This tiny office is simply overrun, and there is no peace or privacy or sympathy. It's every one for himself in the Army—but these are the little petty things, and I am ashamed to speak of my small troubles. Forgive me. Quek has gone. I am left alone with the Lieutenant . . . and the house seems empty. Little Clark, my only standby, picks lilacs for the table and *pyrus japonica* and violets and the twilights are long—dining after eight in bright daylight. . . . You see I am trying not to talk about the all-absorbing, ghastly war!

Your fine handkerchiefs came from Tillon and you were pretty cunning. Now that they have prevented you from sending me presents from home, you fool them by sending them from Paris.

The nice white underclothes came long ago in the winter. You haven't sent any more have you? They are perfectly fine, and I am trying to save them as much as I can. Your newspaper clippings were thrilling and I feel as if the nation, or most of it, were really waking up to a realization of what they are up against.

With a knowledge of the situation on the British front, and writing in the atmosphere of profound discouragement if not of despair, Colonel Bacon's letters reflect the spirit of his environment. He himself, was, however, firm in the faith that the Allied cause would ultimately triumph.

Under date of April 12th, and under the heading "Mark well the date," he wrote:

My heart is broken. . . . Read if you can the order of General Currie commanding the Canadians, of March 27th. "Under the orders of your devoted officers in the coming battle you will advance or fall where you stand facing the enemy" but you must read it all.¹ It's only one of hundreds or rather thousands of such inspirations.

Remember . . . that all through these recent months I have known *the truth*; the actual truth, as it was coming, as it has come to pass.

On the 13th he expresses the doubt that constantly tormented him:

On [Queen] Mary's heart was found I believe "Calais," but not mine, for "my back is against the wall," and "*on ne passera pas!*" but you will find there, on my heart, I mean, "Too late." . . .

The wonderful British heroes, in whose atmosphere I live and whom I see every day, are indeed an inspiration, and if only it would help, even a little in the making of the Nation (ours I mean), and in the making of the good old world a better place for our boys and girls to live in and pass on in their time, then, indeed, one is ready to make the great sacrifice.

April 16th, '18.

I am full of hope and confidence that it will all turn out right. England is magnificent and cannot be beaten. So is France. The deeds performed, the qualities and character shown, the morale, all are beyond description and praise and what did you think of Sir Doug-

¹"Looking back with pride on the unbroken record of your glorious achievements, asking you to realize that to-day the fate of the British Empire hangs in the balance, I place my trust in the Canadian Corps, knowing that where Canadians are engaged there can be no giving way. Under the orders of your devoted officers in the coming battle you will advance or fall where you stand facing the enemy.

"To those who fall I say: 'You will not die, but will step into immortality. Your mothers will not lament your fate, but will be proud to have borne such sons. Your names will be revered for ever and ever by your grateful country, and God will take you unto Himself.'" Lieutenant-General (later General) Sir Arthur Currie's charge to his troops before they entered the battle. Buchan's *History of the Great War*, vol. iv, p. 228.

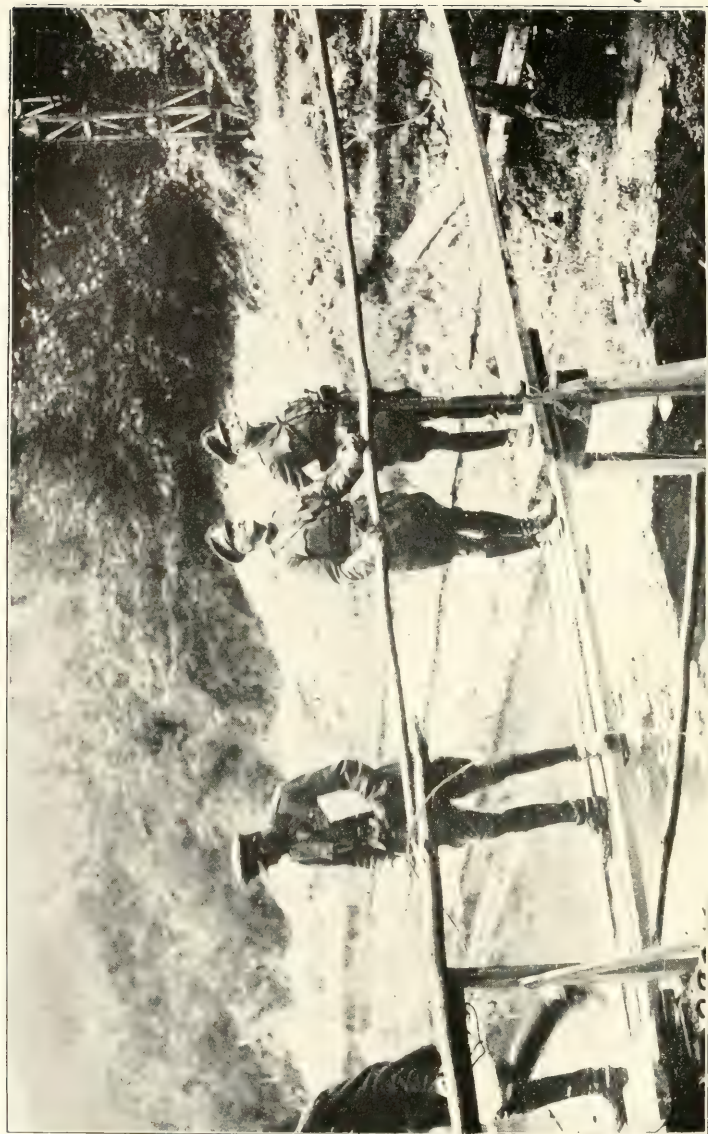
Sir Arthur Currie (1875-), whose Order of the Day impressed the entire civilized world, as well as Mr. Bacon, commanded the 1st Canadian Division in France (1914-1917), and the Canadian Corps in France (1917-1919). In 1920, after his return to Canada, he was elected to and accepted the principalship of McGill University.



U. S. Official

THE BATTLEFIELD OF ST. QUENTIN

Col. A. F. Fletcher, Col. Rob't. Bacon, General Sir Douglas Haig Col. J. Haizleton



U. S. Official

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG AND COLONEL ROBERT BACON ON THE ST.-QUENTIN BRIDGE

Viewing the first break in the Hindenburg Line, which was made by the 30th and 27th Divisions of the U. S. Army serving with the British

las' message to England.¹ The days of Nelson² and Wellington have come again and never has England or France fought for a nobler cause. And America! I daily pray that she may make good in every way. We have helped, we have been of incalculable financial and moral support, and now the big prices and the real sacrifice! I have waked up at night for many months and heard a voice: Hurry, hurry, hurry! Hurry, hurry, hurry! I have been impatient and at times agitated and have looked things squarely in the face. A great calm has come to me now, and—

This is April 29th, and I find this scrap still in my pocket along with the scrawl from Paris. I am ashamed to send them but you will understand.

Colonel Bacon was trying to keep his courage up. In a letter of the 22nd he wrote:

A nice Irish colonel came in the other day, of a well-known North of Ireland regiment, and told me that the motto of his regiment was "Keep Smiling," and, as it was on a particularly critical day, I adopted it at once, and have made it the *mot d'ordre* of this office, and my own . . . and my pen must smile too, for as this splendid C. in C. said the other day in his message to England, "My back is against the wall. . . ."

The thing that is nearest my heart, as you can well imagine, is the *rapprochement*, the ever-closer alliance and union of British and American Armies and Nations. There is nothing else so important to win the war, and for all time to win peace for the world. Can you imagine how intense my longing is to do every little thing, no matter how small, how intangible, to contribute only just a little. You can imagine me better than any one. You know how I care about things. You know how I care about this, and how my small part in it looms large in my poor soul, and how I try to carry the whole war and its responsibility on my poor, weak old shoulders.

Through all this wonderful month that has just gone, since you wrote your letter on the 22nd and spoke of the German drive having begun, I have felt very close to these splendid Britons who are run-

¹"Every position must be held to the last man. There must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind depend alike upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment." *Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig's Special Order of the Day*, April 11, 1918, addressed to "All Ranks of the British Army in France and Flanders." *New York Times*, April 13, 1918, p. 1.

²Colonel Bacon apparently had in mind Lord Nelson's famous signal before the Battle of Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty."

ning the whole show, and no words of mine can ever express my admiration for them. The boche says now quite openly that we, America, are the only hope of the Allies, and that we are too late. We are *not* too late, in the sense that he means, although you know my views on that subject.

The little stream is getting bigger every day. Faster! faster! for God's sake, and the wall of blood and iron is getting stronger and will hold steady as a rock, till the big stream bursts in upon them, and carries us all up on to a victory over this monstrous thing. *Think* of the part we must play, think of the delicacy and difficulty of steering this wonderful force which must be the greatest moral and physical, aye! and spiritual that the world has ever known, or it cannot lift the poor tired world out of the Slough of Despond into which these soulless blackguards are trying to sink it. Hurry! hurry! and the victory will be the more complete!

In view of the feverish activity on the British front, Colonel Bacon must have had, as he says, in a simple but significant sentence, "many guests lately and of the *greatest* importance, coming and going on duty of staggering importance."¹ He himself was as busy as any of his guests. On the 25th he writes from the Hôtel de Crillon:

I am here in Paris by the merest chance without even a toothbrush or razor, chafing to get away again, but delayed by a *panne* [break-down]. An Ambulance from Neuilly ran plump into the back of the Rolls Royce, and split the gasoline tank wide open so I am tied by the leg, and Sergeant Daniels is trying to get me a new tank in time to get away before dark, which would get me back again up North about

¹Many expressions of appreciation for Mr. Bacon's hospitality might be cited from its recipients. One must suffice.

HEADQUARTERS II CORPS,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

Bonnétable, France,
January 6, 1918.

MY DEAR COLONEL BACON:

Will you please accept my somewhat tardy but grateful thanks for your very kind hospitality during my stay at Montreuil?

Your bed and board, so graciously tendered, was certainly an oasis to me, a lonely wanderer in a friendless land. The warmth and comfort was fully appreciated, I assure you.

With kindest regards, I am

Very sincerely,

F. E. BUCHAN,
Colonel, G. S.

midnight, if I should be lucky. I saw young [Ted Roosevelt] last night with his division and made a point to-day of going to see Eleanor to tell her he was in fine shape. Tell T. R. and tell him too how straight what he is quoted as having said two days ago went to my heart. I am going to try to see Archie Roosevelt to-day. . . .

This place is full of missions and commissions and conferences and sailors and politicians, and is no place for me. Back to the real fellows, who are heroes with their back to the wall, or holding on the one-yard line with nothing but them between us all and despair. Not for a minute can they be beaten any more than Lawrence was beaten at Lucknow, when he was listening and at last heard the pipes in the distance, when he was sick at heart and sore pressed, but did not show it. Last night just at dusk I came to a little village, where the band of an American artillery brigade or regiment was just finishing a little concert after supper, and hundreds of fine American lads were grouped about, and just then they struck up the "Marseillaise" and then the "Star-Spangled Banner," and you can imagine the thrill that went up and down my back as I jumped out to stand at attention and salute with the others.

In a letter of April 29th, Colonel Bacon confides to Mrs. Bacon that he had read with pride in yesterday's issue of the *Daily Mail* that she "headed the women's division [of the parade for preparedness in New York] and 'made a splendid showing'."

I was talking to you yesterday . . . just by myself quietly as I so often do, and made up my mind that I couldn't write you any more about this hateful war, as you said in one of your letters we must think and speak of happier, simple things, and I go to sleep every night thinking of you and your little friends, the little red-haired girl and big Bob and so on up the scale to W. B. B. who is getting to be a real person, isn't he!

Teach them and let their mothers teach them, when we are gone, to despise the hateful cursed things that the Hun is seeking to impose upon the world. Teach them that the very opposites of these things are the only things worth living and dying for—that love, not hate, and kindly consideration and the Golden Rule must rule the world, and, if need be, must be fought for and defended by blood and iron and tears and agony. And nations too, not only men, must appreciate and accept these rules of conduct—of international conduct. Progress, civilization, human tenderness are in the throes of mortal disease, are in the crucible of a fiery furnace and the crisis is **not yet**.

Later in the day.

The news is good to-day . . . and by a coincidence I am dining with General D. I dined with him on the 28th of March, which was the day the boches were stopped at Arras and Montdidier. To-day he said "Come along to-night and we'll have another turn in the battle."

Colonel Bacon had joyfully dated his letter of March 1st, "The First Day of Spring," but the elements were not to be brought into camp with phrases.

Under date of May 3d he writes:

To-day is the first that feels at all like spring . . . the first day that I have been willing to dispense with my little kerosene stove in my little office, and the sun is streaming in the window—actually warmer outside than inside, and, in spite of it, I am sort of sad, but keep on smiling. Five days almost of comparative quiet and relief from the desperate tension and strain. The storm will break out again with redoubled fury perhaps, but the story of the past six weeks proves that you are right "*on ne passera pas.*"

These splendid men, almost superhuman in their courage, and calm, grim determination, stand like a rock against the flood. The French, too, are wonderful in their brilliancy and fighting spirit and dash. The mode of thought, the attitude of mind, the mentality, even, is a little different, but let no one say that they do not fully appreciate and admire the great qualities of each other. They are shoulder to shoulder to the end, and they want us alongside, and I never longed for anything so intensely as that we should be now quickly, for our own sakes, as well as for theirs and the cause, shoulder to shoulder with them "*à la vie, à la mort.*" And we shall be, and the world will be saved from the unspeakable Hun and his dastardly domination.

"Two British officers last night, several American lately and to-morrow a dinner party" put his housekeeping to a severe test, owing to the loss of his "loyal and devoted serviteurs." Of course he wishes to tell of his guests and their *raison d'être* but of course he cannot.¹

¹Among Colonel Bacon's effects was found a blank-book called "Brunehautpré Visitors' Book." It contains many a notable name, although some of his visitors were too worried and hurried to sign. Some of the guests of April 21st who registered were the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces, General John J. Pershing; Generals Harbord and Nolan, etc., and on July 20th, Tasker H. Bliss, Brevet-General, U. S. Army. Permanent American Military Representative in the Supreme War Council at Versailles.

There is a personal item of a general nature affecting all Americans alike and interesting as a leaf on the stream to show its current:

So you must stop your blessed little envoies that have meant so much to me, chocolates, socks, soap and all! You have been a darling to take all the trouble and be so thoughtful of me all the time. I have loved the little packages and eagerly looked for them, but I understand why a regulation should be made, and enforced. Two thirds of all the space and tonnage allotted for mail has been other than first class, and thousands of tons have been shipped this way by parcel post. It had to be stopped, or at least minimized. . . .

By the way, I felt obliged and wanted to do my part, so cabled to subscribe to the Loan for you and me and the boys and girls but to do so I had to sell some of our Anglo-French bonds, at a considerable loss, of course, but I felt that we had to take a big hunk of our own and didn't know what else to sell quickly. We must charge it all to our family contribution to the war. I have been meaning for a long time to ask you to tell the boys, all of them, to put their minds on the question of my investments as well as their own, and to send me any suggestions of possible changes.

The next letter that Colonel Bacon wrote was one long cry of agony straight from the heart, for it conveyed to Mrs. Bacon the news that he was to lose the post with British Headquarters which he loved like life and in present conditions, even more than life itself. The reasons for his proposed transfer have been already given in detail, inasmuch as it seemed better to state at the beginning rather than later the grounds for the transfer and Colonel Bacon's success in the performance of his many and arduous duties. The transfer never took place, as Sir Douglas Haig intervened, not in Colonel Bacon's interest but in the interest of the British Army for which as Commander-in-Chief he had the right to and actually did speak. The incident is therefore of importance in this connection as it shows the spirit of service with which Colonel Bacon was animated. The correspondence for the next few days is full of the subject, as he was writing to Mrs. Bacon, but he could not rid himself of the feeling even, in writing to her, that it was unworthy to think of little personal matters in such a crisis of the world. In the first letter of this series he plunges in without a word of introduction:

May 5th, 1918.

I have just received a staggering, stunning knock-out blow. I have been relieved. Not a real knock-out perhaps, for I shall try to bear up and carry on and smile! I was *too happy* in my work and surroundings. It was too good to last. Now I must go, not up but down, and "upon being thus relieved, will proceed . . . for the purpose of taking the next course at the Army General Staff College." If I were twenty years younger, I should jump at the chance, full of courage and ambition, but the old horse is lame . . . and will not pass the Vet. and in war time there is no use for old cripples. There is no time to fool with them, so, like General Bell, I shall probably have to "creep home and take my place, lad, the spent and maimed among," . . . but this is only for your own dear private ear. To the world at large, and even to the boys and Sister, I must take it like a soldier, having made my bed. I shall set my teeth and go hard at the Staff College course, even at my years, and if I can pull it off and make good, well, I can hold my head high after all. If my health holds out . . . I can do it, and my back is against the wall like splendid Sir D. H.'s, and I'll try to be true to my Anglo-Saxon traditions.

Of course there is a technical and professional reason for it, and I feared it might come. I shall be relieved by a General Officer Commanding, as there was not thought to be room for both, and it's mighty kind and considerate of General Pershing to send me to the Staff College, and I shall be very proud, but just this morning (I have known less than an hour) it is so hard for me to leave my friends here, and a job, into which I had thrown myself heart and soul, and which I even flattered myself I could do as well as any one, that the fact is I am just gasping and trying to get hold of myself, and pouring out my soul to you . . . to you to whom I always turn in joy or sorrow, and I get courage as I write, and new determination to carry on and make good, no matter what happens. It is all so small and comparatively trivial after all when one stops to consider the big, awful, crucial things that are happening to the whole world and impending each day. What does an atom like me amount to anyway, and I am already ashamed even to have allowed myself to cry out when I was wounded and hurt. It is over now, and I shall be worthy of you after all, even if I fail, but I shall not fail. "*On ne passera pas*"¹ and I shall hold on to my *panache*. . . .

¹"*Ils ne passeront pas*. They shall not pass."

General Pétain. At the end of February, 1916, General de Castelnau was sent by General Joffre to decide whether Verdun should be abandoned or defended. He consulted with General Pétain, saying, "They (the Germans) must not pass." General Pétain said:

May 6, '18.

I must say another word. . . . I find myself *enfin seul* after a hectic day and more to come later. I am still somewhat dazed after yesterday's news, and don't know exactly where I'm at. I have taken my eagles off, and my *écusson* with the 4 stars, and now back to the Q. M. C. and the gold leaves, which I find I don't mind at all. I do mind being pulled away from this work, though, at just this time, with big things pending. I feel very close to these splendid fellows and I'm proud to think that they mean it when they say they don't want me to go. If sympathy and understanding are real and deep at times like this, they mean much. I don't want to leave them at such a time especially, and I won't if I can help it, no matter what it may cost for the future. I am flattered of course to be sent to the Staff College, which means going on, if I can do the work, and perhaps becoming a real officer, which, of course, has been my dream, for to grow into a soldier at my time of life, even though it's for the Staff—the brains and direction, not the actual command of men in the line, is unusual and gratifying when one wants to serve. So I have offered to stay and work under General Harts, as liaison officer, and I should be rather pleased to do it as a Major after having been a Colonel. I know it would be appreciated. You know me . . . I like to be liked and don't care a damn for rank and all that, except as an evidence of work well done, and honorable service. The Staff College course to which I am ordered begins, I think, toward the last of May and lasts over two months. What will those Fort Sill boys think of my going to school again? Jiminy, it will be hard and frightens me to death, but I shall go to it, unless they desire to leave me here to work for England's hour and the cause, through our union with her, which may its bonds grow stronger and stronger and become indissoluble for the good of the world, for Freedom and the future of our children's children. I shall be in suspense for several days, and in any event expect to stay here two weeks more, in which time much may happen! This is another great wrench and parting of the ways. You have often said that the hardest thing is to know one's duty. The doing of it is easier when one is sure which way to go.

I have just been interrupted by a long distance call from out there, saying that a letter had been written to me explaining what had happened to me! I shall be glad to know. It appears that three A. D. C.'s *quorum pars fui* have been relieved and revert to their

"They shall not pass." In France the people credit it to General Joffre. See N. Y. *Times*, May 6, 1917. *Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations*, revised edition by K. L. Roberts (1922), p. 853.

former rank and station. The School is said to be to give me the opportunity which I wanted—the others go their several ways. There have been also many other changes in the General Staff. My little friend McCoy gets what he wants, and others all along the line, with more or less satisfaction. So it goes. And it's all so little as compared with the stupendous real things that are going on that it seems absurdly insignificant.

May 6, '18.

I am more content to-night . . . probably for two reasons. I have just dined with three British noblemen. I mean natural noblemen, not the titled kind, and I don't know that of all my acquaintance and experience I have ever known three finer men.¹ That is a good deal, isn't it? And when I tell you that they were all just as considerate and sympathetic toward me, and really wanted me to stay amongst them, you can see why I am so pleased and flattered. I wish I dared tell you who they were, but when I tell you that no one's opinion could be so important or mean so much to me just now, you may guess the kind of soldiers they are. No one did I say? Perhaps this letter which I find on my desk to-night is even more welcome and important:

MY DEAR COLONEL BACON,

I have given this day orders to relieve yourself, Col. — and Col. — from duty on my personal staff.

The — etc. render unnecessary the maintenance of a separate office there for the work which you have efficiently performed to my satisfaction since you were detailed as an A. D. C. . . . I take this occasion to express to you my earnest appreciation of the whole-hearted way in which you have constantly performed every duty given you since our departure from New York last May. Your enthusiasm, your willingness and singleness of purpose are an example to all of us. I have given orders that you be accorded the privilege of a term at the Staff College, which will bring you more in touch with the work of the Staff in general, and will open for you a new opportunity for increased usefulness.

With best wishes for your future,

Signed personally—[JOHN J. PERSHING].

Kindly and considerate . . . to take this trouble in the midst of the biggest things that ever a man had to tackle, and I don't mind if you tell a few of my real friends who may wonder why I am reduced

¹One of the three was none other than Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig.

in rank. You know those whose opinions I care about and value, and with whom I like to share my satisfaction.

May 10, '18.

I am getting a little "fed up" with playing the camouflage part of a "good loser" . . . They tried to console me after my senatorial fiasco by telling me that I was a good loser.

I am trying to be now, and keep on smiling although the medicine is not very pleasant to take. But I plug along as I did last winter at G. H. Q., and try to pretend that I do not mind my demotion.

It would be easier, of course, to go on and take the course at Langres, and climb along as opportunity offers, but somehow I didn't like the idea of retreating under fire as it were, so long as these fine fellows said that I could help them by staying. The C. in C. has done me the great honor to request that . . . [deleted by Censor]. I hope to be allowed to tell you out loud some day. In the meantime these are difficult days for your old man, darn difficult. . . .

Your last letter was of April 10, and much has happened since then. My thoughts are pretty well filled with the building up of our Army everywhere in France as an effective force, now that the long interminable period of creation, instruction, and organization is passing into one of action. I see that T. R., bless him, says we must have 5 millions and be ready with 5 millions more. So we must, and I am thrilled by the accounts cabled over to the London and Paris papers of the change and progress and apparent determination at home. Hurry, Hurry, faster, faster the voice still cries out to me. . . .

Did you know we are all asked to write a letter home on **Mother's Day!** Every day is Mother's Day for me.

This was by General Pershing's order.

Following message from Commander-in-Chief is transmitted for your information and guidance:

"To all Commanding Officers I wish that every officer and soldier of the American Expeditionary Forces would write a letter home on 'Mother's Day.' This is a little thing for each one to do. But these letters will carry back our courage and our affection to the patriotic women whose love and prayers inspire us and cheer us on to victory.

"PERSHING.

"Inform all concerned in your command."

This is my third letter on Mother's Day . . . and I suppose you have seen the General's telegram quoted above. Simple, homely

things like this mean much over here, and there will be no skeptical smile as there might have been in the old days of the old false atmosphere, false pride and fool's paradise. I have no time to scribble to-day and nothing really to tell you except that *I love you* on Mother's Day, and every day is Mother's Day for me.

Colonel Bacon meant to keep his promise to think of the simple things. He may have thought of them, but he failed, it must be admitted, to write of them, that is to say, to write only of them. On May 12th, "Mother's Day" as he continued to call it, he wrote:

Mother's Day indeed . . . and in spite of the perplexities and anxieties that beset your old boy, your oldest son, he is sending you a line without a single complaint, and "thinking Mother dear of you, and will try to cheer his comrades and be gay." He is rather ashamed of having allowed himself to write a doleful line yesterday on Mother's Day, so on Mother's Day to-day he will try to be as brave as Mother is. No one could be as brave as you. . . .

What are you and your babies doing to-day? I like to think that you are out in the sunshine with some of them. It is cold and drizzling here. Are you in the country, or still in Park Avenue? You say Murphy is trying to sell ponies. Good! I didn't know he had any left. Of course sell them or better "put them away," all except old Ribbons, unless he is dead. He ought to have got rid of them long ago, except those that are good for ploughing, and work in harness. How would it do to ask George to write me all about things at Westbury, farm, stable, houses, etc., and a very rough estimate of cost.

How is little Chiel¹ and our other little friends. Have you any left and what became of Raksha, the she wolf? Beo never came back! I hope you went on to stay with Bob and Virginia. I should much like to hear of them. Tell Virginia I had a call from her Cousin Murray, the King's Messenger, who had seen Cecil. Heaps of love to them all.

And on May 15th:

Your dear letter of the 14th came day before yesterday and Sister's of the 17th to-day, so I feel a little better in touch with you, although a month is a long, long time, and since you wrote another tremendous phase of the battle has come, and thank God, is past. The blessed "thin line" has again held against overwhelming odds, has again

¹Mrs. Bacon's little Scotch terrier.

saved the world from the dastardly, unspeakable Hun. You may well say that these wonderful British are magnificent. No words of mine can begin to express my admiration for them, and what they have done and my gratitude—and now they are ready to do it again, and the splendid French soldiers are with them, shoulder to shoulder. Would to Heaven we were ready to play our part! We are here though and we are coming strong every day, and the announcement by the Sec'y of War that already there are 500,000 Americans in France has had a splendid effect and given heart to many who were beginning to wonder whether there really was to be an American Army—but mind you I think we have accomplished un hoped-for and extraordinary results and with very little inevitable delay, and now what you say of conditions at home gives me the greatest encouragement for the future, if only the superb stout wall will hold a few months more, and I have supreme faith and confidence that it will. *On ne passera pas!* And after that, *on les aura!* It will not, it cannot be permitted that the blight and curse of this monstrous thing, this giant octopus, this loathsome devil-fish shall seize the world and impose its degradation. Why do I write these things, when I mean to commune with you and smile, and think of pleasant, happier times and places!

Mrs. Bacon had written of Gaspar and Elliot, who were detailed as Instructors. Colonel Bacon writes as any one on the other side would about such "a calamity":

I think the hard luck of Gap and Ett is almost too much to bear, just because they are gunners, and better than the others. It will be cruel if poor G. is condemned to another term at Fort Sill and I can just imagine Ett's disappointment and disgust at the sudden change of plan and orders, which keeps him waiting on the dock as it were, and worse still that they have drafted away so many of his best men. I think that is the last straw! All their fortitude and highest qualities will be brought out by this severe and heartbreaking test. My little personal troubles are insignificant as compared to theirs, and mine are almost too much for me these days, although my eagles are gone. If I can only hold on to my gold leaves and even my Q. M. insignia with credit, and can be kept on to work for those who want me and not canned and sent home to eat my heart out, in some subordinate quartermaster's job, I shall count myself lucky after all for an old "has been."

I was afraid, and told you so, that it was too good to be true, that I was too happy. Such things seldom last in the Army but I will smile

and take my medicine, and only wish I could do something to help the boys. It is humiliating to be so utterly powerless, but never mind. . . . We must all cheer up and we will win out in the end.

Between the 15th and 16th of May he learned that the youngest son, Elliot, married to Hope Norman, and therefore called "Hope's hope" to pass the censor, had arrived in France.

May 16, '18.

To show you how little we know . . . of what is going on, I heard only yesterday of the arrival in the South of Hope's hope! It may be a long time before I can get there, but I shall try you may be sure, and sometimes unexpectedly news travels fast, and I may hear some news for Hope. Is poor old G. still eating his heart out at Ft. Sill, and Bob? His work must be very useful. What do they say of his Chief? Tell Hope that I got her nice letter yesterday and thank her for it. Dear little Soul, I suppose it is pretty lonely at the cottage. I wish I could see her and her little red-headed girl. I wish we had a dozen of them!

You will surely get some relaxation and pleasure in your garden. . . . I can see you and Chiel by the hedges and in the wet grass at six in the morning. It will be a relief for you and a wee bit of comfort.

I am off this morning to visit some Americans. This absurdly overdone secrecy forbids my saying who. Do you remember Alex Lehmann's wife's uncle in the Philippines?¹

Later.—Had a fine day in the sunshine with a nice Brig.-Gen. who is—[scratched out].

Everything is going wrong with me, and I am quite disgusted so I am going to bed.

On May 17th Colonel Bacon sent a photograph and the description which he gives of himself suggests anything but what he was.

Here is a beautiful picture . . . taken on a day when the future looked very black and the present pretty nearly impossible.

The war and time have made their mark, but here I am in all my nakedness, a gray-headed, sour-faced old man with a beautiful mouth!

¹The reference is to Major General William M. Wright, Commanding 35th Division, and later Third, Fifth, and Seventh Corps of the A. E. F.

Aren't you sorry you asked me to send you my mug! I am going to send you another in a few days, more beautiful still with all the lines but I don't want to give you too much of a shock.

I have had unhappy hours lately, but on the whole I am taking my medicine pretty well and my only regret is that you and the children, and my friends (are there a few who remember me) may wonder why I am again a Major having been a camouflage Colonel, and think that I have failed. Well, I guess I have from a military and worldly point of view, and I have dropped from quite a pinnacle, a sadder and a wiser man. It must be good for me. It hurts all right, and the fact that it hurts shows that I am not made of the right stuff. Forgive me . . . for being such a baby and whimpering about my poor, miserable affairs at such a time as this, but I can't speak of the one big thing—waiting! We are all waiting and the calm is ominous.

On May 31st, Colonel Bacon wrote of the coming of American troops and of visiting three American divisions on Decoration Day, the 30th:

The tears are very near the surface these days when I think of you, and again when I greet the inpouring stream of American soldiers, as I do every day now, *but* do you remember what you will find engraven upon my heart?

We have arrived again at an intense and vitally critical moment in the battle—in all our lives—the third phase since March 21st. March 28th brought relief and respite.¹ April 29th brought it again, and floods of destruction of everything we hold dear and holy were stopped. To-day is the 5th day of this phase, and *they shall not pass*, and Oh God! send our Divisions quickly, quickly, that they may play their part, and sanctify by Thy pity the blessed tears of our beloved ones at home!

Yesterday was Decoration Day, almost a holiday for our training divisions. I went with a high officer [Sir Douglas Haig], to whose personal staff I am attached, to visit three of our divisions [27th, 30th, and 35th], and my heart was full of emotion and pride. You have seen them. You know how you felt when they walked up 5th Avenue. How do you suppose I felt, or that you must feel if you saw

¹The reference is to the holding of the lines in front of Amiens after the unified command. The second phase began April 9th, between La Bassée and Armentières. On April 29th the Germans were severely beaten by the British and French in their attack on Météren and Voormezele. This operation, extending over twenty days, is called the Battle of the Lys.

The third phase, to which Colonel Bacon refers, was the Third Battle of the Aisne, ending on June 2nd. As Colonel Bacon said, they did not pass.

them here standing at attention with the bugle sounding the salute—here in France at last? Do you wonder that my heart was in my mouth, and that I could not speak and see? . . .

A year has gone! somewhere! since I sailed away. Good-bye for to-day.

Here are three scrappy letters—much like those written from France under similar circumstances except that there is a personal note in the one of June 5th:

May 31st, '18.

The same Mother's Day.

I never tell you anything you want to know. I seem to be tongue-tied and witless when I seize a moment to write. Elliot I have not seen and as things are at present there is not the slightest chance of my seeing him for a long time. He is training far away.

Sunday June 2nd. "Mother's Day."

So much is happening and I am powerless to tell you anything.

June 5th. I can hardly believe it but three more days have gone and every day I think that I must say a word to you to-day, and then the day is gone and I fall into bed—never till after midnight—dead tired with the emotion—the hopes and doubts and chagrins and disappointments. . . .

For these past six months I have known the truth of what was going to happen as I have never known it before. I can say to *you* . . . but not to the world that my vision has been clear. . . .

I went to a "promotional party" the other night—the first momentary relaxation I have given way to. 22 at dinner in a neighboring town 25 miles away—an American Staff—and after dinner a private vaudeville show by a British Divisional Company, which was really good—two men taking part of girls, etc.—just foolish. Such things help a little to let go the handlebars.

June 8th was indeed "Mother's Day" for Colonel Bacon received three letters from Mrs. Bacon and one from Elliot.

So my poor day was brightened up—and it *was* a poor day, but to-day is a little better because some of the complications and disappointments of yesterday have been straightened out, but I *care* so much that everything American shall go right that when they go wrong it seems as if I could not bear it. Perhaps I care too much, but it is my only way, as you know of old, and everything is so intense, of such

vital importance that everyone is pretty well keyed up to concert pitch.

You ask me how I am—how I am standing it! Pretty well I think . . . to be perfectly honest for an old fellow of my years and infirmities, although I am getting very white and furrowed—grizzled and wrinkled, but that does not disturb me a bit and I find that I can keep it up day and night, week in and week out as well as the fellows who are twenty years younger, so I'll play the game as long as I can, and die in harness perhaps.

I don't sleep as much or as soundly as I used to, but why should I! Rather a troubled sleep from about 12:30 to 7. I try not to eat and drink too much but have hard work keeping my belt from getting too tight and no exercise, but never stopping from 7 till midnight, and taking things pretty hard, for my fund of sympathy seems inexhaustible. I am suddenly breaking off here to dine with my new Chief ("in one sense of the word"), General Harts.

(*Later*) The lights go out at eleven now so I haven't many minutes before I shall be left in darkness with nowhere to go but home to Brunehautpré to bed.

I have been afraid of losing my nice little place in the country, for the French mission wanted to turn me out, but to-day it is settled. I think that I can keep it, and I am glad because I always have a place for American officers, and I have also asked some British officers to come and live with me because they are ordered out of town.

I am going to try to let go the handlebars a little . . . because I think if I do, I can last longer. I am going to try to have my nice friends to dinner and pretend that I am not unhappy. Remember my Irish motto, "Keep on smiling, and keep your rifle clean." I have bought some red and white wine from an old Abbé and my old goose is getting fatter, so that it is almost time to have him killed for dinner, and we really live on the fat of the land—much too well as a matter of fact, as the canteen and the American Q. M. stores provide many extras—canned vegetables, corn, hominy, beans, etc.; and plenty of canned fruit. So what with occasional roast pork from the neighboring villages and veal (always good) young Clark (my batman) and I manage to set a pretty tasty table, with June roses and honeysuckle and carnations and peonies and weigela (the lilacs are gone) all of which I love because they always remind me of you. I know your Garden Club party was a great success. Keep up the nice old simple things that you love so well. Keep up your weeding and squirting, and the joy you get out of them will be your greatest asset. Break away from your strenuous, tense, anxious life. You and I must both do it, each in our way for each other's sake.

We must not break down and I realize that it is even harder for you

than for me, but we have much to live for . . . ten years together, if all goes well, whether of joy or sorrow, but ten more years *together* 'tis all I ask or dare to hope for.

June 18, '18.
Mother's Day.

The anniversary of Waterloo [1815] and yesterday was Bunker Hill [1775]. The last week has slipped by, hectic, thrilling, emotional for me, hopeful and depressed in succession and each day busier and fuller than the last, so that I haven't had a moment to write. . . .

I haven't heard again from Ett, but I know pretty well where he has been, down near Bordeaux, which is about as far away as New York. He must be just about starting to join his division, very near where I went once to celebrate an anniversary in a little town [Saint-Dié] far away. You did not go but you must remember. Ett wrote that he had no saddle equipment so I got everything for him yesterday in Paris, where I found myself for an hour or so *de passage*—saddle, bridle, etc., which I had packed in a basket and shall despatch as soon as I know just where to send it. This is about the best I could do for him for a birthday present. I had a great run to G. H. Q., through the night to Paris and then on at 4 A. M., arriving at 9:30 to pass the day, and back again through the night for a few hours on important matters in Paris again, and back here to report later the next afternoon, about 1000 kilometres in all and very successful, although my heart was sinking with misgivings till to-day when it was all over and something accomplished.

I have had one or two splendid days of late with our divisions—*my* divisions,¹ God bless them, and if ever a man was pleased and proud and thrilled with emotion as I ride about with the C. in C. to inspect them, and when after a regimental review of Dan Appleton's old 7th regiment, with machine gun battalions added, some 7000 in all, with the 7th regt. band, the British officers say to each other, "Why, they are as the guards!" You can imagine how I feel and with what a full

¹General Pershing naturally desired that the American Army should be fought as a whole. He therefore contemplated the withdrawal from the British Army of American Divisions which had been attached to it.

On June 3, 1918, it was agreed that five of the ten divisions should be withdrawn to support the French. Of the five remaining, two were withdrawn, leaving the 27th, 30th and 33rd. (*See Final Report of General Pershing*, p. 33; *Sir Douglas Haig's Command, December 19, 1915, to November 11, 1918*, by George A. B. Dewar assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Boraston, vol. ii (1922), pp. 280-281).

Colonel Bacon had been the intermediary between Sir Douglas Haig and General Pershing, and he naturally felt a personal as well as an official pride in the outcome. He here refers affectionately to the American troops attached to the British Army.

heart I stand up behind the C. in C. to salute the Stars and Stripes! . . .

Sometimes I leave with the C. in C. at 9—Sergeant Daniels and the Rolls Royce following, till we arrive at the area of a blessed American division, where we find horses waiting—then two hours' inspection of the minutest kind, then lunch in a green shady place by the roadside, from a wonderful basket that has seen more service and could tell more secrets of this war since August, 1914, than any other basket or soldier, then on again to another division, where new horses are waiting, and where I meet many familiar faces from home, and choke with deep feeling when I speak to them, then back toward home till we meet our own horses and ride back to dinner at 8, 10 miles more across the fields—then in to the office and the telephone after dinner till midnight.

The lights went out on Colonel Bacon, the candle was low and he went to bed with the letter unfinished. He took it up three days later, June 21st, the "longest day in the year":

Your dear letter of the 26th May came to-day—the day I sailed away or rather it was Monday the 28th that I actually sailed and, Oh! what a year! It seems a lifetime. How I long to get back to you! and if we can only be together for 5 years *after the war*. I said *ten* years in one of my letters to you, but now I'd compromise for 5! if it could only be ended *right*.

You speak of your long days. *We* have daylight now till 10 o'clock and the twilights are lovely, and the June roses on my dining table always speak of you. I love to hear all about your garden.

The next letter is dated "June 25th":

It's always too late, or there is some interruption, or I am called off—and I never seem to have a minute to myself to talk to you all the things that are constantly in my mind and heart and on my tongue. The telephone is ringing in my ear at this minute and I have had two conversations since I began this page, and the church clock is striking 10:45 and at eleven the lights go out and there is not even a candle, so you will understand why I write you such scrappy unsatisfactory scrawls, although every day all the time I have so many big wonderful things to say to you! and interesting things to describe to you. I am terribly disappointed not to have the smallest chance to see Elliot. By the merest chance his division was ordered far away, al-

though it might have been here right at my door. How I shall get to him I really do not know, but I will some day.

You will have had my letter by Col. Hewitt which I hope will explain a little what has happened to me. It is all right if it only lasts, but I am on tenter-hooks all the time.

Such a nice dinner to-night at my Chief's *en famille*, and the talk was of pleasant things, not war, and the daylight lasted till ten o'clock.

In April Colonel Bacon had received a letter from his former colleagues of the Corporation of Harvard that the degree of Doctor of Laws had been voted him and in a few lines of the letter of June 25th he again expresses regret that the degree was not conferred upon him in his absence.

These last few days I have been hoping against hope that I might receive a cable from Lawrence Lowell saying that they had given me something "in absentia," but no such luck and you won't mention it to any one.

I had a cable asking me if I could be there on the 20th to receive a degree, but he might as well have asked me for the moon, and he must have known it. I would have been proud and happy to have it as you know.

June 26th . . . It is a tragedy that I cannot go to find Ett who is probably far away in the mountains by this time, or on his way. Poor little Hope. Her trials are coming early. Guy was made of the right stuff.¹ He was lucky not to have to hang on—an invalid. It's better to die in harness.

He evidently despaired of ending this letter many times begun but never finished. "I am called away," he says again, and signs it.

The letter of June 28th recounts a characteristic example of that kindly consideration which he advocated between nations:

There seems to be an ominous calm . . . and sails are furled, and everything made snug for the coming storm, but, before it breaks let us think of pleasant things and simple and loving and homely. You and your garden . . . and your cunning stone steps and

¹The reference is to her father, Guy Norman, who had entered the Navy from civil life in the war with Spain, who entered it again in the war with Germany, and who had just died in the service.

your columbines, and your sheep on the lawn and your roses. I too have roses, and carnations, and honeysuckle, and spirea, and lupine, and elder blossoms, and ramblers are over the house, and my May tree, which you in your ignorance would call a pink thorn, and now the strawberries have come, big round *white* strawberries, et "*oui c'est moi Monsieur qui les soigne, et recueille moi-même, et les légumes aussi, des petits pois, des carottes, des onions, des haricôts. Vous en aurez tant que Monsieur le Colonel voudra. Oui il faut que je me lève de bonne heure, mais pas avant cinq heures. Oui j'aurai soixante-quinze ans le 25 juillet, et j'ai des abeilles aussi. J'avais trois ruches, et maintenant j'en ai neuf. Le Colonel voudra du miel: mais pas avant le mois de Septembre. Elles mangent le sucre des trèfles pendant l'été.*" And all because last winter when she was sick, I sent her a couple of bottles of port wine.

Everything may change in one day or it may go on 14 years, and I shall be gone, but every day is crowded and every hour. Yes, to-day I had all day with troops, and I was crazy about them. Nothing I enjoy so much as to go about amongst them when they are having supper, or when they are training or marching, or when, as last evening, there was presentation of colors at "retreat," and they were all lined up at attention, and the bugle sounded colors, and then the wonderful band in a little enclosed court by the old brick house, covered with vines, played the "Star-Spangled Banner," and I at salute. Well, you know what I did!

The next letter, full of stirring events, pride at American achievement, sorrow at American losses, and sympathy with the grief-stricken at home, is written from London, on July 6th:

Where do you suppose I am . . . ! You can't guess. No. 41, Upper Grosvenor Street, to be sure, having just arrived this evening all of a sudden with my present Chief and his *other* A. D. C's for several days, and I hardly recognize myself. I am staying with General Biddle and Lloyd Griscom, the latter having invited me to make myself at home here whenever I came and you may be sure I was glad to have this nice *home* to go to, for if ever there was a lonely place for me it is London, not a cat that I ever saw before. . . .

My cable told you that I had missed Elliot. It was pretty sad for I made a big effort and travelled hard for two days and nights to surprise him on his birthday, but although I found his General commanding the division, who is very friendly and kind, the artillery had not arrived, so I left my little saddle box, or rather *big* basket, which I had strapped on behind the Rolls Royce, and started back

for Paris by way of Chaumont, where I passed the night with my Bishop, the second night by the way for I had stopped there the night before. He is splendid, and wonderful as ever, and it did me no harm to kneel with him twice after breakfast and pray for you and to get back to you.

I arrived back at my little home in the North last night and started with my perfectly charming Chief to-day and here I am feeling as if I had been whisked about in a whirlwind for the last five days, and *so much* has happened, and is happening, and it seems to my poor old weary heart as if it were almost the continuation of my dreams and hopes of the last four years. Could anything be finer than the record of our American troops these last few days! First came Seicheprey then Cantigny and Château Thierry and the Bois de Belleau, and Bouresches and Vaux, and now Hamel with the Australians, and the world is ringing with their praises, and a great load seems to be lifted after the depression and discouragement of a few weeks ago, and hope springs again that we may yet be in time.¹

I hardly dare to write it for I know the awful danger still hanging over the world—but he cannot, shall not do it! The hateful, loathsome Hun can no more succeed and prevail in the end than can the ages be set back, and all things good and spiritual and honorable and decent be swept away and dashed from man's soul. It is not to be!

The price will be awful, staggering, but the world will emerge better, decenter, and who can say that all the tears and agony shall have been in vain?

¹The first considerable American skirmish was at Seicheprey, on April 26th, "a score for the Germans but a credit to the fighting spirit of the Yankees." Frank H. Simonds' *History of the World War*, vol. v (1920), p. 187.

The First Division, on May 28th, "captured the important observation stations on the heights of Cantigny with splendid dash . . . The desperate efforts of the Germans gave the fighting at Cantigny a seeming tactical importance entirely out of proportion to the numbers involved.

"The third German offensive on May 27, against the French on the Aisne, soon developed a desperate situation for the Allies. The Second Division, then in reserve northwest of Paris and preparing to relieve the First Division, was hastily diverted to the vicinity of Meaux on May 31, and, early on the morning of June 1, was deployed across the Château-Thierry-Paris road near Montreuil-aux-Lions in a gap in the French line, where it stopped the German advance on Paris. At the same time the partially trained Third Division was placed at French disposal to hold the crossings of the Marne, and its motorized machine-gun battalion succeeded in reaching Château Thierry in time to assist in successfully defending that river crossing.

"The enemy having been halted, the Second Division commenced a series of vigorous attacks on June 4, which resulted in the capture of Belleau Wood after very severe fighting. The village of Bouresches was taken soon after, and on July 1 Vaux was captured. In these operations the Second Division met with most desperate resistance by Germany's best troops." *Final Report of General Pershing to the Secretary of War*, September 1, 1919, pp. 32-33.

As for "our country" over here. It makes me catch my breath these last three days to see and hear the acclaim, the admiration, the hope that are in every man's heart in France and in England. America's flags not only in every house in Paris and London for the 4th, but in every village all the way across France.

Can you imagine how near the tears of joy have been in my poor old throat and eyes, and I am not even ashamed of my weakness. . . .

Hamel and Vaux and Cantigny and Belleau Wood and Château Thierry may not be considered big affairs, but I know thousands of mothers, aye, and fathers too whose hearts have stood still as they braced themselves for the blow, and this and the splendid courage and sacrifice of those lads lying out there in the woods and wheatfields, or smiling in their pain at the hospital tell the story of an awakened national soul—and it is well. . . .

I am glad to have been so close officially to two great leaders of these armies, two gallant gentlemen. I wish I could write the story of it for Benny and the others, and my appreciation. I am only too proud to "stand and wait" in the humble background with my Major's gold leaves, which my Bishop wears now too, not wears for he is allowed to wear the cross, but he is a Major.

By the way, he and another of God's noblemen, Ireland,¹ are coming to spend next Tuesday night with me at Brunehautpré if I get back, and if not I shall see them here. It is a great privilege to have two such friends, and I feel a little less lonely when I am with them, and Sir Douglas too, one of the finest in the world, and the sweetest thing, gentleness and consideration personified. They are all awfully nice to me, and as for General Pershing! Didn't you think his letter to me was better than a decoration!

The fourteenth day of July found him again in London, "Still in London" as he puts it. To the little town in the north of France he turns with longing:

I am leaving to-morrow morning at 7:15 when the faithful Frank Hodson² is coming for me . . . and I shall be mighty glad to get back to France, and the atmosphere of the armies.

I have been uneasy every minute here in London, and while it has been a good thing for me to be here under the circumstances, and I have seen many important people I am thankful to go. . . .

¹Major-General Merritte W. Ireland, (1867-). Surgeon General of the United States (1918-).

²Francis Hodson, connected with the American Embassy in London for more than thirty years.

The only real day that I have had here was in the country at Sir D. Haig's. I saw the baby and as it was their wedding day I gave him a little silver mug. . . .

It has seemed so unreal my being here at this time when the suspense and uncertainty are so great that I have hated it, although Griscom and General Biddle have been kindness itself, and everybody is much finer than ever before, and of course I have been proud to be an American. All the world is looking to us now. God grant that we shall make good.

Colonel Bacon left London in the morning as planned and he celebrates his return "home" by putting "Dimanche" at the top of the letter and "Back again" in English:

Just a single line to-night . . . to tell you that I have arrived back [home] having started early this morning, as I told you in my scrawl of last night from 41 Upper Grosvenor Street. The suspense and expectation is still hanging over and to-day our French friend [Foch] spoke of what might happen at the *poindre du jour*.

(Interrupted again! confound it, and the lights are going out in five minutes.) I am glad to be back but my trip to London has unsettled me a little, and I am homesicker than ever.

As long as I can go on from day to day in my groove, thinking of my target of the day, and shutting out as much as possible all the rest of it, I seem to be able to stand it and make up my mind *not to think* . . .

There is no rest, no respite, no let-up, till it is all over, and my prayer and hope is that we may last it out, you and I, and get together again.

On July 22nd he writes from Paris:

For the last four days, proudness, if there is such a word, not pride, has over-shadowed, or at least modified everything real!

We are coming into our own . . . we have risen hundreds of per cent. in the eyes and estimation of all the world, for we are beginning to show and prove that as a whole, as a people, as a nation, at last, we are made of the right stuff. Let us be very humble, very modest, but for the doubters, the critics, the stupidly jealous, or the overbearing and insolent, let us rub their noses in the dirt.

I spent nearly all day yesterday with our American wounded at Neuilly at the Ambulance Américaine! bless its heart, and blessings to you dear, brave loyal soul, to whom it owes so much of its life and power for good. You would have wept with me . . . as I

talked to one after another of the modest heroes of this last fight, and you would have thanked God for the privilege of seeing and knowing it all in spite of the heart-rending sorrow and agony. Then I had an hour with General Pershing before I came up through the night encouraged and chastened and full of determination to *do*, to *do*, that is as far as an old cripple can do whose power for action is gone.

I had a delightful and for me thrilling visit yesterday with Ted and Eleanor and Archie and Dick Derby at the Blake hospital, and as I had my maps and things, informally I was able to tell them a lot of things. And I have cabled Theodore to-day about it, and that my heart goes out to him and Mrs. Roosevelt, for I am afraid Quentin will never come back. Ted has won golden opinions from the whole Army, and Genl. P[ershing] himself told me last night with much feeling that Ted had made good, a hundred times over, and deserved promotion. A soldier can say no more. Tell Theodore, and Archie too came in for his share, and Quentin. I saw Theodore's simple words in the paper: That he was glad the boy had had the chance and privilege of doing something in the service of his country.¹

Think of the Lycée Pasteur crammed from top to bottom, corridors, every inch of available space, big tents and huts in the yard and in front, where the automobiles used to stand—doctors, nurses operating, operating all day and all night till they are worn out.

A very large proportion of all the wounds are not dangerous, in fact extremely light. 1200 beds are ready, and there are plenty for the French, who also have all the 1300 or 1400 in the outside houses and institutions in the neighborhood where they are evacuated as soon as they can be moved. There is a big Red Cross hospital at Longchamps on the race course, and Blake's is full to overflowing.

Juilly has grown up to a thousand beds, or at least 700 already, and may well be increased without limit by using the grounds. The Red Cross has taken it over, and it is ideally located as you know. I am very proud that you have kept on and have supplied all the funds without calling upon the Red Cross and I never tire of telling everybody. I told Genl. Pershing again last night, and I shall repeat it to everyone. . . . Go right ahead if you want to, but the Red Cross will step in, whenever you like, but don't hesitate to keep it up if it is not too much work. I don't see how you do it. You are certainly a wonder.

¹Theodore, Jr., promoted Lieutenant-Colonel of Infantry, "Archie" a Major, "Dick" Derby a son-in-law and Surgeon in the Army, and Quentin represented the Roosevelts in the Army. Kermit was with the British in Mesopotamia. Quentin, of the Aviation Corps, battling in the air for cause and country, fell and never came back, as Mr. Bacon feared, and he lies where he fell in France.

Again he writes from Paris, July 23rd:

Just a hurried line. . . . This is Tuesday and you may remember I left here Sunday night (Interrupted here by the arrival of Sir Douglas and his Chief of Staff—I am dining with them and with General Pershing in half an hour). . . . I shall be back again up North in a few days, perhaps to-morrow night, so you see my days are *mouvementés*.

The European commanders were of course delighted to have a steady supply of American troops and their mere presence gave confidence and steadied the lines at the front. Were they fit for the front, that is, could they be used interchangeably with the seasoned European troops? The conduct of "our boys" as we lovingly call them at Château Thierry—to take but a single instance—answered the question.

July 27th, '18.

I can just picture your New York headlines this last week, and the thrills which you must have been having over the glowing accounts of the fighting of our divisions, although it makes your heart, as it does mine, sick, *sick*. You think from my letters that I am overwrought. I am steady . . . especially in action. My nerve is all right and I can do the day's work, day after day, with any of these youngsters. I couldn't run or walk or fight at speed as I have always been able to do. My chief fault is that I eat too much for my belt is getting tight again and I must take myself in hand. My three days away with the C. in C. were intensely interesting as you can imagine, but I am restless and want to get away again to the divisions. If I had gone to the staff school early in July, I might be looking forward now perhaps to some definite staff job with a division, but without the training of the school there is no chance of it, as they don't want outsiders like me. Don't think me overwrought . . . for I am afraid you mean by that that I have lost my grip or my nerve or my courage or something. Of course there are days when things look black and when I am so homesick that I can hardly bear it. . . . I keep on smiling outwardly, but what's the use of pretending that I am not sad and lonely.

Hooper sent me a Harvard Bulletin yesterday and I see the names of honorary degrees at Commencement. I should have liked to be there with Reading, but of course I could not have asked for and would

not have been granted leave to go to the U. S. Can you imagine my asking for it! for, although I may be of very little use, I was on duty and Lawrence Lowell must have known that it was out of the question. I appreciate their asking me, however, and hope I shall one day have the opportunity of seeing my two old friends, Major Higginson and Doctor Walcott, before they go.

I have tried several times to get copies of Root's addresses, but could not do so either in Paris or London. I should have bought many copies for certain of my friends.

Tell Jamesie that he would do well to speak to Mr. Lane about it and see if the books cannot be better advertised, and put on sale over here. Surely Brentano and Hatchard ought to be able to get them.

I saw Freddy Coudert who told me that Jamesie is happier now that he has a more definite job at the State Department.

I have been hoping to hear that General Snow was ordered abroad as you indicated might happen but have heard nothing.

I am still waiting for news of any move by the 77th Division, and I have had no more letters from the boy. I may possibly get as far as McCoy's division before long. I should certainly like an excuse. It is cold and rainy now and August is almost here. Think of it! The days getting shorter and another winter staring us in the face, although I still have snapdragons and what Clark calls "love-in-a-mist" on my breakfast table, and to-day had the last of the old lady's raspberries and currants mixed, and last night had a gooseberry tart.

Mrs. Bacon's letter of June 26th contained a statement that one of his friends thought him "tense." Colonel Bacon answers on July 30th, admitting the charge:

So Dwight Morrow says I am "tense." Well, I think I am, although I don't know just what he means. I am certainly intense in my feelings, and sympathies, and I am glad of it. I wonder if he would have called me tense to-day when I gave to Captain H. H. Davies of the Medical Corps the Distinguished Service Cross awarded him by General Pershing, the first I believe to be awarded, a modest fellow who was gallant in action in January, for which he was recommended. He was in the thick of the battle on March 21st, was wounded, kept on in spite of his wounds, till he had to give up, went away to hospital and just turned up to-day. Do you think I was tense when I read him the following with a lump in my throat and nearly broke down: "The Commander-in-Chief desires that you

notify Lieut. Davies that he has awarded him the Distinguished Service Cross for his gallant conduct on January 8th, when under continuous shell fire he entered a dugout, which had been blown in, and attended to the occupants. This included an amputation and consequent saving of a man's life. The conduct was all the more praiseworthy as the shelling was continuous all the time."

"By command of Gen'l Pershing."

I admit that I am moved by these things. I am glad I am. And if some of our friends had been a little more "tense" for the last two or three years, we should not be where we are now.

Sunday, August 4th, was a day of rest, in that Colonel Bacon found time to begin and end a long letter at a single sitting:

It is Mother's Day again . . . if that means that I am going to try to set down a few things on this paper, but there's never a day that I do not formulate in my mind a lot of sentences and paragraphs for you and then the day has gone, the lights are out at eleven and I sleep a tired sleep till seven, when I have to jump to begin another and keep jumping all day. I arrived back from Paris again yesterday, and am going again to-morrow, and in the back of my head is a thought that I may sneak away again to-morrow to see Elliot, who is expected to be arriving within reach.

I went out to see some of the others two days ago, especially McCoy whose division has been performing wonders and covering themselves and all of us with glory this last week. Was anything ever more thrilling and wonderful than the accounts of the way our men have turned the tide in the nick of time. No comment of mine can begin to describe my feelings of the last two weeks. Have a telephone call bidding me dine to-night with the C. in C. . . . Since lunch I have been to II Corps H. Q. many miles away where I had a good visit with the C. O. and the C. of S. both of whom are corkers. . . .

It was in a hollow square of troops and officers of G. H. Q. The smartest looking lot you can imagine, with the military band playing the hymns and the W. A. A. C.'s in line too and three drums on a little platform in the middle and the C. in C. and his staff out a little in front of his officers, and just the short sweet service which I enclose . . . and you were in my mind and heart all through, and I was not ashamed of my few tears as I sang the hymns.

There was a great splendid service and march past this morning out at the 1st Army, but I couldn't go to both. Nearly 10,000 men

attended in the open, English, Scotch, Australians, Canadians, South Africans, and Americans! . . . You think I am weak and overwrought and tense . . . and I do feel these things deeply, but I am glad I do, although I *am* old. Perhaps I am sensitive, too much so, and care too much about what my chiefs and others in authority think of me. It is a disappointment of course not to have made good for almost the first time in my life, but why should I have expected to at my age. My qualities are not of the stern stuff necessary for fighting one's way up, with very little consideration for others, and you know too well how I have always suffered for lack of self-confidence and self-assurance.

The Army takes you pretty much at your own valuation and hasn't time to waste. In time I could win out—even at my age, but there isn't time. Never mind, I am not grouchy or despondent over it, and "play up" pretty well, if I do say it.

We have another change here, which will make things harder—a new Chief of Mission not me, for I am, as you know, in the personal staff of the C. in C., as liaison officer (although perhaps the Censor will cut it out) . . .

The fact is that everything I do, I have a feeling may some day make something easier for the boys. I don't know how exactly, but as Root used to say, it may help to have a background and every little helps and some day someone may give them a "leg up" if they have a kindly remembrance of their old dad.

It helps me a lot to think that. I don't want anything done for me for my own sake, but if I could think that they would find a kindly word, or a little sympathy and understanding because I was their father, it would flatter me and please me to death. . . . Just as long as we can help. . . . (Here I was pulled away again and finally got to my dinner *five minutes* late! They dine at 7:45—not 7:46—and always right on the dot. I was mortified for they had sat down and were already through the soup! Wasn't it awful—but the C. in C. is the nicest, and was quite sweet and considerate.¹

There was also the Bishop of Kensington, who had just visited the Grand Fleet and two others, besides the A. D. C.'s. For these two the C. G. S. and the M. G. O. A. I have great admiration and almost affectionate regard, so you see the contact with charming people helps a lot and smooths the way, which would otherwise be hard and long.

¹In his *History of the Great War*, Mr. Buchan says of Sir Douglas Haig:

"The campaign—nay, the history of war—has produced no finer figure; great in patience, courtesy, unselfishness, serenity, and iron courage amid reverses and delays." (Vol. iv, p. 438.)

In the letter of August 9th, written from advance headquarters, he tells of American victories and chronicles a personal triumph:

These are thrilling days . . . and there are very few moments when I can sit down to say a word to you. I am living in a quiet spot in the country with the C. in C. and his immediate and operating staff. Yesterday, if you will look up your papers of to-day, was a wonderful day,¹ a great sequel to the accomplishment of the last few weeks. The attack was planned and carried out with the greatest secrecy and success, and the results so far have been far reaching. Three days ago I made another futile effort to find Ett. He was about due in a certain region so I started early from Paris and took with me Harry Stimson. . . . We found that Ett had not arrived but would be there in a few days, which would be about to-day I think. We had a great day, however, and after a good deal of difficulty managed to find good old Colonel McCoy and his regiment. They had fought like tigers and heroes for days and nights and had won everlasting glory for themselves and for the American Armies and Nation. All honor to them and to their brave fellows who had fallen. Alas! too many. I saw that splendid soldier Major Donovan whose adjutant, Elise West's boy, a lad of the greatest promise and usefulness of whom everyone spoke in highest terms, fell in the edge of a wood [Belleau Wood] which I visited, a great loss to his C.O. with whom he was at the time. It was quite near Fère en Tardenois where I took you in 1915 to see my old friend Docteur Danton, whose house like every other house in the town is destroyed completely as well as the Church where I "collected" my first wounded officers in September, 1914. McCoy's part in the fighting had raged in that vicinity, Séringes, Sergy, Cierges, and you can imagine my interest in seeing it all with him.²

Harry Stimson and I certainly had a great day, although I was ter-

¹On August 8th the Battle of Amiens began. The IV British Army and the I French Army, under command of Sir Douglas Haig, penetrated the German lines, capturing more than 16,000 prisoners and 400 guns. The battle ended on the 12th, freeing the Paris-Amiens Railway, and seriously weakening the German position. In this battle the British captured 21,850 prisoners and 400 guns.

²"Even more fortunate were the 32nd and 42nd . . . At the crossing of the Ourcq, about the villages of Séringes, Sergy, and Cierges, they crossed bayonets with Prussian and Bavarian Guard troops, militia against élite, literally crossed bayonets. One village was taken and retaken nine times. But the National Guard broke the Prussian Guard and pushed on. This region is dotted with American graveyards, testifying to the bitterness of the battle."—Frank H. Simonds, *History of the World War*, vol. v (1920), p. 194.

ribly disappointed not to see Ett, but I will try again before many days. I have spent two nights here with these splendid people and may be here many more days. You at home must be tremendously relieved by the news of these last weeks, and proud of the part that your army has played. The problem is still colossal, but a rift in the clouds has appeared and the task is more equal—not quite so one-sided and impossible. The faith that you and I have kept that “right” and the truth *must* prevail in the end still flourishes green, and hope sees clearer and clearer the silver lining.

Midnight.

The end of two glorious days. To-day has finished splendidly and the dirty swine have been pushed back 10 miles on a front of 20 miles, a great performance. The British, Australians, and Canadians have simply walked over them, the guns are up and the cavalry after two such days as they have not known since the beginning of the war have done their share and are out to rest and recuperate. God bless them. How I would have liked to be a cavalryman!

We don't know, of course, what the filthy brute is going to do, and we must be cautious, more than cautious, or he will swing back with a counter attack, or a big offensive somewhere else, but damn him, he has been on the run twice now in less than a month, and the good ships are hurrying, hurrying with their cargoes of young Americans to the rescue! Faster, faster!

Another change has come my way. General Harts has been relieved and goes on to a higher command and I am again to be Chef de Mission.

I am greatly pleased and proud of this mark of General Pershing's approval. The work and responsibility will be much harder and more exacting than of late since I have been practically on Sir Douglas Haig's staff. Bless his heart. He is the sweetest, finest thing and nothing rattles him.

This is the 10th, before breakfast, and the news is so good that I am fairly bursting. 900 boches and a corps staff and a divisional commander, and above all the III Corps has gone on and won all its objectives, and Americans helped.

On August 12th, still from “Advance General Headquarters,” Colonel Bacon found or made time to write again:

I found three of your dear letters to-day at G. H. Q., my *other* G. H. Q., for now you know I am still at “advance” G. H. Q. for this

is the 5th day of the battle.¹ The letters were of the 5th and 12th of July, so you see it takes just about a month as a rule and mine to you seem to take even longer. . . . I was thrilled to hear of your "decoration." I should think you *do* deserve it. . . . These last five days are full of hope. I was out behind the battlefield yesterday, and saw the splendid cavalry, who at last had come into their own. I wanted to kiss all the horses, and their coats shone and they were ready for anything. The English are certainly the best horse masters in the world. And the tanks and the armored cars and the dead boches, which last make you weep a little in spite of the righteous retribution. And to-day the King came to our 33d Division H. Q. and there met Pershing and Bliss and pinned medals of honor on the swelling chests of about nineteen men, and gave their orders to Pershing and Bliss, and there were generals and others, and soldiers in a hollow square, and the band played the two national airs, and the setting of evergreens on the pelouse and the sunshine made a picture to be remembered, and then I brought General Pershing back here, a long run, to see the C. in C., and then I ran up to G. H. Q., another long run, for my young man, who but Gavin Hadden, is down with appendicitis. And then back here, about 50 miles in 65 minutes, just in time for dinner. A pretty big day, and now it's midnight.

I hear to-day that Ett's division is up. Do you remember the biggish town [Fismes] where you and I went with Hanotaux in 1915, on the river a few miles this side of his place? Well, the division is somewhere in that sector, and I am crazy to go up there and see the boy. If I can only get away some day before long! I have had no letter from him for a long time.

It seems extraordinary to you, and hard to understand why I can't go to him, but this army discipline and duty is inexorable, and hearts are hard as flint, or *pretend* to be.

I hear of 50 more divisions coming before next May making 80 in all. . . . Two officers, General Kernan and two other officers spent the night but I wasn't there. I was in this little stateroom on board this train, where I have spent five great days. I try so hard to be a real "*liaison*." You can imagine how sensitive and anxious I am, how responsive to all the intangible currents and the personal sympathetic equation. I feel very deeply, and care too much perhaps, but I am seldom conscious of my judgment being at fault, although often helpless to prevent, or to apply the remedy effectually. . . . I wish most of all that I could send you and Hope some account of Ett's life and atmosphere. I fully expect he will get promotion be-

¹The last day of the Battle of Amiens.

fore long. Of course I would like to get him into some staff job, which would be of great importance and usefulness and *must* be done by the best we have, but I quite realize that he wouldn't like it if I did, and I go on watching my opportunity and trying not to let his name be forgotten, confidently hoping that some day soon he will be wanted for a bigger job. He has many friends in the Army, and they are on the lookout for him. Rhea and Shannon and McCleave and McCoy besides his own officers.

I am not much of a hand at blowing off my own boys, not enough perhaps, but I seldom lose a chance to tell of them, and I am very proud of them and everyone knows it.

August 16th and the letter tells its own story:

Just a word with you to-night . . . by the light of my bedroom lamp, for I am not going in to the office for the first time I think in seven months, and I'm all alone in the house, for all sorts of things have happened. Did I tell you that General Harts had gone and now I am to be Chef de Mission again! I think I did, but never mind. . . . Well, I've got to build up a new machine, although Cassidy and the Corporal are still with me. This is the first night I have been here in 10 days (knock at the door "a Captain on the telephone to report for duty", I go downstairs and am now waiting for Capt. Pettigrew, 311th Infantry, who has come to relieve Hadden. I will tell you later how I like him. The boys are making a bed for him).

I have had a pretty rough time the last 48 hours and my beautiful Rolls Royce is all smashed, and so is my nose, and my eyes are about the colour of a purple plum, and my face all swollen and a few stitches in my nose. Don't be alarmed, it will be as beautiful as ever! but my head aches and I can't breathe through my nose and I have a nice little scratch on the top of my head.

It was this way. I left advance G. H. Q. day before yesterday, and was called at 4:30 at the Crillon, and started for Chaumont, but at Vandœuvre where Napoleon slept the night before a battle, my silly old Sergeant Daniels put me in a ditch, and smashed my beautiful car, the apple of my eye. In response to a telephone to the next town, who should come to my rescue but Gordon Johnston¹, and I *was* glad to see him for he took me on, and I was in time, and came back by train last evening to Paris with my disgusting head, arrived at about 1 or 2, and left this morning again at 5, having had my wounds

¹Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon Johnston, who had been one of Colonel Bacon's instructors at Plattsburg.

dressed by Murphy of St. Louis, who was on the train and insisted on taking care of me. It was quiet at advanced G. H. Q., so I came on here to Brunehautpré and that is why I'm taking a holiday since six o'clock, and am going to bed in about five minutes for I'm short of sleep. Haven't these last 8 days been wonderful! Remember them well.

The next day, the 17th, the spirit was willing, only too willing, but the flesh was weak:

Just a wee line before Clark brings my supper. I am still in my room, lazy old hound, licking my wounds, and looking at myself in a hand glass, for I'm fascinated by my ugly mug. It's better though and I'm "slept up", having slept pretty much all day, and I'm off tomorrow after the doctor has touched me up, so that I'll not be quite so repulsive when I see my Chief that he will send me away again.

For these are wonderful days and I must not lose a moment. The British Victory, for that's what it is, of these last days has had a marvellous effect, and no one is more delighted than I, not only for its effect upon the war and the boche, but for the sake of Sir Douglas, who is perfectly splendid, and deserves all the credit and everything that's coming to him, bless his heart. The papers, of course, are ringing with it, and have brought you cheer, coming after the great and decisive stand on the Marne where the — [Censored] and then the — [Censored] U. S. divisions saved the situation, and perhaps the world, then the 18th and 19th of July, and the following week, when the beast was pushed back to the Vesle, and the other American divisions covered themselves with glory, and the British divisions, who had fought and fought again in nearly every show since the 21st of March, hurried around and threw themselves in, too, and added another page to the undying credit of Scotland and England, and the French, who had thrown back the Hun again, and their filthy Crown Prince east of Rheims, came on again and all under Foch's command capped the climax, and now Sir Douglas has hit him again, and hurled him back from Amiens and the sea. Isn't it glorious! and now we must be wary, always wary and humble for pride goeth before destruction and the haughty spirit before a fall.

The next few days were busy and feverish, with never a moment for any one at the front to put pen to paper, unless for an urgent military purpose. Therefore there is a break in Colonel Bacon's correspondence until August 30th:

I am just going to snatch a moment in a busy morning to send you a line, for everything has conspired to prevent it for many days and every day I have had you in my mind and heart, and every day . . . I talk to you, construct sentences for long letters, which I never seem to have time to write and wit to remember. Even now I am being pulled in many directions, and the telephone is ringing.

What is most on my mind is Elliot, of course, and I am nearly desperate in my longing and determination to break away without any excuse if necessary, and go to him. It is difficult for you to realize how impossible it is in these times for an officer to leave his post, no matter how unimportant it may be.

These last two weeks, since my accident on the 15th, have been worst of all, as none of the things in which I am (professionally) most interested have been going well and I have been much preoccupied. I cannot, of course, tell you what I mean. The continued British advance has been magnificent, and the situation just as intense and exciting as it can possibly be. . . .

I am going to Paris Sunday and Monday with a friend¹ on an interesting and important mission. If I can possibly work it I shall go off through the night to try again to find Ett, which I might do in five or six hours and return. As far as I know he is somewhere near the river where you and I went in 1915 and every day brings some fragmentary news of raids and small "shows" there, which are not terrifying, and supposed not to be important, but which are nasty just the same. It is just possible I may sneak away to-day, but I never know, and live from minute to minute.

A nice letter from Virginia tells me that G's Majority, of which you spoke, has been given him. Bless his dear heart. He ought to be a Major-General, you and I know that, don't we!

Poor lad, I suppose he is eating his heart out, not to get into the active game, but he is a philosopher, and I giggled over his reply that, "No, he was stopping in the States. It agreed with him." He and Bob would have so liked to come with that fine division from the southern mountains. Now they may be assigned anywhere, but such is the Army and War.

Midnight.

This is the only piece of paper I can get my hands on to-night, and I want to send you a word before I go to bed. I am off in the morning at 4:30, and I already feel a little guilty at leaving my post for a day. I am going to make a try to find Ett. The temptation is too strong, and the die is cast. I am due in Paris on Sunday before

¹Sir Douglas Haig.

noon, and have many hundred kilometres to go, and not a good car, so I am taking chances, but I don't care, I am going, partly for your sake . . . as well as my own, and for little Hope too. You will understand.

I feel a little as I did when I started for the boat race from Washington and didn't get there!

Here is the story of the great adventure as he tells it in a letter of September 2nd, written at night from the Hôtel de Crillon in Paris:

Well . . . I have had such a nice visit with Ett at last. I started at crack of dawn yesterday, no, day before yesterday, and arrived again at the place where I used to live in 1914 [Fère-en-Tardenois], and where I took you and introduced you to the old doctor, in whose house I lived. Poor old town! Nothing left but piers of bricks and mortar, not a house untouched by war's devastation, and the old church where I found my first wounded British officers. Not very far on I found news of Ett's whereabouts, and pretty soon found his regimental commander, who telephoned out to him to come in to see me in the old deserted dilapidated farm house which served as regimental H. Q. Before you get this Ett will be a Major, for he has been recommended by his C. O., and I was proud to take off my gold leaves and give them to him. He certainly deserves his promotion, having stuck to his battery through thick and thin and taken the best of care of them. His position was reported the other day as the best and most carefully prepared camouflage that had been seen in the army.

I rode out with him through the woods to his dugout, meaning to go back before night set in, but I stayed so long that I decided to send the horses in and spend the night, so I had a fine supper of eggs! and toast and coffee, and crawled into Ett's bunk, where I found under the blankets a beautiful pink silk and wool blanket, which Mother had provided, bless her dear heart, and a fine sleep, in spite of the crashing of the batteries, and the other disturbances of the night, enemy *aéroplanes*, orders by telephone, etc. I took with me all of my reserve of chocolate, which was much appreciated, some of your soap, the razor you sent me, shaving soap and electric lamp, my tin of gingersnaps, and Lieutenant Cleve Dodge and Graham each had some chocolate and a gingersnap and it was worth while. Ett was fine, keen as a razor, sobered somewhat and serious, and glad to see me, and we talked of you and Hope, and the babies and things at home, which seems so very, very far away, and I was mighty glad I found

him. You may well be proud of your boys, Mother dearest, *I* am. After an early start and a journey through familiar country and stricken towns and villages, I got here just in time to lunch with Dwight Morrow and Jimmy Logan. I shall see Dwight again. He is doing good work and very helpful. I have been busy all yesterday and to-day with a British General with whom and others I attended conferences and a dinner last night, and then went to the Casino de Paris to see a typical, foolish show, where the American flag and American soldiers were much in evidence both on and off the stage. *Les Américains* are all the rage just now, and there is a feeling of confidence and even joy in this fickle and mercurial place, which almost frightens me. I am off to my armies to-morrow, God bless them, and give them strength these next few weeks.

On September 11th Colonel Bacon writes from the "American Military Mission":

Don't tell me 5 years more. Not more than *one* I hope, for did not March say he could win if you'd give him four million of men, and surely the Congress responded nobly. Now the question is how to get them over here! Is there tonnage enough in all the world?

I sent you a cable that I had seen Ett, but I couldn't say anything. I said that all the news was good thinking you would understand that all was well with him. I told you a little about my night with him in his dugout, I in his cot and he beside me . . . and a telephone in his hand all night. I just managed to catch him two days before they went forward across the river. . . .

The American Ambulance report is before me. Peed seems to have *tried* to give you some credit and recognition, tardy and inadequate as it is. You are making an absolutely unique record and are keeping alive the personal sympathetic side in a way that makes everything else of the kind look like "thirty cents." Of course they must acknowledge receipt of your wonderful monthly contributions. The report puts it pretty well, and I think makes the record straight.

If you can only keep it up without breaking yourself down. . . .

I shall be glad to hear your account of Theodore when you see him, and tell me what Root seems to be doing. He ought to be sent to London to succeed Page.¹ There is nothing so important for the

¹Walter Hines Page (1855-1918), American Ambassador to Great Britain (1913-1918), resigned in 1918, worn out by his services to both countries. He died shortly after his return to the United States.

Of him the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says, "No man ever served his country, or the cause of Anglo-American friendship, more strenuously." [12th edition, vol. xxxii, p. 3.] See, Burton J. Hendrick's *Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page* (2 vols., 1922).

world now as the better understanding and rapprochement of the English-speaking people, and we in our country need it most of all. The finishing of the war and the problems after must be done by us acting together. It cannot be done if we are apart.

A week later, on September 18th, Colonel Bacon paid his respects to the Germans in terms which would not be relished by the ninety-three scholars beyond the Rhine, those who in the early days of the war in an appeal to American scholars justified the conduct of their country, which they did not comprehend and which some of them at least now know to have been far from blameless:

Now, the noble British Army goes on untiringly, heroes dying, doing beyond human endurance. Now, the versatile, brilliant French Army take up the running, and America is beginning to help again, after the first marvellous effort of July, which did so much to turn the tide. Back, back goes the unspeakable Hun, fighting, snarling, laying waste as he goes, killing all he can, and now for about the first time crying, like the beaten bully, the dirty swine, that he is, through the mouth of his Crown Prince, that he never meant any harm, that he only wants to save his filthy pig-sty from destruction and extermination, and that his Crown Prince, the next in succession, is not a bad fellow after all, not a bloodthirsty, ruthless wanton, as the world thinks, saying the same things almost that Kühlmann said, for which he lost his official head.¹ *On les aura, on les aura*, I say, and the pity of it is that we must all go on paying the awful price through the months ahead, sacrifices for which there never can be restitution, suffering, dying, to rid the world of this curse. God grant that the victory may be so complete and conclusive as to prevent its recurrence for all time.

You are watching the papers and the maps with feverish expectations these days, I am sure, as the boche goes back, and you are almost afraid every day to get your paper, with a sickening fear that he may have recovered and turned and dealt some foul blow, and that these days of continuing successes are all a dream. I know the feeling, the nightmare is over. He can never do what he hoped and expected to do in March and April and May and June.

Suffering there will be and failure and disappointment, and delay

¹Richard von Kühlmann (1873-). In a speech in the Reichstag, July, 1918, he declared that the war could not be ended by arms alone, and implied that it would require diplomacy to secure peace. This statement was displeasing to Germany and to the High Command, and he was obliged to tender his resignation in consequence.

perhaps, but the world is saved, saved in the nick of time, from the domination of the swine idea, the swine "Kultur," the swine oppression and brutality, and the law of force alone will not govern the family of nations. . . .

The time must be getting near for Gap to come over. I wonder what his assignment will be. Bob's course at Sill will keep him till late in November, and even then they may keep him in the "States" to help the growing new army. What a change! to have passed the conscription of 18 to 45 unanimously. If we can only find the tonnage and means of getting them over here. . . .

I am pretty well, I thank you, although my bulbous nose will never again be delicate and aquiline. It is over three weeks now since I fell by the wayside and I am still uncomfortable, and unpleasant to look upon.

Better off than Hermann Harjes though, with two broken legs. . . .

Did I tell you that I have a fine new husband for Racksha who is my constant companion and whose name is Kirkpatrick, Kirk for short? I will try to send him home to you.¹

Elliot he saw again under circumstances stated in a letter of September 19th:

In the midst of another busy hour something tells me I must snatch a second to say a word to you. . . . I sent you a cable from Paris that I had seen Ett and that he was going strong. I didn't know what to say in a cable. I started from here on Monday at 5:30 in the morning and went steadily till seven in the evening when I found the boy in a wood where his C. Battery was hidden, seated on a box with a large pile of money before him on a board and a long string of his men lined up waiting to be paid. I was lucky because he had orders to pull out at 8. We had supper with him, Major Jefferson of the British Army and I, and hurried away for we had to get out of that area before dark, no lights being allowed, and arrived in Paris at midnight, a fairly long day.

Ett was looking very well, and had been through quite an experience with his battery. He hadn't had much sleep and his horses were pretty tired. The enclosed clipping refers, I am pretty sure, to C. Battery which had the most advanced position. I think he will get

¹There was a young officer of the British air service stationed with Colonel Bacon, Kirkpatrick by name. He owned a valuable German police dog to whom he was devoted. When about to start on a dangerous mission he consigned the dog to Colonel Bacon's care, on the understanding that the dog was to be his if he returned in safety, and otherwise to be Colonel Bacon's by right of purchase. He never returned, and the dog is now at the Bacon home, Westbury, Long Island.

his Majority soon, for which he has been recommended as I told you, when he will have command of three batteries, or will be made brigade adjutant. His B. General McClosky asked me if I thought he would rather stay with troops as an outdoor man, or do the paper work, etc. of an Adjutant. But the Brigade Adjutant has much important work other than paper work, being practically the Chief of Staff of the brigade. I hope myself he will take it.

Everything is going well, and I wish I could tell you how high my hopes run.

The Captain did not accept the post of Adjutant and the authorities were apparently too busy to give attention to the Majority when the Armistice came and held up promotions. He received it, however, in the Reserve.

American Military Mission, G. H. Q.
Oct. 2d, '18.

I am just in from "Advance" for an hour or so, and must send you a little line although I haven't the time for a real letter. I am so brim-full of the events of the last 10 days, especially the last 3 days of glorious contact with our 27th and 30th divisions, whose gallantry in the words of a distinguished British officer on the spot "must stand out through all time in American History."¹ Well, I cannot speak of

1

Australian Corps.

Corps Headquarters,
2nd October, 1918.

My dear General:

As the Second American Corps has now been withdrawn from the line, and my official association with you and your troops has been, for the time being, suspended, I desire to express to you the great pleasure that it has been to me and to the troops of the Australian Army Corps to have been so closely allied to you in the recent very important battle operations which have resulted in the breaking through of the main Hindenburg Line on the front of the Fourth British Army.

Now that fuller details of the work done by the 27th and 30th American Divisions have become available, the splendid gallantry and devotion of the troops in these operations have won the admiration of their Australian comrades. The tasks set were formidable, but the American troops overcame all obstacles and contributed in a very high degree to the ultimate capture of the whole tunnel system. . . .

JOHN MONASH.

Major General G. W. Read, N. A.,
Commanding Second American Corps.

Under date of October 20th, Sir Douglas Haig sent the following telegram to General Read,

"I wish to express to you personally and to all the officers and men serving under you my warm appreciation of the very valuable and gallant service rendered by you

it without great sobs in my heart and in my voice, for many are the homes that are already desolate. America is paying the great price of which I have thought and talked so much these last awful four years.

God bless you . . . and keep you strong and well in your splendid fortitude. I must leave you now in the midst of this scrappy scrawl. I have already been interrupted many times. I am off again to "Advance" where I am living with my wonderful C. in C. and his splendid Staff.

I will always cable you when I can manage to get a glimpse of Ett or hear news of him. The Argonne has all my thoughts. . . .¹

I am a Lieutenant-Colonel now.

Oct. 5th, '18.

I am puzzled to-night and troubled in my mind about certain things, so I am just going to grab a pen for a few minutes while I am waiting, and speak to you.

I have your two dear letters of Sept. 4th and 10th but the 10th came many days before the 4th. I am with you heart and soul in everything you do and feel . . . I know how you are watching and waiting and praying every day. The strain is almost too great, isn't it? The last weeks and days are almost finer than any others if such a thing were possible, and I am living through them almost in a dream.

I hardly dare breathe what I hope. I can get no news of Ett's division. I am cut off about as completely as you are, and each day plunge into the absorbing events of the moment.

I have been with two of our divisions lately, and I am proud as Lucifer. We are all in the mighty stream now, being hurried along, whither! The wily boche is whining and snivelling and now, for-

throughout the recent operations with the Fourth British Army. Called upon to attack positions of great strength held by a determined enemy all ranks of the 27th and 30th American Divisions under your command displayed an energy, courage, and determination in attack which proved irresistible. It does not need me to tell you that in the heavy fighting of the past three weeks you have earned the lasting esteem and admiration of your British comrades in arms whose successes you have so nobly shared."

¹The Argonne figures very frequently in Mr. Bacon's letters. The American Army, in conjunction with the French, was actively engaged in those operations, and with uniform success; indeed, it is not too much to say that the American Expeditionary Forces covered themselves with glory. For the three phases of the Meuse-Argonne battle, September 26-October 3, October 4-31, November 1-11, see the *Final Report of General John J. Pershing to the Secretary of War, September 1, 1919*, pp. 43-53.

sooth, comes out with a "camouflaged" democratic bluff, with Bernstorff as his Foreign Minister and a peace programme, but his whole structure is tottering, and brick after brick is falling.

My moment is past and I must run.

The Germans had actually sued for peace, and the game of bluster and bluff of that great bully was over for the moment. The military caste had shot its bolt and failed; the reign of the Kaiser was ending and the sunshine of peace was breaking through the shifting clouds of war. The race between Germany and the United States had been run, the Prussians had failed to get to Paris before the Americans could cross the ocean, and the troops of the New World, called in to redress the balance of the Old, blocked the passage to Paris at Château Thierry.

The German Emperor was on his last legs, far from the days in which he had said, "Looking upon myself as the instrument of the Lord, without regard for daily opinions and intentions, I go my way. . . . You Germans have only one will and that is my will; there is only one law, and that is *my law, sic volo, sic jubeo*, only one master in this country. That is I, and who opposes *me* I shall crush to pieces." He was down and almost out and in the end he deserted the army to save his hide when he had already lost his crown; he had little reason and less judgment to lose.

Colonel Bacon followed the interchange of notes and the negotiations for peace as closely as possible for one at the front.¹

¹On October 6, 1918, Prince Max of Baden, then the Imperial German Chancellor, requested President Wilson to use his good offices with the Allied Powers for an armistice, in order to procure a peace based upon "the programme laid down by the President of the United States in his message to Congress of January 8, 1918, and in his subsequent pronouncements, particularly in his address of September 27, 1918."

On the 8th, Secretary of State Lansing asked on behalf of the President, if Germany accepted the President's pronouncements so that the Powers would only need to agree upon "the practical details of their application."

On the 12th, Doctor Solf, Secretary of the German Foreign Office, replied in the affirmative.

On the 14th, Secretary Lansing, acknowledging the German note of the 12th, stated that the President would have to be assured that the new German Government represented the German people, before transmitting the request to the Allied Powers.

On October 20th, Doctor Solf gave that assurance.

On the 23rd, Secretary Lansing informed the German Secretary that the President accepted his assurance and that the President would "take up with the Governments

He had done all he could to arouse and prepare the nation and to bring the administration to a realization of the situation and to the performance of its duties as he saw them. With the entry of the United States into the war he occupied his thoughts less with diplomacy and politics and more and more with the armies whose victories had opened the road to peace.

He knew what had taken place yesterday and he likewise knew what was to happen on the morrow. Of neither could he speak freely in his letter of October 9th:

To-morrow will be my wedding day . . . and as I cabled you yesterday, it has been and always will be the brightest, happiest day of my life. It has brought me all the happiness and has put into me all the good that this poor old soul has been conscious of for 40 years. Such as I am you have saved. . . . Everything in this world that I have I owe to you.

To-morrow I shall probably spend all alone on a journey of many miles to find my other Chief, and back again, and I shall do my best to get some definite news of Ett. They have all been having a pretty serious time, and I shall be glad to get in touch with them, and find out more about the details. The wonderful events of the last few days are almost too much to comprehend,¹ and to-day (if you will remember the date) is perhaps the most portentous of all. (I am writing now at the Crillon late at night having been snatched away before I could finish the first page of this scrap of a letter, leaving advance G. H. Q. at 4 o'clock, and having dined here late alone. I am off in the early morn for a hard day's run.) I hardly dare think of what the next few days and weeks may bring forth. . . .

with which the Government of the United States is associated the question of an armistice."

On the 27th, Doctor Self acknowledged Secretary Lansing's communication of the 23rd, concluding with the statement that "the German Government now awaits the proposals for an armistice, which is the first step toward a peace of justice, as described by the President in his pronouncements."

On November 5, Secretary Lansing transmitted to Germany the acceptance by the Allied Powers of the German request for an armistice, and on November 11, 1918, the armistice, ending for the present the dream—or rather nightmare—of world domination, was signed.

¹October 8th, the British III and IV Armies, with the Thirtieth American Division began the Second Battle of Le Cateau, and pushed the Germans to the south of Cambrai. On the 9th, the British captured Cambrai and on the 10th they carried the whole of Cambrai, ending the Second Battle of Le Cateau.

I wish I could tell you about yesterday. I was with our corps attached to the British, and you must have read about it in to-day's paper. I got up at 2:30, and went out in the darkness to where I could see the barrage at the zero hour, and the advancing reserves, and the wonderful cavalry. How I longed for a horse! I wanted to kiss them all as they went by, and every time I saluted a squadron commander, and got his cheery "good morning" as the sun was rising, and he passed on out into the Hell beyond, I was shaken by a big sob of emotion, and the fine fellows of the 30th Div. moved quietly up in support in the gray dawn.

To-morrow will be the 10th of October! And I shall think of you all day in my lonely ride of 8 or 10 hours. It is my one joy and privilege.

October 10.

Where do you suppose I am . . . stealing a minute to send you a line of love on "our day." Aëroplanes are buzzing overhead and it has been a beautiful American October day ever since I left the Hôtel Crillon at an early hour. I am in Peter Bowditch's office waiting for him to return from a day out with the divisions, and I hope he will bring me news of Ett, whom I may be able to find myself to-morrow, for the Chief has asked me to stay over a day or two, which, of course, I am delighted to do, to see Ett, I hope, first of all, and Bowditch and Quekemeyer and many others, and get the atmosphere of the American Army in the field. If I can only find McCoy too, and Nolan and Rhea, it will be a great visit. I am so proud of the Chief in this hour for which he has worked and waited and hoped so long, and I can take back to British "Advance" a great picture of what seems to me a great triumph. . . . The British high command has—but I suppose I must not say what I was going to.

If Colonel Bacon was proud of his Chief, General Pershing was full of admiration and affection for his Chief of Mission, saying on one occasion after the war, that Colonel Bacon was the noblest man he had ever known.

After saying that Elliot's "division [then in the Argonne] has been doing splendidly" Colonel Bacon closes with a wish and a hope to Mrs. Bacon on this, the last anniversary of his married life. "May we never be parted any tenth of October, or in fact any other day, if I can only get home."

That Mrs. Bacon did not let the 10th pass without a word, appears from a note of the 16th dashed off somewhere near the front:

Your sweet message was read to me over the phone last evening . . . and I loved it. You see I am far away from "Montreuil" three hours by automobile, and I came straight here from Paris on my way back from the Argonne leaving Paris at five in the morning. I am off again this P. M. on the same journey. . . . The road by Meaux, Montmirail, Châlons, St. Menhould is a good one and full of reminiscence and history. The hotel of "the high Mother of God" offers a good meal en route if the time of day suits, but I never bother much about meals and stop only to allow the chauffeur to grab a mouthful. I eat and sleep only if it is convenient. . . .

The real big thing that is in all our minds—the war—the possibility of an end!

The Armies must not allow themselves to be diverted for an instant, or the dastardly boche, while he whines for peace, will spring at our throats when he gets us off our guard. There is no kind of low-down treachery of which he is not capable and cunning as the devil himself. Yesterday I walked with the C. in C. all over the tunnel of the canal on the Hindenburg line, the keystone of that remarkable defensive position, and you cannot imagine such impregnable strength—nothing like it in the world, and the lads from New York and North and South Carolina and Tennessee *took it*, backed up by the Australians, as you have read by this time. We marvelled as we went over the whole length, and my heart ached as I came across little piles of the well-known U. S. equipment, where little groups of splendid fellows had fought it out and died.

The second note of President Wilson in reply to the German overtures for peace had been made public, upon which Colonel Bacon comments in the closing lines of a letter from Paris, of the 25th:

And who do you suppose I am waiting for this dark afternoon. . . ! Why for Ett to be sure, although I am not at all sure of finding him. Yesterday morning up in the north a telegram came from him saying that he might get 3 days' leave "about the 25th" and where should he meet me? Well, I at once started for Paris, having a good excuse for coming, and thinking he might drift this way. To-day at lunch with Davy, if you please, I saw a boy who had seen Cleve Dodge, who was stopping at Fontainebleau because they couldn't take "leave" in Paris. . . . I thought that perhaps Ett might be there. I have telephoned to the hotel there and hear that five officers left there at 2 o'clock for Paris so here I am waiting, in the hope that he *may* turn up.

My last ten days have been even more *mouvementés* than usual. Twice to the Argonne, then suddenly to London last Saturday—back again on Tuesday with my British C. in C., long journeys to “advance,” and yesterday here by way of St. Quentin, Ham, Compiègne, Senlis. To-day all the world is turning up. . . .

And to-day has come the last note of the President to the Hun. The whole situation is *passionnante*, isn't it!

Will the boche take it lying down? and end the war? We must not fool ourselves, and you know my temperament, and my tendency to wait and see before believing.

The news was too good to be true. Two days later, the 27th, from Paris, he writes:

Still waiting . . . for Ett, but with disappearing prospects, for I learn that Earl and Cleve Dodge, and others of the 77th, have been recalled, so I suppose they are to be ordered in again in the last (perhaps) desperate attack. It makes one's heart stand still to think of the fierce struggle out in those woods, but Thank God! the end is almost in sight, and to-day the resignation of Ludendorf is published.

House is here and my two Chiefs and the days are certainly “passionate.” House has said that he would be here perhaps two weeks, perhaps two years. Before many days now we shall know which.¹

Colonel Bacon hoped “two weeks” instead of “two years”:

If ever a man longed for a thing, *I* do for the end of *this* thing. Now is the time for wisdom, and unselfish solemn thoughts. I shudder to think that the world might be convulsed again, and thrown back into the agony of despair by the ill-considered, selfish attitude of some one man, a national group, and yet my whole desire is that the filthy, unspeakable Hun shall be made to pay, in justice, the penalty of the suffering he has deliberately brought upon mankind.

Shall justice be tempered with *mercy*? Should it be??

This is what he thought and said on October 28th:

Another day of intense interest and importance. . . . and oh so much depends upon these days! I have been flying about liaising as

¹Colonel House had just reached Europe. He left New York secretly and at the President's request on October 17, 1918.

hard as I can possibly liaise, and feeling, of course, as you might know, the whole weight of nations and the world on my own poor old tired back. "It don't seem the same old world" either, and the days, and the changes go on, as in a dream. If only it all *could* be settled within the next few weeks or days!! And save the lives and suffering of thousands upon thousands, who otherwise must go. It seems almost too much to think how near it may be with those boys out there in their desperate grip with death and despair. But the dreadful, inexorable struggle goes on, and the days and hours of anguish, which may be all so unnecessary, and may be stopped at any minute if men's minds can only get together, and a great hush come upon the world.

One can only dream about it, not comprehend it all yet. "All things are ready if our minds be so," as a sweet young girl student once pounded and explained. Bless her dear heart! But minds meet slowly, and men and boys must die and women must weep, in the meantime. Forgive this stupid little *cri du coeur*, just as I am going off to dinner.

In his letter of October 30th, written from Paris, Colonel Bacon undoubtedly stated the views of the Allied leaders:

Still here . . . although my British C. in C. has gone back to-day, and my real C. in C. may leave to-morrow. The clans have gathered as you have seen by the papers, and before you receive this the whole situation may be changed, or we may be just entering into a new and bloody phase, which might last for months. One thing is certain. The boche is surely beaten, and everything that he stands for. The dreadful nightmare is passing, and it is only a question of time and degree.

The world breathes more freely, for the crisis is definitely passed, although the period of settlement and punishment and recovery may bring still more agony and sacrifice. The world is less sad here in Paris and becoming more normal, but, for me, I have had no heart for it, and like to crawl away by myself and lick my wounds. . . .

The Place de la Concorde is brilliantly lighted now at night, and, as you have read, hundreds of boche guns and cannon of all types are artistically arranged for the admiring crowds to gaze upon, and boche helmets and boche aeroplanes to your heart's content. If only the word could be given, and the beastly Hun made to surrender quickly, so that we could be through with the dirty business!

He would be a thousand times better off than if we have to march across the Rhine, and on to his humiliation in Berlin, which the Allies

will as surely do as there is a God of Truth and Justice in Heaven, unless he gives up *now, now*. If he surrenders unconditionally now he will be given far more than he deserves, but if he tries to fight on to save his dirty face, and his pride, and his throne, and his power of evil, we'll rub his disgusting nose in the mire, and with a flaming sword of righteous retribution lay waste his land, and make him suffer, and pay in kind for the lives and souls that he has so wantonly and foully crushed. I loathe the beast, but if he honestly throws up his hands *now*, he will be allowed to live and repent.

The Allied Armies were busy but not so far advanced as rumour would have it. Versailles, where the Supreme War Council was sitting to draft the terms for Germany's allies and for the Germans as well, held the interest of the public as well as the front. Colonel Bacon's letter of November 1st gives a picture of Paris, of what was going on at Versailles and at the front:

The sunshine in the Place de la Concorde is wonderful, and the crowds, thousands and thousands, staring at the boche guns and trophies make a picture never to be forgotten. To-day the Turkish capitulation has been published, and the Austrian "terms" formulated. My British Chief has just returned, and I have just lunched with him and his A. D. C., and Lord Clive, his B. G. S., and I am following them in a few minutes. . . . To say that these days and hours and moments are tremendous and vital in their importance, would be a mild description. . . .

Peace, or rather an end to the actual war, is in the air, and one ought to be happy, but those boys are still fighting tooth and nail out there in the Argonne, and I have no heart for anything.

I cannot join in any gay company and last night I had my dinner on a tray in the room of a sick British officer. I wish to go nowhere.

The letter of November 2nd adds details to the picture on a very large canvas:

Austria is gone and Hungary, and now for the boche himself.¹ And our divisions are fighting like tigers out there at this very moment,

¹One by one Germany's allies in the war were crushed. An armistice was concluded with Bulgaria, September 29th, with Turkey, October 31st, with Austria-Hungary, November 3rd. An armistice with Germany itself was to be signed eight days later.

and it is sickening. There was a splendid advance yesterday, and I am sure that to-day's news will be good. In the north, too, the papers announce that the Franco-Americans made a big gain by the Scheldt. Our divisions there have put new life into the attack. I heard to-day of the boys' division, Bob's and Gaspar's. How they are regretting not being with it! I am still here waiting and scouting. Pershing and Haig are both here to-day, and all the other *gros légumes* L[loyd] G[eorge], Balfour, Milner, Reading and last, but really playing a big part, our only Col. House. He is doing well, and made a very good impression upon me, and upon all the others I think. The Navy men, too, are in evidence. Admirals and First Lords. Versailles was an interesting place yesterday, at tea time with them all. Pichon [French Minister of Foreign Affairs], too, who asked for you.

Thursday, November 7, 1918, was a day of rejoicing. A false rumour was current everywhere that the Armistice was signed. It spread like wildfire and was cabled to America and elsewhere with permission of the authorities. Paris, London, New York, and other centres were wild with the news. It was not false—it was previous, coming events had cast their shadows before—six days, to be exact.

Colonel Bacon was a "doubting Thomas" because he knew. In his letter of the 7th he wrote:

Can it possibly be true!! The *bruit qui court* to-day is that the Armistice was signed to-day, but as I believe I *know* that it is not true, I disbelieve everything and I'll not believe that this awful thing is going to end now, abruptly, till it is a *fait accompli*. The nightmare has been too dreadful, and if I were to awake again and find it true and still going on for months I could not bear it.

The wonderful performance of the 1st Army out therein the Argonne for the last seven days has been simply too splendid. Each day the world has been wondering whether it could go on, whether the long and lengthening line of communication could stand the strain, whether, in fact, the staff work was up to it. And the professionals, French and British, have had their "doots," and each day has been finer than the last and Pershing and the American Army has come into its own, and has achieved a proud place in history and in the opinion of all the military world that nothing can destroy—and I have had a great week as the conferences ended and I went back to Brunehautpré for a night and then to "Advance" where I went with the "Chief" to visit the armies and the corps, and last night I spent in an old château with

the II American Corps, and here I am again to-day to be greeted by the *bruit qui court* and the suppressed excitement of all Paris.

To-morrow I am off in the early morning to the Argonne for I have an interesting message for the C. in C., and I *must* get news of Ett from whom I have not heard since this last attack began a week ago, and I know that the division has been in it and that the fighting has been desperate.

It has been the *coup de grâce*, I verily believe, and has proved to the boche as well as to every one else that if it be necessary the American Army can be developed to wipe the dirty brutes off the map. The world now knows what it only half knew before, and whether he lies down now, or decides to struggle on, in vain and desperate hope of something turning up to give him better terms, we have got him "*On les a*" not "*on les aura*," as the French have repeated again and again for four dreadful years. Can the world recover in a reasonable time? Can we resume our peaceful lives, better I hope than ever before? or will world bolshevism run amuck, and bring renewed troubles and suffering of a different kind? I wonder.

The Germans had received the terms of the proposed armistice and everybody was breathlessly asking, "Will they sign?" The alternative was sign or sink out of sight as the Allied Armies meant to dictate peace at Berlin if the armistice were not signed. The fighting at the front was fast and furious; the Allies to force a decision, as the Germans used to say; the Germans to hold until the armistice was signed, lest the full extent of the *débâcle* be known in advance of its acceptance.

The Armistice was signed on the eleventh day of November.¹

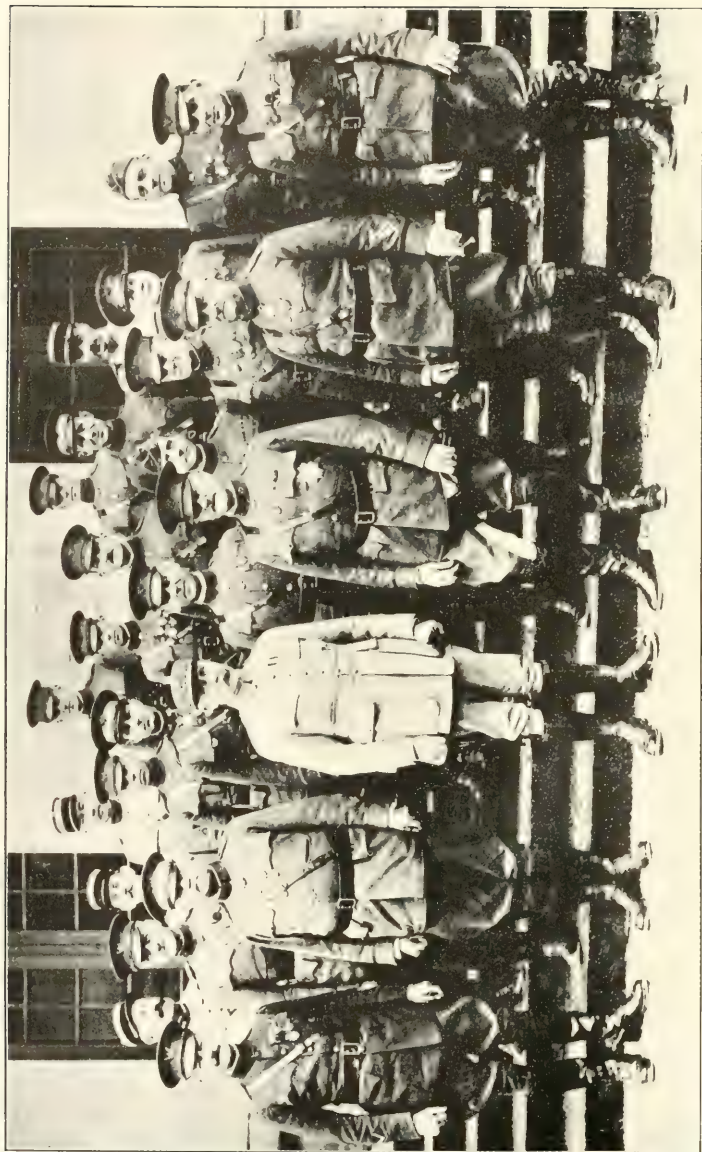
¹As illustrating Colonel Bacon's thoughtfulness of others, the following passage from a statement of the Director of the Hôtel de Crillon in Paris is quoted:

Le 11 Novembre 1918, à 5 heures du matin, je fus réveillé par le téléphone; on demandait à me parler du Quartier-Général Britannique; c'était Major Robert Bacon qui était au bout du fil. Il me semble encore entendre avec quelle joie il m'annonçait confidentiellement de prendre mes dispositions pour pavoiser la façade de l'Hôtel en me disant qu' à onze heures le canon serait tiré pour annoncer la signature de l'Armistice.! Je lui répondis amicalement que depuis quelques temps on nous bernait tous les jours avec des nouvelles semblables et que je demeurais crédule. Il me répondit qu'il avait de suite pensé à moi et que la nouvelle qu'il m'annonçait était très certaine. Je gardai précieusement le secret et fis mes préparatifs ainsi qu'il me le conseillait, et, grâce à Mr. Robert Bacon, le dernier coup de canon n'était pas tiré que le Crillon était pavoisé et prenait son air de fête; ce fut de ce fait la première maison décorée de toute la Ville de Paris.



U. S. Official

GENERAL PÉTAIN PRESENTING THE LEGION D'HONNEUR, 1918



U. S. Official

THE FIRST OF THE A. E. F. TO RECEIVE THE MEDAL OF THE LEGION OF HONOR

(First Row, left to right): Brig. Gen. Frank McCoy, Lt. Gen. Hunter Liggett, Marshal Pétain, General Pershing, Maj. Gen. McAndrew, Brig. Gen. Lucius Hollbrook.

(Second Row): A. D. C. to Marshal Pétain, Colonel Robert Bacon, Brig. Gen. Wm. Mitchell, Maj. Gen. C. P. Summerall, Brig. Gen. Robert C. Davis, Maj. Gen. J. G. Harbord.

(Third Row): A. D. C. to Marshal Pétain, Colonel Carl Boyd, Maj. Gen. Lenihan, Colonel James Logan.

(Fourth Row): Colonel de Chambrun, Colonel J. G. Quekemeyer, Colonel Edward Bowditch, Captain de Marenches.

(Fifth Row): Captain Frank Pershing, Major G. C. Hughes

CHAPTER XIX

AFTER THE ARMISTICE

COLONEL BACON'S next letter was written apparently from Paris on November 13th, two days after the signing of the armistice between the defeated Germans and the victorious Allies, therefore two days after the cessation of hostilities:

I have no words yet to describe my feelings of the last few days . . .

I am scribbling this in two minutes to send off by Harry Davy, bless his heart. He has saved my life these last days and I have clung to him, and laughed with him, and cried with him.

It is all too wonderful, and to-night I am off in a few minutes with Gen'l Pershing in his train to see Sir Douglas to-morrow, and decorate him. Then we are going on out to Chaumont and I shall go on to see Ett—from whom I haven't heard a thing, so I shall be away several days. There is no use my trying to write of the new world which is being born. It is too tremendous, nor can I describe the *allégresse* of Paris mingled with solemnity and sadness that fairly makes me bawl every little while. . . . Paris was simply mad.

I am sending you my beautiful Kirkpatrick, the only thing I have. Keep him with you if you can, and feed him, and be *very* firm and severe with him, and he'll soon mind, but don't beat him. Always make him "lie down."

On November 14th he writes from the "Office of the Commander-in-Chief" and has less trouble with names and places. The incident he describes was interesting and the surroundings in keeping:

Boche prisoners are staring in the windows of General Pershing's train as we roll slowly along for hours and hours through the desolate waste of battlefields—battlefields of three long years.

I am having another stirring, wonderful day . . . since I scribbled a hectic line to you last night, as I was leaving Paris. We left at eleven and waked up in Cambrai, where cars came for us after

griddle cakes for breakfast, Sir D. Haig's cars, and we motored 8 kilometers to —— which I can say now is a siding where lies the Chief's train—"Advanced H. Q." Sir D. and Sir Herbert Lawrence met us, and we walked on in a thick mist as the sun was getting higher, and breaking through, and then occurred a really wonderful "manifestation." Let me say that the party consisted of Gen. Pershing, Gen. Dawes, Col. Quekemeyer, Capt. de Marenches, another Captain, and myself. Then came the simple presentation under the entwined flags of Britain and the U. S. of our military medal by Gen. Pershing to Field Marshal Haig, and then the hollow square of Highlanders, the 51st, flower of all the British Army, Black Watch, Argyles and Sutherlands and Camerons formed in column and marched past in review before Gen. Pershing.

Well . . . you can imagine where my poor old heart was, and what was coursing down my cheeks. It was a sort of *couronnement* for me! Now, on the way back to Paris from whence the train starts again at eleven to-night for Chaumont, where I shall get a car to take me on to Toul or Verdun or wherever I find the 77th to be resting and if I can possibly manage it, I shall run off with Ett for a few days, and clean him up and feed him up and warm him up before I go back to Iwuy, British "Advance," where I suppose my job as Chief of Military Mission and Liaison Officer attached to personal staff of the C. in C. is nearly over. I wonder! There is much to be done, of course, through the coming weeks and months, but I know not what part I shall be ordered to take. Is the war really over! I can hardly believe it, or understand . . .

Bob and Gaspar, I suppose, feel terribly out of it, and curse their luck not to have been able to come over, but they will always have the proud satisfaction of having responded nobly and of having been ready and willing to make any sacrifice.

In a letter of the 15th Colonel Bacon writes:

I am discouraged too at the prospect of spending another winter over here with all the incentive gone, and no hope of taking part in anything but small bickerings and selfish troubles, of which there will be plenty, and I can't tell you how I long to get home to you and as much of the old life as there is left, or to make a new one for a while longer. I am not half as brave as you are . . . and when I am not held up by stern necessity of continual and constant action, my poor old courage oozes out. Of course we are living in a confused dream and nothing seems true. It is difficult for me to see how I can be of any use to any one over here, and I want to go home, but so does everybody else and

my lot will be I suppose to stay till toward the last. I am afraid to think how long that may be. First long-drawn-out peace conferences which may last for months, then gradual demobilization which will consume many more months if we don't get to fighting again.

You must have read to-day the account of the surrender of the boche fleet. Wasn't it thrilling! My poor old emotional eyes are always wet nowadays. All these wonderful things stir me to my very depths. Perhaps after 4 years I am even more susceptible than I used to be.

American Military Mission

Nov. 21, '18.

Can it be possible that the war is really over, and that I am coming back to you after awhile! A long, long while still, I am afraid. The relief after all the suspense has brought about a sort of anti-climax with me and I wander about wondering. Ett is here with me at Montreuil, and we have just walked around the old walls and battlements that I have never been able to describe to you or even speak about. I went to Chaumont with General Pershing, spent one day and night there, seeing my very few friends at G.H.Q. and my French friends of the town, who were really glad to see me, General Wirbel and the Maire Monsieur Lévy and Commandant Jacquot and Capitaine Fréchet and best of all the Bishop with whom I lunched and had a long talk. He is very happy and his work with the Army Chaplains going well.

The next day I started for the Argonne via Ligny-en-Barrois where I lunched and then on through Verdun and over the Meuse, and north where I found McCoy in a fascinating old château, Louppy, ready to start at 5 the next morning for the Rhine! at the head of his brigade. I bade good-bye to him and started on farther north and west to find Ett, which I did by lunch time at Sommauthe, north of Buzancy, and as good luck would have it he was offered seven days' leave, and I ran off with him, arriving at Paris at three in the morning, en route for here. To-morrow he is going out to Lille and all that country and will spend the night with General Laycock, who is commanding a brigade of artillery.

Ett has been offered a place on the staff of General Wright. You remember him in the Philippines . . . I almost advise him to take it as his promotion has not come as recommended, because of there being no vacancy, and there seems to be little prospect of his doing anything for the next two or three months except drill and re-equip his battery in some back area. It is the hardest kind of luck that his division is much broken up to make up other divisions, and is not to go

to the Rhine, which might be better than sitting still doing nothing. Who would have thought of wanting to go to Germany! Rotten hole where nothing but boches live! I have before me a new map of the Rhinelands, and the three bridgeheads, and McCoy and his men will be there in a day or two. It is all too wonderful.

The last Thursday of November should have been and was a day of Thanksgiving to the Americans in France and to the Americans in the United States.

This is a pretty sad little Thanksgiving Day on the whole . . . and where do you think I have had my turkey! No turkey, and all alone down in the restaurant, where there were about six other lonely diners. For the Crillon *n' existe plus*, so they told me this afternoon, when I arrived. It has been *requisitionné pour les Américains*—The Government—the host of Peace delegates with Lansing at their head, and they have taken the Murat's house in the rue Monceau for *Monsieur le Président*.

To-day was another *jour de fête*, for the King of England came, and soldiers lined the Avenue du Bois, and the Champs Elysées, and the streets were packed in spite of the rain, for the wonderful weeks of the finest weather that Paris has ever seen are over, and we are in for 4 or 5 months of gloom and drizzle as of old . . . I was in no mood to join a big dinner of about 40 to-night at the Maurice, although your son Elliot was there. It was Stettinius's dinner and they are going to the Folies Bergères, but I just ducked, and came back here to this empty hotel, which is being cleaned for *les Américains*, and there are about six guests left, although Paris is full to overflowing. Willard Straight is here and pretty sick. I fear, with pneumonia, although he is holding his own well to-day and I think will pull through all right.

I brought down with me to-day Senator Jim Wadsworth [United States Senator from the State of New York], who passed last night with me, but I did not dine at home with him for I was bidden to dine at the C. in C.'s with his Majesty. To-day the C. in C. and his staff officers and the French, Belgian, Italian, and American Chefs de Mission went to the station at Montreuil to see the King off in his private train, and then I started for Paris, and beat him to it without hurrying, for it takes me just four hours without stopping. I am so annoyed at not being able to come to the Crillon any more after this week that I am looking for a *pied à terre*, but as everyone else is doing the same thing there are none to be had. I may want to come with my Chief and his A. D. C. and if I could get Marie Van Vorst's flat, or something like it I would take it now, and then I should be ready for you . . . if the spirit moves you to come before my exile is over.

You have won out so handsomely with the American Ambulance that I *would* like you to see it again, and there will be American boys there I fear for some time, although it may be gradually evacuated. Do you realize yet that the fighting is over!! I don't, and I have never been so "let down" in my life, and just go about attending to details, and wondering what is going to happen next. . . .

Bob and G. will never quite get over not even getting over here, and will imagine that they have missed a lot, but it is certainly not their fault—just the inexorable fate, and what they have done and contributed is much more important, although less conspicuous, and they may well be proud of themselves as I am of them.

Doubtless everybody with red blood in his veins was sorry not to get over. But after a while the bitterness wears off, for the feeling is really one of bitterness. The world is busy adjusting itself to new conditions and few people have time or care to think of others. Colonel Bacon was so deep in the war, it had meant so much in his life, indeed it was his life for four long years and more, that he could not quite bring himself to feel or see that it was over.

Dec. 4, 1918
Hôtel Crillon.

This isn't a "doke" . . . that I am writing on this paper, but *faute de mieux*. The Crillon has been taken by the United States, God bless them, and I am allowed here only for the night, because there isn't another bed to be had in Paris, and my old friends here took pity on me when I arrived this evening from Montreuil. The U. S. does not arrive till next week! and who do you suppose is coming! Jamesie!! but of course you know it. I am all of a twitter at the thought of seeing him and talking about *you*. Well, these are hectic days for me of a different kind from those of the past few years.

I am nervous and restless and fly about more than ever trying to keep my two chiefs and their respective armies and nations together!

Saturday I left here, spent the night at Châlons, and lunched with General Pershing in Luxembourg, remained two hours, and started back by way of Metz, arriving here Monday, off again the same day for Montreuil, found Sir Douglas the next day at La Touquet, played 18 holes of golf with him. That was yesterday and here I am again in Paris! . . .

I *must* have a place for Sir Douglas and for you when you come in a

few weeks! There isn't a room of any kind and the hotels are all taken and prices are soaring. . . .

I may not be here for more than a day or so at a time once a month, but I must have a place and I am counting on your coming, although the old Government may be nasty enough to prevent it. This paper is off some slabs of chocolate that I got at Rabattets on the strength of my being your husband. I told the lady that we had had many a candy on our table from her shop, and she remembered you perfectly, of course, and sold me a large amount of chocolate for Ett, although it was against the rule, and now I have no more ink in my pen so good-night.

The Government did refuse to give Mrs. Bacon a passport as it was against the rule for the wife of an officer even to visit France. Abuses in the early days of the war had led to a general prohibition which worked hardship in many a worthy case.

Hôtel de Crillon, Dec. 5, '18.

I had a disappointment to-day in the shape of a cable from . . . saying she was "so sorry, but had promised the apartment to someone else," a way of speaking I suppose . . . but I did care a lot, because I am sort of upset and restless, and had set my heart on having a place in case you come, and to invite Sir D. H. to. In fact, I have already invited him, and he has accepted, and now I haven't any place. . . .

Paris has been completely "retaken," and is seething and prices are soaring. Thousands are gathering for the Peace Conference, as if it were a large spectacle, while it seems to me a most solemn moment, the future of a large part of the human race depending as it does upon the wisdom, unselfishness, and calm judgment of these men, who seem to be gloating over the prospect of months and months of "peace conferences," and what they call gay life in Paris. Faugh! It makes me sick, and I am all out of joint with it. The same old crowds are here dining at the Ritz with apparently no thought of the awful solemnity of these coming months.

Are you coming. . . . If you do, we will hide away somewhere, and I will take you out into the country, if I can get away, where the real things are, and you can go to your hospital daily to your heart's content, till the end, which may not be far off. . . .

As for me, all I want is to get safely into port after a stormy voyage. I feel as if I had sprung a leak and am not good for much but to lie at anchor in some safe cove like those old hulks at New Bedford or Edgartown. Come over if you can . . . and see the poor old world,

as it has been torn to pieces by those dastardly Huns. Was there ever such a cowardly skunk as that cringing Kaiser! Swine is too good a name for him. I am glad they are beginning to demand his trial in earnest. He must be condemned, at least officially, by some competent Court. Public opinion and ostracism will do the rest—sudden death of any kind would be too good for him. He must suffer from his own remorse and repentance.

We must all take up life anew and make it a better one if we can but human nature is weak, oh so weak, and returns easily to its excesses and selfish amusements, and easily forgets.

You and I have a good deal to be thankful for . . . and we have enough to do to help, if we can, our four little families. . . . I am such a slave to this old Army that I cannot even guess what is going to become of me. General Pershing especially wanted to be remembered to you when I saw him at Luxembourg on Sunday.

We have some hard times ahead, but alas! I shall be out of it. What a shame that Root was not given the leading part!

In a letter of December 7th, Colonel Bacon tells of celebrations in the returned provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which were the fruits of victory just as their loss in 1871 was the consequence of defeat. Many a Frenchman would envy Colonel Bacon the chance of being present and not a few of his fellow countrymen would have congratulated themselves if they could have taken part in *la joyeuse entrée* into Metz, the strong city, Metz, from which Lafayette set out for the United States, and into Strassburg, the capital and chief city of Alsace.

Just a minute . . . while I am waiting for our old friend, Colonel T. Bentley Mott,¹ who is now attached to Foch, and has been most useful and helpful as usual. The getting together and keeping together of all these *gros légumes* in the trying after the war conditions, is a difficult job. To-morrow is a big day at Metz, and the day after at Strassburg, and I *may* jump this afternoon and put her through, for Sir Douglas will be there and John J. Pershing, and Foch and Pétain *et id omne genus*, and I am counting on taking Sir Douglas to visit Gen'l P. in a few days, when Kings and Presidents have settled down. . . .

I hope to be off in a few days over our L. of C.² with Harbord and

¹A Colonel in the American Army, Military Attaché to Mr. Bacon during his Embassy.

²Line of Communication.

McCoy and a party from British G. H. Q., and the Q. M. G. and others, but everything changes every minute, one never knows. . . .

Colonel Bacon went, of course, to Metz and Strassburg, and of course he wrote to Mrs. Bacon about it all. This is what he said under date of December 13th:

Several days have passed . . . and I haven't told you of my trip to Strassburg. Well, to make a long story short, Bentley Mott and I started last Saturday, at about 4 P. M., for Metz and way stations. . . . We arrived there at 5:30 A. M., after several contretemps and after an hour or so sleep in the hospital, which by the way is having a miserable time and experience taking care of returning French prisoners who are too sick to go any further, and many of them dying (six died that day), and Georgette St. Paul is practically alone running the whole show with very little help. She asked for you and Sister. We went on to Metz where we found Gen'l Pershing on his private train, Poincaré, Clemenceau, Foch, Pétain, Sir Douglas, and a "big time," and speeches and flags and bands playing all day. We were starting back but Gen'l Pershing invited me to come on to Strassburg with him which we did that night, arriving in time to begin it all over again the next morning, and it was gayer still, and as the day wore on and the civilians joined in the military procession in groups and organizations, thousands in all their bright costumes of old Alsace, especially women and girls, old and young, and veterans of '70, The really spontaneous and genuine joy and gladness were wonderful and, as usual, made me cry like a child.

I had forgotten that there could be so many happy people left in the world. The women and girls danced and sang as they marched past the Tribune to the inspiring music of the French military marches, the *Chant du départ*, the *Sambre et Meuse* and the others that you know, and all day everyone was smiling and humming the *Marseillaise*. It was really fine!

I lunched with Tibby Mott and two French officers at Valentin's, a famous little French restaurant and gaily ordered fresh *foie gras*, which was delicious, a bottle of good wine, and then wandered about all afternoon in the crowds, and stood for hours packed in near the Tribune watching Poincaré kiss as many girls as he could reach—he and Clemenceau, and the Generals showered with flowers. I never realized how many different kinds of costumes there were in Alsace. All the surrounding towns sent beavies, and the caps and the gowns and aprons were all the colors of the rainbow, and the little lace bonnets.

Good old Seraphine would have jumped for joy. It is now Friday again, I believe, and I have been back two days. I am not going to Spa *yet*, but expect to-morrow to go with the Q. M. G. on our trip with General Harbord where I hope to see dear good McCoy and be back again by the 19th when the C. in C. and his immediate high Staff officers go to London to see the King, but without troops. I dined with the C. in C. last night—just the C. G. S. and two A. D. C.'s—and the Chief broke me all up after dinner by giving me his photograph in a nice leather frame with his autograph for me “with his grateful remembrance of my practical help during a year of many difficulties.” Wasn't it sweet of him! And when he asked me where I was going for Xmas, it all came over me with a rush that there was again to be no Xmas for me . . . I have no place to go. Nearly everyone will be gone from here, and there is no one in Paris to whom I can go. I cannot get leave again for Ett to come to me, and I doubt if I can get to him, so it's pretty doleful.

There are only two people in England to whom I might go—Mrs. Teddy Grenfell, who is a dear . . . and Nancy Astor who has so many children that it would be sort of a comfort to see them. If I am entirely deserted here I may go over for a day or so.—Oh how I wish I might fly home to you.

Colonel Bacon went to London and he describes in a letter of December 21st his doings as if he had torn out a few pages from his “line a day book,” which, however, he did not keep.

In all these emotional days and hours . . . when, as you can imagine, I am thrilled to the core, and laugh and cry alternately through the days, I long for you. . . . I have made one or two attempts to talk to you these last hectic days, but each time something has broken in after the first few lines, and I have had to postpone.

Now I am all alone for half an hour or so in the nice warm library of Gen. Biddle and Col. Griscom, where the welcome has been warmer still, and I hardly know how to begin to tell you a little of the crowded hours of the last ten days. I must begin backward. I came over day before yesterday with Sir Douglas and his Army Commanders and personal staff—a great privilege on their so-called “unofficial” triumphal homecoming. The papers have probably described it all to you, but no words of mine can begin to tell you what it all meant to me. You can guess I had been away on our L. of C. with General Harbord, McCoy, and Dawes, taking with me, by the hand, Gen'l Travers Clarke, the British Q.M.G., and three of his officers for a visit of inspection in Gen'l Harbord's special train, and I am proud and

pleased to have brought it about after many weeks of obstacles and difficulties. We had a most interesting and useful trip to the great harbor works of Bordeaux, the supply depots and camps, and repair shops and all the other marvels, real miracles of construction and preparation for the great war, which thank God is over, and needs them no more. Well, we left Bordeaux, the Q.M.G. and I, at 8 o'clock in the evening, after a good bottle and a fresh *foie gras de canard* at the Chapon Fin, on a regular night train for Paris and after sitting up all night, arrived at 8 the next morning, just in time to jump into my beautiful Rolls Royce and start for home (Montreuil) to catch the afternoon boat for London to arrive the night before the C. in C. and be here to see him enter the city, and Buckingham Palace, where my old friend Jim Thresher was to provide me with a pass; but on my arrival at Montreuil a telephone from Chaumont directed me to confer upon the Army Commanders and Chief of Staff, good Sir Herbert Lawrence, the American D. S. M. in the name of General Pershing, and informed me that the medals would arrive sometime during the night, as they were all to leave with Sir Douglas at seven the next morning.

The medals did not arrive in time, but I came without them under instructions to notify the Army Commanders in any event, after first asking the consent and approval of the C. in C., all of which I did one after the other on the memorable voyage by boat and train to Dover and London. I have never performed any duty with greater pride and pleasure, as you can well imagine.

The medals have come on by special courier and I am to present them Monday or Tuesday at the War Office. I don't know however I can do it without breaking down. *You* know. This may keep me over here till after Xmas and *the President* is arriving on Boxing Day. I shall go to Jim Thresher's and take his little girl a small present, and perhaps go to Nancy Astor's and to Teddy Grenfell's where I dined *en famille* last night. Griscom took me to dine with Jean Ward night before last, and I went on to a small party afterward, but I am like a fish out of water except in some quiet house. I shall try to find Susan Chapin if she is still here. I shall call on the new Ambassador to-day.¹ I wish I could have had Ett with me, somewhere, but he is tied to his battery, where, I do not know, playing the game and having a pretty poor time, but with prospects, so I allow myself to believe, of going home, possibly among the first 6 or 8 divisions, which might

¹John W. Davis (1873-). Member of the House of Representatives, from West Virginia (1911-1915); Solicitor-General of the United States (1913-1918), Ambassador to Great Britain, succeeding Mr. Page (1918-1921). Resigned, and upon his return to the United States engaged in the practice of law in New York City.

bring him back before three or four months, or even sooner. I will let you know by cable if possible the minute I can get the least definite inkling. For me, alas, there seems to be no prospect or indication and I can hardly face the winter and spring, but we shall know more in a month or two. I must run now. . . . It was too mean of them to refuse your passport. . . .

Colonel Bacon wrote in the letter of December 26th:

41 Upper Grosvenor St.

London.

Christmas has gone . . . and it was a pretty doleful day for me. I didn't have the courage to go to Cliveden as I expected to do, nor to Thresher's, so I poked about London, lunched alone at Claridge's, and dined here with Gen'l Biddle and two aides, Capt. Howard Henry and Lieut. Mackie, all of whom know Priscilla well, of course. Gen'l Biddle has been kindness itself to a forlorn outsider and what little comfort I have had has been sitting in this nice room before the fire, Griscom having gone away for Xmas.

I called on Jean Ward yesterday, gave her a book, and saw her nice boy, who is home for the holidays. At lunch at Claridge's Ian Malcolm came over and insisted that I should join his family party, his wife and three nice boys home from school, which I did, and enjoyed immensely. Then I took Senator Jim Wadsworth, who had appeared from France, to two hospitals in search of a wounded New York boy, who had gone back to America, and then I called on my friend General Dawney, whom I found in the midst of a big children's party, so I stayed a few minutes and saw them fish for presents, and thought of you. I have not yet found all my Army Commanders, because they are out of town, but I hope to finish it up to-morrow, and the next day, go back to my post where I have left Captain Bryant all alone. Then I shall go to Spa, and open some rooms, or a small villa where visiting and wandering Americans can find shelter. Thence I expect to go on to the Rhine bridgeheads at Cologne and Coblenz, and shall work as hard as ever I can to keep up the liaison between the British and American H. Q's and armies. It will be difficult to amuse and interest the men for the months that seem to be ahead, and I am bent on arranging my interchange of visits for both officers and men. . . .

I had a fine lunch at Cliveden last Sunday—*me* and seven children, Nancy being late. Bill did the honors, home from school, and Wink and David and Michael and Jacob, and Nora's two children, and I had a mask and explained to David how I had come down the chimney. He is the cunningest thing you ever saw.

I found General Plumer and presented my little medal, and choked and gulped of course, as I always do, but I don't care for he had tears in his eyes himself. I met his wife and daughter. . . . Then I found the C. G. S., my only General Lawrence, who with his sweet wife were the most pathetic mortals, and I blubbered again, and could think of nothing but their two boys gone—their only boys. We have not had to pay the great sacrifice which we were ready to pay, and we must never cease to sympathize with these poor people who have given everything.

I must off now to find my other Army Commanders, Byng, Horne, and Birdwood, if they have come back to town.

The President arrives to-day, and will have a wonderful reception. The whole way from Charing Cross to Buckingham Palace is decorated with Venetian masts and flags and flowers, and the King and Queen, if you please, are going to Charing Cross to meet him!!! What do you think of that? It is unfortunate that he is coming in the middle of their Xmas holiday, but England is turning itself inside out, and I hope our whole country will realize what it means and respond (more heartily than they have done). Surely they must understand how England is reaching out her hand and heart to us. They *must* be made to understand. I am going to the Berkeley to see them go by at 2 o'clock.

Gen. Biddle and his aides have gone to Dover to meet his "nibs," and London is all agog. The streets will be packed. A wit here remarked that the President had better hurry home, or he might find that the United States had become a republic in his absence. Of course I am tremendously interested in the cabled report of Lodge's speech and warning in the matters of the famous 14 points, and the significance of the Senate's possible position on this question.

Peace must be imposed upon the boche first of all, *imposed* not negotiated, then we will leave the "Freedom of the Seas" and the League of Nations . . . to work out.

Was there ever such a calamity as not having Root here to guide and teach them! How he would tower above them all, in his practical wisdom, his sympathy and understanding, and his word would be law, for there is no one in the world whose opinion would carry such conviction in the minds of European statesmen. . . .

Christmas was spent in London, New Year's in Brunehaut-pré, near Montreuil, which Colonel Bacon, in one of his letters, called home. From there he wrote the last letter of 1918, on the last day of the year:

Brunehautpré

Dec. 31, 1918.

This is a pretty sad little New Year's Eve . . . and lonely. I am all alone, having just arrived from London to find a cheerless, cold, and empty house, and I came away just to be queer, I think, and to satisfy a puritanical feeling that I'd better do the unpleasant thing, as I generally do, out of a sense of what? Duty!—and thereby cut off my own nose and please nobody.

I was in no mood though to stay in London having found and decorated all my generals and army commanders and having no excuse to stay although I was rather tempted to stop over New Year's day with General Biddle and Griscom who were going to a gay New Year's Eve party to-night. I spent Sunday night with Thresher and saw the Faversham's house in the village, the nicest old village you ever saw. I took a small Xmas present to the "eldest unmarried daughter," aged eight. The other two children were six and two, and the father-in-law's name was Ramsey, who knew and remembered William Cocks! The world is small. On the way down to Surrey, I stopped off with Griscom and played golf at the most attractive place belonging to the young Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. She is terribly attractive and was Lady Eileen Butler. You would have been crazy about the house, a most perfect specimen built about Henry VIII, of the most wonderful old brick, and tapestries and oak panels in rooms 120 feet long. Last night I dined with Moreton Frewen who had eight interesting men to meet me, mostly M.P.'s of the new big coalition majority. Aren't these wonderful times? The President's reception was indeed remarkable, and now for the Peace Conference!

Mrs. Wilson and her lady-in-waiting certainly had a big time—banquets and gold services and fayre ladies and toasts and speeches and Kings and Queens, and Earls and Dukes till you can't think. . . .

She appeared very well, however, and made a good impression, being natural and unaffected.

She told someone that she supposed they expected her to give a big war whoop and wear a large feather, as they thought she was descended from Pocahontas. . . .

I may be off again to-morrow, or next day, as I am restless, and my C. in C. is still in England. I played golf one morning with him and Lady Haig, but we could not finish as the two little girls were in a nip to go to a pantomime. I may go to Spa and open my hotel for American officers and wandering British, and I may go on to Cologne and Coblenz, or I may go to Paris to get my letters from you, which I feel sure are waiting at M., H. & Co.

I cannot wait much longer, and Davy, who arrived Saturday, frightened me by saying you had been sick, but were up again. . . . The New Year begins to-morrow. If it can only be a happy one for you. . . . 'Tis all I ask. . . .

Colonel Bacon got to Spa, but the trip could hardly be called one of pleasure. He speaks of it, and of other things, in his first letter of the New Year, written on January 4th:

Hôtel-Villa des Palmiers

Jan. 4th, '19.

Don't be alarmed by this paper. . . . I have not come here for my health and I am afraid that this dirty little hotel does not live up to the advantages set forth above. I am in the "*Salon de lecture et de conversation*," but as I am all alone there will be no conversation except with you . . . for a little while before I crawl into a cold bed. I have had a busy day, breakfasted with the Army Commander at his Château de Daves near Namur where I passed the night, left him, Gen'l Sir Henry Rawlinson and his officers, at the country place of a Belgian Count shooting partridges on my way to Bruxelles where I lunched alone, returned to Namur, where I met General Currie, commanding the Canadians, by appointment, decorated him by order of General Pershing, with our D. S. M., in the name of our Government, started at 3:30 for Liège and here I am at Spa, lately the G. H. Q. of the boche, and now part of an advanced G. H. Q. of the B. E. F.

To-morrow I shall call on some of my friends and start for Aachen and Cologne to call upon more friends, then probably up the Rhine to Bonn and to Coblenz, to see our own Third Army, and back either to Paris or Chaumont, en route to Montreuil. I am weary and restless and not fit to associate with any one. I am peevish and irritable and nervous and think of nothing but going home. I do pity poor Etty with nothing to do and nothing to look forward to. The anticlimax is demoralizing, and the next few months are going to be difficult for everybody.

The Peace Conference will begin "I suppose" in another ten days or so. Lloyd George and the President seem to be satisfied with their preliminary canter, and old Clemenceau has spoken out with no uncertain tones. Thousands of Americans, Greeks, Servians, Italians, Japs, Chinks, and Siamese for all I know, and Portuguese and Rumanians and Czecho Slovaks and Jugo Slavs are infesting Paris and there isn't a bed to be had, so I shall probably have to sleep with Davy if I go there. . . .

This is a cheap sort of a watering place, where Belgian and some French and others used to come, but the landlady, a Belgian whose husband is lying dangerously wounded, tells me that the boches didn't come before the war. For the last eight months there have been over one hundred of them messing in this house with their own cooks and servants.

It is hard to realize that they have gone for ever and I hope and pray that all their power for evil will be destroyed beyond recovery, and that for generations they will be made to suffer, and sink to the lowest class of nations, so that they and all the world will realize what they have done. Their children's children should never be allowed to forget.

The insidious, lying propaganda has already begun again, and the boche nation is being fed with stories of their heroism, and of their unbeaten army, which is to rise again. The people know little of the truth and fully expect to be received again into the bosom of the world, and ply their noisome trade and business *über alles*, and flaunt their unspeakable vulgarity in our faces. Let there be no sentimental softening of our resolve that they shall be ostracized in every way. Let all our women live up to the papers they have signed. Only so can the rotten skunks be made to feel and understand. I despise them more than ever. . . .

What will Gaspar do? He must talk to someone. Tell him to write to Joe Cotton and ask his advice. He is right I think not to go on with G., S., & S. and he can make any place he wants for himself anywhere—as a lawyer or as a public servant, either in Boston or New York or in Washington, and I know no one better able to play a big part, and cope with all the big problems that are going to confront the world for the next twenty or thirty years, when he will be just in his prime.

Would that I were not too old and could tackle them with him, but my part is practically finished. I am too old to fight any more effectively and I long for a few more years with you, quietly *otium cum dignitate*. Wouldn't it have been wonderful for me if I could have been in the Senate now! My regret is more keen than ever. To have been on the Committee on Foreign Affairs at this juncture would have been worth while. Tell Job Hedges how deeply I regret and how grateful I am to him for [what] he did. . . .

Colonel Bacon pushed on to the Rhine and his letter from Coblenz gives a vivid picture of what he saw in the occupied region.

Jan. 7.

And what do you think of this . . . Am looking out of the window marked above upon a warm sunny day at 9:30 in the morning, waiting for Col. Jim Crow Rhea¹ to get me a map, and show me the road out across the Rhine, 25 kilometres through our Bridgehead to the First Division where I hope to find Ted and Kermit. I came down the Rhine road yesterday from Cologne, where I had spent the night at the Wilhelms Hof just opposite the Cathedral. You can hardly imagine the picture of Cologne, crowded, literally packed with British soldiers, and millions of boches, almost as many as there are in New York, the gayest looking and the most prosperous place you ever saw, lighted up like the Great White Way in its palmiest days, every shop ablaze and the crowded streets as light as day and plenty of everything, cakes and sugar to be bought in the shops, although the hotels keep up the camouflage about scarcity of some things.

We had for dinner beef, chicken, and hare, and plenty of vegetables. I had a dinner party consisting of my friend Major Piggott with whom I used to mess at G. H. Q. I wrote you a line from Spa. Well, I motored on the next day to Aachen where I lunched in a common little restaurant on good brown bread and cheese and coffee, and then on to Cologne through the British area. I called upon the Army Commander whom I had left only the other day in London, the military governor and other officers of my acquaintance. You should see the crowds, thousands standing all day in front of the hotels where these *Plumes Blanches* have their Headquarters watching with intense interest the two British sentries straighten up, click their heels in their inimitable way, and salute every officer who goes in or out the door. The crowd never seems to tire of this performance, which happens every fifteen seconds through the day.

Cologne has made a deep impression upon me, all my views strengthened and confirmed as to the severity of the conditions that must be imposed upon the boche, to bring home to him the truth, and to prevent his pestiferous penetration either by force or by cunning overrunning the world. To combat this I hereby dedicate my few remaining and declining years. I had a thrill this morning when Reveille sounded across the Rhine from American bugles and jumped to my window and stood at salute with a lump in my throat when at 8 o'clock colors was sounded, and the American flag went up on the American Flag Ship lying in front of this hotel. For, if you please, we have a fleet of fine river craft policing the Rhine and rendering effective the blockade, and Jimmy Logan, who directs it all as G. I.,

¹Colonel Rhea's name was James Cooper Rhea, hence Colonel Bacon's travesty—a liberty which he sometimes took with intimate friends.



U. S. Official

LUNCH IN THE OPEN

On top of the tunnel of the Canal de St-Quentin



MR. AND MRS. BACON AND THEIR GRANDCHILDREN
May, 1919

lives in the big office building, which you see next the hotel, requisitioned from the Ober-President of this whole region, whose yacht is the Flag Ship of the American patrol, manned by marines and painted khaki colour. I must leave you now.

(Afternoon of same day.)

I am just back from a trip into the Bridgehead across the Rhine behind Ehrenbreitstein, which is just in front of my windows. I found Ted and lunched with his mess and his new colonel.

It's too bad that all promotions were held up and Ted did not get his full colonelcy, although he has been in sole command of his regiment for two months, and has three palms for his *croix de guerre*, and will have the *Légion d'Honneur*, but, better than all that, has won the respect and approval of the entire U. S. Army, and high praise from all his senior officers. Tell his father from me that every one is delighted too that Ted has made good, and done so well, not a single word of jealousy or envy have I heard, or criticism, which is "going some" in the Army.

I hadn't time to go to see Kermit because Col. Biddle, Nick's brother, went with me, and was in a hurry to get back as he had to go to Cologne where he is to be Liaison Officer with the 2nd British Army. To-morrow I start back by way of Trier and Chaumont, because I want, if possible, to find Ett, and I don't know where he is, and can find out only at Chaumont. So you see I am having a real joy ride. . . .

The next few months are clothed in mystery for me. I have no idea what is going to happen, but I hope I shall find out before my temper and nervous system break down entirely.

Two days later, on the 9th, Colonel Bacon writes from familiar surroundings—the Grand Hôtel de France, where he first put up in Chaumont, and where with Bishop Brent and in Colonel Bacon's old house they talked of Mr. Roosevelt who had just died:

The wheel of fortune has brought me back here to Chaumont . . . and I have just spent a delightful evening with Bishop Brent at his little house, 4 rue du Palais, where we talked long of Theodore. I cannot yet quite believe that we have lost that great, wonderful vital force, just as we were going to rally around it again for everything that is good. His great genius for leadership is gone, and the world's loss is irreparable.

My own sense of personal loss is very, very profound. I realize

that I was depending upon his moral support for everything that seems most dear and worth while in this struggle which is coming.

The war is not over. The fighting has stopped to be sure, the primal, brutal phase, but now the more difficult, complex problems must be tackled, and the "times that try one's soul" are before us with none of the beautiful, the heroic, to temper the agony as it did through the fighting, and Theodore's great personality, his remarkable vision, his courage and untiring energy to help us are gone, just at this time when the forces of conservatism and sanity are struggling to return. There never has been a time when his leadership and example were more necessary. It is a national calamity.

I saw Ted and Kermit on Monday, and later Monday night the news came to my room at two in the morning, uncertain at first, but confirmed by the wireless which I had sent during the night. I decided to go to the boys, and went first to get Dick, which I did, and took him out to the boys. They decided that Dick should be the one to go home, so I waited and started with him at six that evening, arriving at Trèves, of ancient Roman fame, at midnight.

It is doubtful if Mr. Roosevelt has ever had a finer tribute than that from Colonel Bacon written in his loneliness at Chaumont:

On again yesterday down the Moselle to Metz, where in the Cathedral stands the late, unspeakable Kaiser garbed in the robes of a Saint! Can you believe it!!—in lasting stone!

It is true that the Kaiser stands in stone. Not in the garb of a saint, however, but as the prophet Daniel, with mustachios brushed up as were the Kaiser's, and within the gaze of the public. Colonel Bacon does not relate an incident which he probably might have passed on to Mrs. Bacon. Upon the exit of the hated Germans from Metz the youngsters of the place procured a placard upon which they had printed: *Sic transit gloria mundi*. They climbed the façade of the Cathedral and fastened it to the statue where it still remains or where it was many months after the Armistice.

Then on through the night to Pont à Mousson, Toul, and by a round-about way to Neuf-Château and here, where by a lucky chance I found two beds in a room at midnight, after being twelve hours on the journey.

Much has happened to-day. Happiest and best of all the morning paper contains a list with your dear name in it for the *Légion d' Honneur*, and I am so glad. It is the least that they can do for you, and it does them honor. . . .

They are going to give me one next week, which I am coming back here for with some thirty others. I am very proud to be included.

Colonel Bacon had refused the *Grande Croix* with which the French Government had wished to honour him upon his resignation as Ambassador. It was contrary to the spirit if not the letter of the Constitution which forbids, without the consent of Congress, an officer of the United States to accept "title of any kind whatever from any king, prince, or foreign state." He was happy, and happier to receive the grade of Officer for Military Service.

Colonel Bacon was not very sure of the date of his next letter. It was written from Paris somewhere about January 10th:

I have just opened my Christmas package which you sent by Mrs. Jamesie [Scott] . . . and my eyes are wet. The gloves and books and chocolate and socks are all from you and I love them,—but before I sit down to begin the "Four Horses" I must tell you why I no longer like to come to Paris, why I no longer love my Paris. In the first place I am out of house and home. I have been four times to see Jamesie to-day but have not seen him:—first to his office in the old Cercle Royale, Place de la Concorde. I was told that I couldn't enter the building and go upstairs without a pass; I then tried to see him at dinner time at the Crillon. Nothing doing—again after dinner I went to the Crillon and was told by an obsequious young American that if I wanted to see someone special I should have to go with an orderly. I left disgusted, and bit my own nose off, as I was looking forward to a good hour or so with Jamesie. No use. . . . This is no place for me, and I am off to-morrow.

Last night and to-night I am sleeping in the Hôtel du Louvre, Officers' hotel of the Red Cross, and although a mighty good institution it is dreadfully dreary for me to be herded in with hundreds of hopeless captains and lieutenants with no one to speak to in my Paris—but I am having my little Christmas party on the third floor where there is heat and a bathroom, so what more should I desire? I was left alone for dinner, Davy having a Red Cross affair and Jamesie inaccessible, so I went around the corner to Maxim's where I have dined alone many times since the beginning of the war, and was told

that I could not be served as I was a militaire! So I went on to the Ritz where I dined alone in the corner. . . . How is that for a congenial Paris? . . .

To-day I lunched with Harry White [Ex-Ambassador to France and a member of the Peace Conference] and learned much of things at home, and why he came instead of Root.

I am perfectly delighted that they gave you the *Légion d'Honneur* as I cabled to-day. I am to be kissed on both cheeks myself on the 14th at Chaumont and I am really mighty pleased to be remembered by these poor people. If you could only come and *get* yours.

From Bonnétable Colonel Bacon writes on January 20th:

Do you remember the name of this old place . . . near Le Mans, southwest of Chartres and belongs to Doudeauville, who is La Rochefoucauld and she was a Radziwill. Of course you remember. But what brings me here? Here is Headquarters of the Second Corps, on their way home, and the two splendid divisions 27th and 30th that broke the Hindenburg Line for me are near by and four others, and to-morrow the C. in C. is coming to review them one by one and confer D. S. M's. I am delighted to be here and it was by the merest chance. Day before yesterday, when I got home to Brune-hautpré, I found a nice letter from General Simonds, Chief of Staff, asking me to make him a visit, for you know I am godfather to the Second Corps and they are all very sweet to me. Well, yesterday after having Franklin Roosevelt [then Assistant Secretary of the Navy] and his wife and six others to lunch, I suddenly thought I would start at once because my C. in C. Sir D. is away for a few days, so off I started for Paris where I spent the night in Mott's little apartment and then on to-day five hours more to here to find them in this charming old château, 15th century, and rambling all over the place. One big wing has been a hospital *depuis la guerre* and here are ensconced General Reed and General Simonds, and I am writing up in an old tower. I hadn't the slightest idea General Pershing was coming and am looking forward to a "big time" to-morrow and next day.

How far did I get in my last letter? I went to Chaumont on the 13th and on the 14th was given the *Légion d'Honneur*, *officier*, and *Croix de Guerre* with palms by General Pétain himself and of course I bawled—right in front of General Pershing and the whole company. It was a great occasion and I was very proud to be chosen among the twenty highest officers of our Army—from General Liggett and Bullard to Genl McCoy and Colonel Logan. We all stood up in

the caserne at Chaumont with Genl Pétain and General Pershing in the middle, and French troops and American troops and the band, and Genl Pétain pinned on the decoration and told us why he did it, and you can just see poor old me.¹

I came back to Paris that same day with General Harbord in his car with McCoy and Logan and after a long visit next day with Jamesie hiked back to Montreuil. I was awfully disappointed not to get Ett to come to Chaumont. I telephoned him twice but he was away with his General and did not come, although I left a message for him to come if possible. I hope he is glad that he went to the 1st Corps.² I am sure he will be unless the 77th should go home before he can get away which would be a disappointment. His work will certainly be more interesting and congenial now that there is nothing to do but keep his battery amused and well.

Two days later Colonel Bacon is back at Bonnetable, where he began a letter on January 22nd to be finished later in Paris:

I have had a great day since I wrote you in this room night before last, and I am staying on till to-morrow morning before I start back to my home in the North, where I expect to arrive by the time my British C. in C. gets back from England. I felt a little guilty at being caught A. W. O. L. yesterday morning when the C. in C. arrived with Boyd and Bowditch and Quek to review the 30th, and confer decorations. First, there was a reception here in a splendid big salle in one of the wings with a separate flight of broad steps leading into the Garden by the pond where the black swans live. The sun streamed in, and so did all the officers of the 30th and 27th and

¹The citation for the Croix de Guerre which Mr. Bacon deeply appreciated, although he would never tell why it was awarded, was as follows:

Citation à l'ordre de l'armée

Le Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Bacon

Chef de la Mission Militaire

Auprès du G.H.Q. Britannique.

Officier supérieur de haute valeur professionnelle et morale. A comme Ambassadeur des États-Unis en France, puissamment contribué au resserrement des liens d'amitié unissant les deux nations. Nommé aide de camp du Général Commandant en Chef des Forces américaines au début de l'entrée en guerre des États-Unis, s'est dépensé sans compter, et par son activité inlassable, et ses qualités d'organisateur a grandement contribué d'abord à la formation, puis au succès des Armées américaines.

PÉTAIN.

26 Janvier 1919.

²I learn here that Ett has decided after all to go with General Wright, and the 1st Corps, so he is no longer with the 77th Division, and it must be a great relief to him. His work will be much bigger and far more interesting and congenial till he is ordered home.—Letter of January 9, from Chaumont.

g1st headed by their divisional commanders and brigadiers, and the tapestries and mermaids and arms of the La Rochefoucaulds and Ségurs and Chateaubriands and Montmorencys smiled down out of the past upon the new world come to help. The C. in C. met them all and made them a nice little speech. After lunch we motored 10 or 15 miles where we found the wonderful 30th drawn up in review with the bands massed. The C. in C. inspected them every one, some 18,000, and passed every platoon and looked into every eye with his eye like a hawk for everything. This took an hour and $\frac{3}{4}$, although he hit a tremendous pace and made the A. D. C.'s and Generals "hump it" to keep up. Then came the presentations of medals of honor, D. S. C.'s and D. S. M's. and then the march past, and that great body of splendid men went by in four close columns in 35 minutes and it certainly was a fine sight for these old dim eyes.

General Reed and General Simonds were so cordial that I was tempted to wait over till to-day to see the same ceremony and review of the 27th and I am dining with the division commander to-night to meet the C. in C. and other "*plumes blanches*."

From Paris he adds three days later, his heart warmed with the good news that his daughter, whom he generally called "Sister", was coming to Paris. He rightly divined that her husband, George Whitney, was to be with Mr. Lamont, financial adviser to the American Peace Commission. His hope that Mrs. Bacon would ultimately get a passport and come was never more than a hope. However, the presence of the daughter was a great comfort:

I have been here two days with both of my C. in C.'s and to-morrow they are going away again so I shall be off to Montreuil. The news to-day seems to indicate that I may have to stay on for at least three months, but I have set my mind toward May, and I don't think I can stand it any longer unless the fighting begins again.

Your news that Sister is coming has put me all in a twitter, and Feb. 1st is only six days off. I am guessing that George is coming to be with Tom Lamont, but I know *nothing*. In case they have no place to live, I have taken a tiny little apartment for them for three months with the vague hope still that you may get your passport and come too. . . . I hope she will want to go there.

It is on a little street, rue Chalgrin, just off the Avenue du Bois, near the Étoile, No. 20. There is nothing left in Paris. I do not expect to come back here for a long time, except perhaps to catch a glimpse of Sister. I shall probably be off to the Rhine again or at

least to Spa. Elliot and I had a good visit here day before yesterday. He is managing a horse show for the 1st Corps for early in February. Oh, how I long to get away from it and come home. I see Jamesie as often as I can, and of course, the Peace Conference and its progress and results are absorbingly interesting and everything is hanging in the balance. To-day the "League of Nations" made its appearance, and was decided *en principe*, but there is a long road to travel before the details are worked out. Would that E[lihu] R[oot] were here with his wisdom and power!

Five days later, on January 30th, Colonel Bacon wrote from the north, where he was apparently lonelier than in Paris:

It seems ages since I wrote you . . . from Paris it must have been, but days count for nothing, and places change so rapidly that I can't keep track of them. I thought Paris the loneliest place in the world, and now Montreuil is worse if anything. The fact is that I want to go home. I am restless and dissatisfied with what I am doing, which is nothing. Three nights in succession in Paris I dined alone, twice at the Petit Durand just around the corner in the Ave. Victor Hugo, and once at the Hôtel du Quai d'Orsay. How is that for gayety! . . .

Argentines, Brazilians, Spaniards, and Americans "du Nord" are swarming, and now the young Americans are beginning to have dances, which I hate, and which I consider very bad taste, and inconsiderate. Nothing more than this sort of show will do so much to provoke criticism and discontent and bolshevism generally. The world is seething with danger. The *dégringolade* of Germany, now that she has failed to dominate the world, and impose her damned vulgarity and all the rest of her "efficiency" and brutality, is bringing the whole social structure tumbling down about our heads. It is the great movement of "numbers" of the organized masses, which I used to say to you would give its name to this century, which was beginning, and the excesses of which will drag us through years and decades of misery and suffering. There is to be for me no rest or peace. Every man more than ever must unceasingly struggle and fight in his own small way to moderate and mitigate the evils of the times, to shape if he can the human tendencies and aptitudes within his reach towards saner and better things. But fight and work he must . . .

Who is to lead us? What does Root say? How does Bob feel about it now that he is out of the Army? We can't any of us even guess till Peace, whatever that is, is declared. Is there to be Peace!

I think not. There will be some sort of a settlement with Germany and a temporary cessation of hostilities but the malign influence and constant threat of boche poison is still to be fought all the rest of our lives, and the passions which they have let loose upon the world in their insatiable greed will continue to shake the world to its foundations and the people will rage together and imagine a vain thing. The future is black and uncertain but that is what makes it worth while,—makes it necessary for every man to gird on his armor and not to be dulled into a sense of false security. Wake up! America. You have saved your national soul, when it was tottering on the brink of damnation, but now your responsibilities, your honorable obligations to the world and to yourself! You are just beginning! to understand (*are you?*) that duty is the great correlation of right. From this moment you will have to fight with the strong for your very existence. You cannot go on and get rich in ease and soft living. Take to heart the lessons of your great master and prophet, Theodore, and let it not be in vain that he has brought into your life the biggest, finest things that you have known for generations.

What am I to do when I get home. . . ? How am I to take any useful part? My whole desire is to run away with you somewhere, I yearn for peace and sunshine and calm and to be free of all the strife which is looming up ahead. You and your children's future, and your cunning grandchildren are all that I long to live for. Feb., March, April! Feb., March, April! Feb., March, April—are staring me in the face.

From Montreuil he writes on February 1st what was in the heart and on the lips of officers and men in France:

It is Saturday afternoon and I have allowed my adjutant, Captain Bryant, to go away for *four days*, away to Chaumont with a box of medals (about 200) which have been awarded by the British to men and officers and nurses of the A. E. F., and he was about as delighted to get away as I would have been, and now I ought not to go away till he comes back. There are about three places that look attractive to me in this part of the world, London, to meet Sister, who is about due on the Lapland; Cannes, to stay with Davy and get some sunshine; or the Rhine, to visit the Armies of Occupation. The one topic of conversation is when are you going home! When is G. H. Q. going to break up, and every one is unsettled and restless. Captain Plowden wants to know how much longer I want my horse. I don't know. Commandant Froissart wants to know how long I want his house, Brunehautpré. I don't know, maybe two months, maybe a year.

Of the three things he said in his last letter he would most like to do, he did the first and most sensible. He went to London to meet his daughter.

Feb. 7th, 1919.
Brunehautpré.

Where do you suppose I am . . . sick in bed! And this is the very first time that I have given in for a minute in all these years of war. I certainly had a rotten night last night with a good fever and little sleep, so I conjured up all the dreadful things I could think of and exaggerated them till I thought the morning would never come. But the temperature has gone now and I have had my lunch and am lazily lying in bed . . .

I went over to London on Monday to meet Sister and I *was* glad to see her and hear of you. She arrived Tuesday afternoon, and, as all the restaurants were out of business because of the strike, she and George came to dine with Griscom at 41 Upper Grosvenor Street and I left early the next morning, which was day before yesterday.

Yesterday I went to Boulogne to meet her on her way to Paris, and I hope to go myself to-morrow or next day, as I want to see Mrs. Roosevelt if possible. Everything will be made easy for her as the boys are both there, and the whole French nation would do anything in the world for her. You have no idea of the profound sense of loss throughout Europe for that man, and France worshipped him.

If ever there was a lonely, doleful place for me now, it is Paris, and the feeling of not having a bed to sleep in, or a cat to speak to is too dreary. Every one is officially busy—Col. House and all the Peace Commission and their wives and clerks and detectives at the Crillon. . . . And many others at the Ritz, British by the hundreds at the Majestic and Astoria, Americans at the Meurice and swarming everywhere.

The President will leave next week, and I think he has accomplished a great deal. I am very hopeful that the Peace Conference will be a great success and I confess that I believe it principally due to him, and the able way in which he has "put it over." Of course the world will be in a turmoil for years and we shall all have nothing but trouble but I believe that out of this concrete formula for the Society of Nations will come the greatest advance in International Law, which you know is my hobby, and history will give much credit to W. W. in spite of the difficulty which will immediately beset the League of Nations.

These were Colonel Bacon's views as to the conception of the League of Nations. The text had not been definitely

settled. It was reported and out of the Commission to a Plenary Session of the Conference on February 14th and President Wilson started home the night of the 14th. The text was provisional; it was later modified in important particulars, and eventually formed the first part of the Treaty with Germany, signed in the City of Versailles on June 28, 1919.

Colonel Bacon's views changed after reading and considering the text; his favourable and optimistic opinion, based upon hearsay of the contents of the Covenant, was modified. But his views at the time are interesting as showing the hopes with which the Conference opened and how ready the world was to acclaim something that offered a peaceful settlement of the nations' quarrels.

Brunehautpré

Feb. 8, '19.

I'll tell you a secret . . . if you'll promise not to tell. I am crazy about my bed! And am tempted to stay here permanently, until they let me go home. The sun is streaming in my window, and it is real winter outside, snow everywhere and the spruces and beeches and chestnuts covered with glistening frost, and alive with circling rooks (crows I believe you call them) remind me of home and Jamaica Plain. As a matter of fact, I shall probably get up and go to my dreary office, and start in my rather unimportant round of daily duties.

I went down to dinner last night with my Captain. I hesitate to go to Paris to-morrow much as I want to, because the C. in C. has not returned from London, and I am not sure of finding my other C. in C. in Paris, which would be my only excuse for going otherwise. I might be thrown into prison, A. W. O. L., and you would not want me to end up in that way, *would* you. . . .!

If it be given us to spend a few years as the Darby and Joan of our young imagination of 40 years ago, there will be nothing left to be hoped for or desired, God bless you!

And what of the war! Is Germany winning out having got rid of the incubus and curse of Kaiserism, Are the teachings of Nietzsche and Treitschke substantially to prevail? And were the "intellectuals", the 90 boche professors right? One hears occasionally, and it is believed, though not spoken, that the boche is a superior race in many ways, after all—more worthy to survive than some of us who are thought to be effete, who still cling to, *en principe*, and try to

cultivate, the teachings of Christ, and the "*ligne du beau*" in life, art, beauty, sentiment, refinement, even at the expense of austere vulgarity and organized "efficiency." Beaten! the boche is not beaten because he has failed in the immediate domination of the world, for his brutal orgies, and has lost his Kaiser and his dream of that kind of Empire for ever.

Reculer pour mieux sauter—and now that we are busily engaged in helping him to rebuild his shaken social and economical structure in order that he may renew his industrial activity and pay the big indemnity, it will not take many years before his is the biggest single racial unit and homogeneous administrative entity in the Society of Nations. Seventy millions of common language and tradition and aspiration is a pretty strong, little solid democracy in the very centre of the world with the highest efficiency, even in breeding boches, and its natural and legitimate expansion will before many generations burst any bonds which the world may seek to put about it industrially and socially and if its superiority of fibre be true, the peaceful penetration of anti-bellum days will "carry on" more strongly than ever, and business "*über alles*" will dominate the world unless the Bolsheviks get it all first. But the boche is an adaptable and able gentleman. He is taking it "lying down" now, because he is perfectly confident that he is going to put it over with his smile and his "*Kamerad*" just as his machine gunners tried to do after they had killed hundreds of our men from concealed positions and came out smiling in utter surprise that any one should bear any resentment—ready to begin all over again just as they are now. That's the sort of stuff that wins—the engrafting of the Jew on the old Hun stock—a great combination! I'm all for it myself, as I've always tried to make you believe—patient humility with supreme egoism fools a lot of people and gets there, doesn't it!

Teach all this to your grandchildren . . . that is, *if you believe in the superiority* of the boche! If not, go on in your old, simple, homely, mistaken (!), wonderful way, living and teaching by your example and precept the life of Christ, and making every one who comes within the radiance of your gentle goodness, love you, and admire and look up to you.

Colonel Bacon's cold did not lift, and it would have been better had he remained in bed for some days longer, for the cold developed into pneumonia. He did not do so and he was put to bed in the American Hospital of Paris. From this quiet retreat he wrote to Mrs. Bacon on February 15th:

You would be surprised to get a letter from me here, except that I cabled you I was coming to get rid of my cold, and here I am, being taken the best of care of by doctors and nurses, and being kept as warm as toast to keep this nasty European winter chill out . . .

I can't stand it much longer, and I have made up my mind to ask to be sent home just as soon as Sir Douglas makes any change in G. H. Q., and I am beginning to allow myself to think of getting home by the 1st of May!! When I get out of this hospital I am thinking of inviting myself to stay with Davy at Cannes for a few days' leave. . . .

It was better for me to take my cold away, and I think I was pretty wise in my old age to come out here where I have a cheerful room and bath all to myself "giving" on the garden and sunshine. My cough has entirely gone already in the two days that I have been here, and my temperature is nearly normal. It was never over 100° or so.

The next letter was written on February 24th, from Les Mimosas, Cannes.

Nine days in the hospital . . . was enough to clear up my wheezy *bronchial* tubes, and get my temperature down to normal every day, so Doctor Turner, with the approval of my friend Colonel Beeuwkes, thought well of my accepting Harry Davison's kind invitation to come down here with him on Saturday, Washington's Birthday, after his triumphant launching of his big International Red Cross programme at a dinner in Paris, the account of which you have surely seen in all the papers, for he has a good press. It is a wonderful conception—the coördination of world effort for all humanitarian work—health, research, sanitation, and cleanliness of all kinds—combat, cure and prevention of disease, and epidemic, coming through the better knowledge and appreciation of the peoples of the earth for one another, in fact all sorts of useful international activities under the name of the Red Cross, which will become a great educator of public opinion. Root has had the vision for many years chiefly from the point of view of International Law, and you may remember that I have had some ideas on the subject myself. Well, Davy and his charming family are living here in a wonderful garden on the hillside among the palms and mimosas and sunshine overlooking the Mediterranean—a pretty good place for an old broken down war horse like me. If I can't get my courage back in a week or two, I ought to be ashamed of myself. . . .

If I can only get away after a week or so down here, and a few

weeks more at G. H. Q. with Sir Douglas, I will fly home with Sister. She would like to go by the middle of April, and *me*, well, nothing will hold me but a sense of obligation to Sir Douglas. He will be amused when I tell him that you have seen him in a "film." That American boy chased him that day by the Canal, and wouldn't take no for an answer. Even while we were having our lunch from a basket on the ground, till the C. in C. was quite annoyed. I feel like a coward sneaking off to bed in a hospital, and then running away down here. It is a bad sign . . . and I am not proud of it. It was only the thought of you that made me do it, and *fear*, just plain fear, I think. The two days that I had with McCoy and Boyd at rue de Chevreuse when Boyd died, were not cheerful.

The little American Hospital was fine and deserves all the encouragement it can get. Don't be in a hurry, however, to turn over your money. Your letter to donors was fine and above criticism, but you never can tell what some nasty cuss may try to do, and it is well to be prepared for anything. . . .

I am not sure whether the American Hospital has the right to build on its land, but they have plans for an additional wing for about 200 beds, which could be built with your money, if there is any way to get enough money to maintain it.

I have reached no definite conclusion about it, but have not thought much about it till I found myself in the hospital and got your letter.

We are all waiting breathlessly now for two things—the reception of W. W.'s League of Nations to-day in Boston, and the military peace which should be imposed without further delay upon the boche. It is essential that this be done immediately. The next few weeks are full of possibilities.

Hôtel Meurice [Paris],
March 5th, '19.

About two months more. . . . Perhaps I can break away then and I shall fly as soon as ever my two C. in C.'s are through with me. I had a fine rest with the nice Davisons in Cannes and arrived back only to-day. I did nothing but sit on the veranda. The family were sweet to me and one reason that I love them is that they appreciate you.

Harry is staying with me to-night at the rue Chaligny and to-morrow, but then he will be off and I, too, up to my house in the north for a few more weary weeks. . . .

In a brief note of March 6th, he has a reference to affairs at home and to the League of Nations before it had assumed its final form.

March 6th,
20 rue Chalgrin.

. . . What a revolution in the Senate! What a state of convulsion all over the world! We must, of course, join *a* League of Nations.

The last of the long series of letters from France was written from Paris on March 12, 1919:

These days are pretty sad for me, and to-day for the first time I spoke to the C. in C. about my going home as soon as my job "up there" can be ended, which I am just beginning to hope may be by the 1st of May! If I could only count on it! . . .

Davy went away last night to Cannes, for his International work, and to-night I am going away to the Rhine again for five or six days perhaps before I get back to Montreuil where it is all very slack, and Sir D. will be away too till next week. After that I shall just hold on till it is decent to leave, if only I can get permission and orders to go. If I should be given another job over here and have to stay on, I really don't think I could bear it. The next few weeks will decide it all, and the minute I can get any daylight you bet I will cable you. . . .

I am thankful that the boys are *out*.

The period of settling down and taking up life again will be very difficult and trying and will tax all their moral fibre, but it must be faced and we must all begin to build again for the future. . . .

CHAPTER XX

HOME

THE war was over in the sense that fighting had stopped and to the laymen unversed in military matters and administration the American Expeditionary Forces should take ship and return home at once and without delay. This, too, was the feeling of the men and it was certainly the desire of most officers. But where were the ships to transport this vast army of two million men and more? The tonnage of the world was drawn upon to get them to France; American vessels would not suffice and Colonel Bacon's cry of "Hurry, hurry, faster, faster, faster", was not his cry alone. It came from the heart of every man on the Western front, lest the Germans should win the race before the Americans entered the lists. But the month, day, or hour of going home was a matter of convenience, not of prime necessity, and the troops waited upon the transports, instead of the transports upon the troops. It would have been better, many thoughtful people believe, if the Allied and Associated Armies had not been withdrawn so rapidly from the front lines. Peace would have come earlier with their presence and the terms would have seemed more acceptable under the shadow of the great and conquering armies within striking distance of the Rhine. However this may be, the General Staffs had to remain after the units had disappeared and the thousand and one details arranged and righted. It would have been folly to send the experienced home, and leave the final and complicated settlement to virgin minds and untrained hands. Colonel Bacon's case was unique. He had been not only Head of the American Mission at British Headquarters and Liaison Officer between the Commanders-in-Chief of the English-speaking forces; he had been for months and still was on Marshal Haig's personal Staff. His presence was therefore highly desirable. Burning to go home, he could not ask to be relieved of his duties

so long as others might want him to stay. He could not ask of his own accord and for his own convenience. Yet he was to return sooner than he contemplated, and under circumstances that left him no choice.

Mrs. Bacon broke down. She had overdone, as Colonel Bacon feared. She had cared for and carried the American Ambulance on her shoulders since the beginning of the World War. The excitement of the war kept her on her feet, as it did Colonel Bacon. With the end of the war came the end of her strength and endurance. The tired nerves collapsed, and Mrs. Bacon was prostrated. Colonel Bacon did not hesitate. He laid matters before his two Chiefs, and he was at once relieved of duty with both.

He had reverted to the rank of Major upon being relieved as Aide-de-Camp to General Pershing. He was not, however, overlooked by his Commanding Officer. He had been promoted Lieutenant-Colonel in the Quartermaster Corps in the last days of September. His ambition had always been to serve in the line, and on November 14, 1918, he was, to his great delight, commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of Infantry, to date from September 16, 1918. To be sure, the commission was temporary, "for the period of the emergency, subject to confirmation by the War Department." On December 19, 1918, it was confirmed by the Secretary of War.

Colonel Bacon was ordered home.¹ He left Paris on March

¹ GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
France, March 22, 1919.

Special Orders,
No. 106.

Extract

81. Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Bacon, Infantry, is relieved from his present assignment, and from further duty with the American Expeditionary Forces, and will proceed without delay to Base Section No. 5, reporting upon arrival to the Commanding General for return to the United States by first available transportation. Upon arrival in the United States he will report to the Adjutant General of the Army for further orders.

The provisions of General Orders Nos. 127, 188 and 189, series 1918, these headquarters, and Section I, general Orders No. 28, c. s., will be complied with.

Compliance with this order after arrival in the United States is subject to such delays as may be imposed by the authorities at the Port of Debarkation in accordance with orders from War Department relative to debarkation, disinfection, quarantine, and demobilization.

The travel directed is necessary in the military service.

25th, an ill man. He was unable to leave his bed most of the time. Immediately upon reaching New York he proceeded to Washington and was demobilized on April 5, 1919.¹

The sands of life were running fast. His certificates of discharge from the Army showed him to be a physical wreck. He was operated on for mastoiditis contracted in France, and he died from the operation. His noble life ended on May 29, 1919; a victim of the war, "just as much," the British Chief of Staff said, "as if he had actually fallen on the field of battle."²

One who knew him long and well, indeed, from early manhood, has said:

This country is crying for such as he, for never in her existence has she been in a more neglected and chaotic condition than now, and more in need of an honourable man, of clear vision, noble impulses and true patriotism.

He never had a selfish motive, and he served his country till the end and sacrificed his precious life for her.

It would have gratified him to know that his name is on the Honour Roll at Harvard, among those who gave their lives in this war, and to see it inscribed in Memorial Hall, among the young men who died on the battlefield. . . .

All men loved him; for he rang perfectly true and was a little finer than most men, and young and old came to him for encouragement and inspiration. He had a certain quality of heart and soul that is seldom met, his great understanding and sympathy for those who

WAR DEPARTMENT

Washington, April 5, 1919.

Special Orders,
No. 80-0.

Extract

78. By direction of the President, and under the provisions of Section 9, Act of Congress, May 18, 1917, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Bacon, Infantry, United States Army, is honorably discharged from the service of the United States for the convenience of the Government to take effect this date his services being no longer required.

Peyton C. March,

General, Chief of Staff.

By order of the Secretary of War:

Official:

P. C. Harris,

The Adjutant General.

¹General Honourable Sir Herbert Alexander Lawrence in a letter to Mrs. Bacon, undated, written shortly after Mr. Bacon's death.

deserved it, and the unselfishness and sense of honour that marked his life and which won confidence and affection wherever he went.

A high-minded and spiritual man such as Bishop Brent could and did write of Mr. Bacon:

I have just had the sad news. You have a whole army of men grieving with you. How deep your loss is we have some clear understanding of because your husband was our friend. No truer servant of the country ever breathed. And what he did for the Allied cause I know perhaps as well as any one for it was my good fortune to be with him much. He had no thought for anything except the issue of the struggle for the right. His devotion to the French and the British and his understanding of both nations made him a bond of union between them and us of a character and a strength which it would be hard to overvalue.

I happened to be with him during the darkest days when he was overborne with grief and pain. British leaders clung to him. He embodied the dauntless courage and intelligent sympathy of America, at times more than any other one person. He has given his life for the cause as truly as if a bullet had laid him low, for I saw and many others saw that he was exhausting his vitality in his unremitting service. Now he has joined those who have achieved—his chief, Roosevelt, and all those gallant comrades who fell at the front and whose fate he almost coveted.

The last time I saw him he spent the night at my house in Chaumont—the house which against my expostulations he insisted on retaining for me and where for several months before I was commissioned I was his guest. At that time he was longing to get home to you and talked much about you. His strength was always subordinated to his extraordinary gentleness. I loved to be with him, noble, loyal-hearted knight that he was.

There is nothing that can fill the gap that his going has made. But there is nothing that can undo or tarnish his great record. His life is embedded in the life of the country and the world of men. He lives a hero with the heroes.

I try to think of him as he is now in his new life beyond the grave. He is all that he was. His unflickering love moves out toward you and his children in its undimmed flame. Death can do nothing to weaken the knot of love that ties life to life. I am so thankful that you were all together when he went; and to have gone at this moment

is not unfitting. He had finished the biggest undertaking of his life and rest comes after labour.¹

A foreign statesman, the late Viscount Bryce, brought into frequent, almost daily intercourse with Colonel Bacon during a period of years, felt justified in thus writing to Mrs. Bacon:

Your husband was one of those among the statesmen of America whom I most respected and valued not only for his gifts and his services to good causes, but for the transparent sincerity, uprightness, and geniality of his character. To know him was to trust him and to love him. How often have I recalled the work we did together for furthering friendship and good relations between America and England, and how pleasant it was to deal with him. Such was the candour of his mind and the earnestness of his wish to settle everything in a way fair and just all round—the right temper in which a Secretary of State in any country should approach his tasks. We saw him several times here in the earlier years of the war, and [were] profoundly touched by his sympathy with England and the Allied cause, and I know how greatly his presence at Sir Douglas Haig's headquarters was valued and how attached everyone was to him there.

The impression that Colonel Bacon, the man and his example, made upon a youth of twenty, is stated in an extract from the young man's letter to his own sister:

It seems as if all our heroes were dying. Tom Stevenson walked in to breakfast this morning and told me that Mr. Bacon died yesterday.

Whatever may be our views and faith, one thing is certain—that a real man like Mr. Bacon is immortal, and his cherished memory is, and ever will be, an inspiration to the many who knew his wonderful personality. . . .

Another shining example of one who "has finished the work that was given him to do" has passed away.

"Through such souls alone, God stooping, shows sufficient of his light for us in the dark to rise by."

"I did love him very much, and trusted him and admired him and it made me think better of myself to feel that he loved me," Mr. Root once said of Colonel Bacon. And the Commander-in-

¹Letter to Mrs. Bacon dated May 30, 1919.

Chief of the American Army in France wrote him in an official letter, that he was "an example to all of us."

Such was Robert Bacon, judged by his acts and his innermost thoughts, his associates and friends and companions in arms. American through and through, and, in a very real sense a friend of England and France, he was withal supremely the friend of right, as it was given him to see the right.

Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed major veritas.

J. B. S.

Washington, D. C.,
May 13, 1923.

THE END

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